

SPORT

MAY

SPORT SPECIAL

THE OTHER YOGI BERRA

WHAT THEY SAY
IN THE DUGOUTS
ABOUT THE REDLEGS

THE CURIOUS COMEDOWN
OF JOE LOUIS

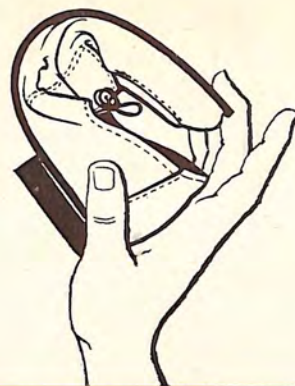
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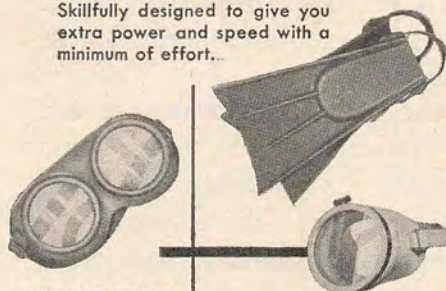
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SPORT

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COVER—By Ozzie Sweet

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Letters to SPORT

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MAN OF THE YEAR

To put it rather bluntly, I am of the opinion that you goofed quite badly in your choice of Lew Burdette as Man of the Year. You are doubtless picking him on the basis of his World Series performance, which was magnificent, but this does not seem very fair when you realize that his season as a whole was comparatively poor. He most certainly deserves your award as star of the Series, but so did Don Larsen the year before, and Larsen was not voted Man of the Year. New York, N. Y. RONIEL SHERMAN

I disagree with your selection of Lew Burdette as Man of the Year. I think you should have given the award to Ted Williams. If a 39-year-old man can bat .388, he certainly deserves it. The only reason Burdette won those three games is that he threw the Yankees a spitball. Summit, N. J. BOB HUBER



The story by Al Silverman on Man of the Year Lew Burdette was tops. It was a real tribute to an outstanding pitcher. As for Birdie Tebbetts and his charges about Burdette's "spitter," I think that Birdie has simply found that his powerhouse batting order can't hit Lew, and so he hollers "Spitter!" to cover up for his players' shortcomings. Cambridge, Wisc. MIKE CHRISTENSEN

As I glanced through the list of the men who won your Top Performer awards, I was surprised to find that not one man comes from west of Chicago. I think this is very narrow-minded and old-fashioned. Los Angeles, Calif. H. M. KOLTUN

HOCKEY ALL-STARS

In the March issue, you printed the All-Time All-Star Hockey Team, selected for you by a board of so-called experts. I think your board is all wet. I don't see how they possibly could have picked Doug Harvey and Bill Durnan, and why they left off such greats as defenseman Ching Johnson, goalie Chuck Gardiner and wing Aurel Joliat. Their selections of Eddie Shore and Howie Morenz suited me fine, though. Dearborn, Mich. DICK HADWIN

THOSE EASTERN CRYBABIES

I have just finished reading Dick Young's article, "What About The National League in New York?"

What an eastern crybaby he is. He talks about 14,000,000 people concentrated in the New (→ TO PAGE 99)

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*This pretty USC coed was
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five candidates to reign
as our Campus Queen.
Nice going, readers!*

Campus Queen Winner 1958

Miss **LINDA HICKEY** University of Southern California

Phil Schuyler

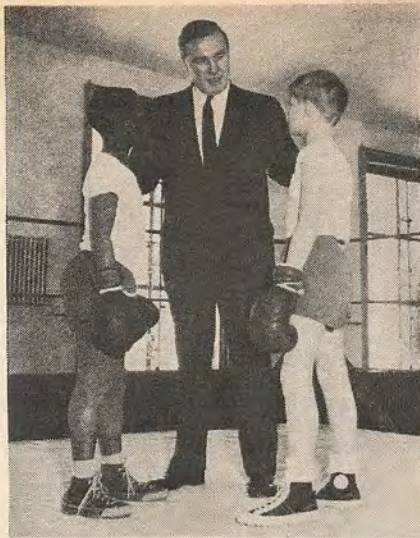


LOS ANGELES, which is looking to the Dodgers to bring the 1958 National League pennant to the city, already has its first champion of the year in Linda Hickey, a 20-year-old co-ed at the University of Southern California. Linda has been voted, by a comfortable margin, SPORT's Campus Queen in our sixth annual poll.

The daughter of a building contractor, Linda was born in Los Angeles, but moved to suburban San Marino eight years ago. A sophomore, she is majoring in commercial design.

From her father she inherited a love for sports, and is an enthusiastic rooter at Trojan football and basketball games. As for herself, she likes to swim, water ski and play badminton. She is an accomplished pianist, and has modeled for Los Angeles department stores. Our new queen is five feet, five inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, and her measurements are 35-24-35.

Congratulations, Linda, from the editors of SPORT!



Ex-light-heavyweight champ Tommy Loughran made a big hit with boys at the Berkshire Industrial Farm.

SPORTalk

How Bob Friend Got His "Book"

While preparing our story on the Cincinnati Reds (see page 25), we asked Bob Friend of the Pirates to give us an idea about how he pitched to each of the hitters in that heavily muscled Cincinnati lineup. Having been let in on Bob's "secrets," our next question to him was, "How does a pitcher go about getting a 'book' on an opposing team?"

"Well, in the first place," Bob said, "a 'book' is the collection of things which you know about a club's hitters that should help you to get them out. A pitcher gets this book partly by observation and mostly by experience, which can sometimes be very painful. Some pitchers jot down notes, but most of us keep it all in our heads, and when we see a hitter walk up there, we remember what we've seen before and we work on him accordingly."

"I've found that it helps some to watch how the other pitchers on our club work on the Reds' hitters. Mainly, this gives you an idea about how a batter handles a ball thrown high or low. This is what really helps you. After that, you've got to go by the pitches which you know you can throw. For instance, my best pitch is a fast ball that sinks. I throw that pitch naturally, just like Bob Lemon does, and I've found that it goes away from a lefthanded hitter. I generally use a slow curve as a changeup, and I have what I call a 'slip pitch,' which breaks like a screwball, just the opposite way from a curve, and in on a righthanded hitter."

"One misconception of pitching is that a pitcher always goes by the 'book,' and throws every pitch right where he thinks the batter's weakness is. That's not true. I only use my special knowledge of the hitter when I'm ahead of him. For instance, I

usually just try to get the first pitch over; maybe it's a fast ball. Then I might come back with a curve. Now, if I'm ahead of him, I try working to the spots that I've learned to pitch to when this particular batter is up. Otherwise, you can really put yourself in a hole when you're trying to play it cute, and then when you're behind two balls and no strikes, or three balls and one strike, you'll have to come in with a fat pitch and you'll probably get clobbered."

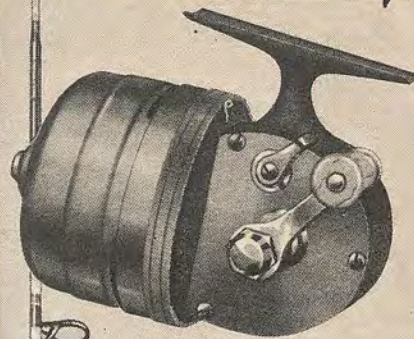
"Some people have the impression, too, that a pitcher throws differently in different ball parks. I know that in my own case that isn't true. For instance, I try to pitch the same way to the Reds in Crosley Field as I do when they come to Pittsburgh, even though Forbes Field is much roomier. The only difference is that maybe I won't throw my changeup so often to a power hitter in a small park. Some of those guys are so strong they can get fooled on a changeup and still get enough wood on the ball to hit it over a fence that's in pretty close, like that one at Los Angeles."

"And remember, not every pitcher will work on the Cincinnati hitters the same way I will. Other pitchers, with different assortments of stuff, will work on them to suit themselves. And incidentally, I didn't really give away any secrets when I gave you my 'book' for your story. Those Cincinnati hitters know just what I'm trying to do out there. I'm not telling them a thing that's new."

Tommy Loughran Is Still A Champ

Too often these days, the great athletes who should be aware of the pedestal on which they have been placed by our young people seem to go out of their way to deface their reputations. It is always pleasant to

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come across somebody like Tommy Loughran, the former light-heavyweight champion of the world, who goes out of his way to lend a hand to worthy causes. Not long ago we learned of a visit Tommy made to the Berkshire Industrial Farm at Canaan, N. Y., to which boys in trouble are sent, and over the years it has chalked up a remarkable record in the rehabilitation of these youngsters.

Loughran, who held the light-heavyweight title from 1927 until 1929, and defended it against men of the caliber of Jim Braddock and Mickey Walker, was invited to the Berkshire Farm to referee a program of boxing bouts there. Taking his invitation seriously, Tommy refused to make it a hit-and-run visit. Arriving on a Saturday afternoon, he spent the day with the boys, refereed the bouts that evening, and then remained overnight to go to Mass with the Catholic boys on Sunday morning.

"He was wonderful," one of the farm's officials said later. "He knew just what to say to each boy. And on Sunday morning, when he would see a boy who had boxed the night before, he would take him aside and try to show him how to correct the mistakes he had made in the ring. He emphasized to each of them how much easier it is to develop good habits rather than bad ones right at the start. Tommy seemed to enjoy himself as much as the boys did, even though there was a lot of snow and he had to borrow some boots from our director, Don Coldren. A great champion like he is can do so much good because the boys instinctively admire him."

Evidently Tommy made boxing, and the entire sports world, a lot of friends, an art he mastered many years ago.

This Is Better Than First Prize

Though SPORT isn't in the habit of giving consolation prizes in the Campus Queen contest, it looks as though Penn State's candidate for the crown, Sally Lou Rolston, went out and got one on her own. Sally Lou gave Linda Hickey, the eventual winner, a pretty good battle, and was especially well supported by servicemen. Then, as the contest was drawing to a close, she got married. Though she's still attending Penn State, she is now Mrs. Thomas Goas.

It's been a trifle embarrassing for her. Every morning a stack of mail arrives from servicemen all over the world, asking Sally Lou for pictures (and even for dates), and informing her that they voted a straight Sally Lou Rolston ticket.

Sorry, fellas.

Man's World At Texas A&M

In our story, "Bear Bryant—Football's Super-Salesman" (see page 32), author Furman Bisher explains that part of the disadvantageous position of Texas A&M, Bryant's former connection, in football is due to the difficulty in drawing students (mostly athletes) to the campus. For one thing, College Station is a small and isolated community limited in the attractions that appeal to young men. For another, the school is military; just recently, military training for all students was made compulsory. And then, the school is all-male, a serious drawback to the minds of some. It apparently was of some concern at A&M, too, since a campaign was started a couple of months ago to make the school co-educational. The issue became a battle and split the campus wide open. As a test, a student's wife tried for admission and

was repelled. A campus poll revealed that student sentiment (all male, naturally) was almost evenly divided on the issue. Several hundred copies of the school newspaper—an issue suggesting that a sudden shift to co-ed personnel might create serious problems—were burned by a mob of angered students. Several hundred other copies were torn into small pieces and dumped into the dormitory room of the editor of the paper.

The battle, at last report, still rages, and new football coach Jim Myers has trouble encouraging young athletes to attend his remote, military, all-male institution.

Ricki And The Brutes

Ricki Starr is probably the only ballet dancer in the world with a cauliflower ear. "A badge of honor," he reflects proudly when a recital hall audience snickers at the sight of a dancer with a scrambled ear tripping lightly across the stage.

This frantic young man, who is one of the biggest attractions on the wrestling circuit today, is a student of the dance. Rough-and-tumble grapplers of another era may shudder at this debasement of the noble sport of wrestling, but Ricki has introduced to it the leaps, spins and pirouettes of the dance studio. Scorning the philosophy of "art for art's sake," he has appropriated the art of ballet as his "gimmick" to attract more attention (and dollars) to himself in the ring.

Wrestling, having succumbed as a sport, needs such gimmicks to keep alive at the box office, and today its arenas see a parade of freaks, broken-down fighters and football players, bare-footed nature boys, and villains posing as Nazis, Russians and Terrible Turks. One of the more alarming trends is the emergence of a band of

Doris Nick



Ricki Starr, whose ability to mix ballet and wrestling has made him a bobby-sox idol, lives in a New Jersey trailer camp. At left, he goes through one of his exercises surrounded by some of the hundred pair of ballet slippers, in many shades, strewn about the trailer.

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STEAM and DIESEL POWER
<input type="checkbox"/> Combustion Engineering
<input type="checkbox"/> Power Plant Engineer
<input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Diesel Engr.
<input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Fireman
TEXTILE
<input type="checkbox"/> Carding and Spinning
<input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacture
<input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Winding and Weaving
<input type="checkbox"/> Loom Fixing Technician
<input type="checkbox"/> Textile Designing
<input type="checkbox"/> Textile Finishing & Dyeing
<input type="checkbox"/> Throwing
<input type="checkbox"/> Winding and Weaving
<input type="checkbox"/> Worsted Manufacturing |
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Name _____ Age _____ Home Address _____

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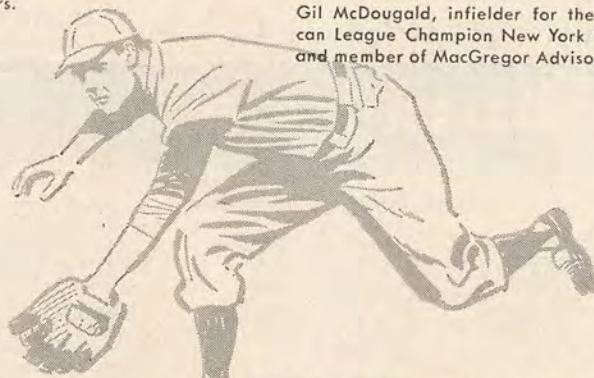
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SPORTalk

performers whose counterparts in other branches of show business are the female impersonators. Previously this species affected long blond curls and bobby pins. Ricki has improved (if that's the right word) on this trend by flouncing through his matches in trunks of pink, lavender, chartreuse, coral and baby blue—and ballet slippers to match.

Ricki makes his home in a New Jersey trailer camp. On the walls of his trailer hang almost 100 pairs of ballet slippers. "I can wear the satin pumps only once," he says mournfully. "The leather ones usually last for three matches."

Though he fixes his own meals, it is not an overwhelming chore. He claims he is a vegetarian who subsists wholly on vegetables and pills, disdaining even milk. His trailer is equipped with a small machine in which he squeezes carrots. Besides his ballet lessons, Ricki studies singing and the guitar, goes to a psychoanalyst and is planning to write an autobiography to be called *The Ring Is Not A Circle*. He says he got the idea after reading Polly Adler's *A House Is Not A Home*.

And how does he explain his introduction of ballet into wrestling? "I cannot do my best without my ceremonial dance before a match," he says. "I may do an Indian war dance, a Spanish matador-and-bull dance or a Russian peasant dance. I never know beforehand. It just comes out of me. I did it first in Texas. The crowd was made up of oil workers and cowboys, and some of them hooted me. But many of them liked it, too, and they began to yell, 'Let him alone! Let him dance!' Before the evening was over, those who had come to scoff were applauding me."

And the cauliflower ear? "I received this injury," Ricki says, "when a cruel, dirty opponent refused to let go of a headlock he had on me. But I got even with him. I slapped the brute, and when he let go, I pinned him."

The phrase "tough as a ballet dancer" has now been added to the language of wrestling.

Spring Training At Penn State

One of our agents paid a visit to the Penn State campus on an especially cold day early this spring and asked for baseball coach Joe Bedenk.

"Joe's holding baseball practice this afternoon," he was told.

Appalled by what he thought was inhuman treatment of college boys on such a day, our man set out after Bedenk and found him under the stadium, kept warm as toast by a cozy fire in a makeshift stove. Nearby, Penn State's pitchers and catchers were tossing baseballs around.

"We always open the season in early April," Joe explained "and so for years I've been giving my pitchers and catchers a head start by getting them out here around the middle of March and letting them loosen up under the stands. We don't have a field-house to work out in, and they shovel a path through the snow for us so we can get in here. It's pretty cold here, too, but the boys stay warm by working out. I used to freeze until I found this big iron shell here—I call it a pig-belly stove—that I build a fire in. I try to keep an eye on the boys right from here."

College baseball (→ TO PAGE 84)

*These men chose
before enlistment—
so can you!*



Pvt. Floyd E. Van Briesen
Brookings, South Dakota
Graduate, School of Agriculture

"I picked my own Army job training, and it was guaranteed for me *before* I enlisted. I chose a fine

Diesel Repair course. My instructors were really good, and the training equipment was the best you could find. Now I'm an expert in diesels. I found *only* the Army offers a deal like this."

Pfc. Allen M. Voelz
Bouler, Wisconsin
Graduate,
Bouler Union Free High School



"If you want an education, there's no plan like the one the Army offers graduates. I was surprised at how many courses are offered—practically everything. I chose the Guided Missile course I wanted—trained in an exciting new field. This guaranteed training is great. Why not find out about it?"



Pfc. Donald Hill
Hawthorne, California
Graduate, Leuzinger High School

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ment Repair, but there's a course for every fellow's interests. My Army Recruiter was a nice guy, and he really helped me get what I wanted. Yours can do the same for you."

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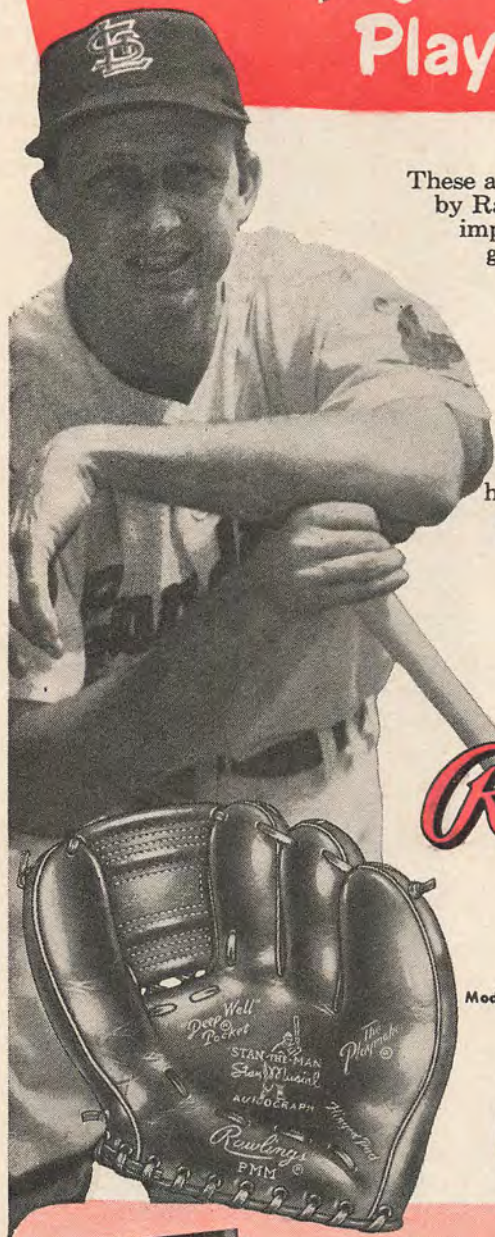


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AT YOUR
NEWSSTAND
APRIL 29



FLOYD
PATTERSON



CASEY
STENGEL

next month in SPORT

Our new "inside baseball" feature, "What They Say In The Dugouts," takes on the Giants next. Can they make it in San Francisco? Can Willie Mays, our cover boy, be a hero there? Will the new fans support anything but a winner? People around the National League tell what they think about the Giants and their chances . . . "How Ted Williams Became Popular," is the account of the new, bright personality of the 39-year-old Kid, how it happened, and will it last . . . The SPORT SPECIAL for June is "The Art of Warren Spahn," a detailed look at the masterful left-hander by author Roger Kahn.

Instead of skipping the country to find easy marks to go a few gentle rounds with, the heavyweight champ should stay home and face the young boxers who are ready to give him a good battle. "Six Guys Floyd Patterson Ought To Fight" tells who they are, what their credentials are as contenders, and how they'd do against the champ if his manager would let him fight.

"The Yankees: After Weiss and Stengel, What?" is an exciting report on who the candidates are to succeed the aging general manager and field manager of the mighty New York juggernaut, and what the problems will be once Lonesome George and Casey have to step down—which may not be long . . . Plus special stories on top wrestling hero Antonino Rocca, new tennis star Barry MacKay, baseball character Billy Loes, and the U. of Washington crew, which is being kept out of the water. **AM** in June.



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IS BASKETBALL HEADING FOR ANOTHER SCANDAL?

By JIMMY BRESLIN

THEY ALL TELL you that 1951 was seven years ago, and that as far as basketball is concerned, you should forget about it. You should worry about whether or not somebody can give the Boston Celtics a battle or how many points Elgin Baylor got last night or if Oscar Robertson is as good as they say he is. But you should treat 1951 as though it were an old girl friend or a bad debt. Forget about it. Only a knocker looking to make a reputation would bring up all that old stuff again.

But to the editors of *SPORT*, there is a little more to it than that. You just can't "be nice" about a situation like this one. We aren't just digging up old dirt. On the contrary, provoked by a recent and steady chain of developments, some serious questions have arisen about basketball conditions today and their relation to what happened seven years ago. These aren't the kind of questions which win friends, but they cannot be ignored. There is plenty of good reason for asking, for example, if there is any difference at all in the game since 1951. There is reason for asking if college athletes are being paid. There is reason for asking if the professionals police their branch of the sport properly. And there is reason for asking if people still bet heavily on the sport.

To get the answers, you have to do a lot of what newspapermen call "digging." Actually, you don't dig bluntly for the answers, or ask point-blank about these things. Instead, you play it by ear, and you hear things like this:

GAMBLING—"I come in late, they already got it on television, and I ask the guy, 'What's everybody doing?' He says, 'They bet a million on Minneapolis and it looks like a good thing. We only got a couple minutes left and they're ahead by seven.' So I watch. All the smart money is there and they're lookin' to collect, so what do you think happens? Syracuse gets hot and they come on and they win the whole game by six points. Happens a lot. Just that I know of, there were ten games taken off the boards because the word got around this season that they had got to some of the players. The pros, of course. So what happens? The other team won every time. I don't believe nothin' unless it's handed to me. Everybody talks about havin' a thing in the bag, but nobody done right by me yet. I just bet my money and hope."

"Baskets? I'll tell you about baskets. I'm in the police lineup, this is back in 1951, and they think I done something with those crazy college kids. You know what the lineup is, they bring up one group and then the next and they talk to (—→ TO PAGE 79)

All the dangers that were there in 1951, when the big fix was exposed, are at work again—only this time some of them are worse than ever. A recruited kid gets an enormous bribe now; policing of the sport goes begging; the big-time evils have moved from the city to the campus; the gambling is bigger than ever; and the rumors are flying wild. Remembering the havoc of seven years ago, what's happening today has got to scare you



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The 300 players voting in our sixth annual poll have no doubts—it'll be the Braves and Yankees again in the World Series

THE BALLPLAYERS PICK

THE Milwaukee Braves' victory in the World Series last October did more than fill their pocketbooks and fan the city's intense pride in them. It also raised them higher than ever in the eyes of their fellow big-leaguers. In *SPORT*'s sixth annual poll, in which the players of both leagues try to predict the outcome of the pennant races, the Braves gathered even more votes to win in the National League than the Yankees got to win in the American. It's the Braves and the Yankees, off by themselves, according to the more than 300 ballplayers who participated in *SPORT*'s exclusive poll—and don't bet against their judgment. The players have correctly picked both flag winners in each of the past two seasons.

And, just as the Braves and Yankees dominated this poll, so did the big hitter of each team dominate the individual selections. For the second year in a row, Mickey Mantle was easily the players' choice to walk away with the honors in the batting, home run and most valuable player departments. (Mickey did, in fact, win the Most Valuable Player award last winter, but during the season he finished behind Ted Williams in hitting and Roy Sievers in home runs.) The Braves' Hank Aaron again was named most likely to win the National League's batting and most valuable player titles. (Hank was awarded the official MVP award last winter, but finished behind Stan Musial in the

batting race. He led in homers and runs-batted-in.)

The closest voting in any department came when the players tried to pick the outstanding pitchers for 1958. It is a tremendous tribute to young Don Drysdale that the men who have to bat against him picked him to be the top pitcher in the National League in the coming season. It is an even greater tribute to him that he had to beat out such an established veteran as Warren Spahn. Don received strong support from his Dodger teammates, of course, but the feeling all around the league is that this is Don's year. Spahn was runner-up in the voting, while Series hero Lew Burdette and Jack Sanford of the Phillies came in for frequent mention.

As has been the case in each of the last three polls, the American League's great lefthanded trio, Billy Pierce, Whitey Ford and Herb Score, almost completely monopolized the top-pitcher voting. While Score was picked in the two previous seasons, Pierce, the White Sox's veteran, came on to win this one, just a jump ahead of Herb and Whitey. Score's powerful backing is evidence of the tremendous respect in which he is held by his fellow players; though he saw little action last year because of the terrible eye injury he suffered early in May, American Leaguers feel that he is capable of regaining all his former skill.

The only one to crack the (→ TO PAGE 98)



THE PENNANT WINNERS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	*Tot. Pts.
1. BRAVES	225	71	1	5					2328
2. Dodgers	33	96	95	56	22				1874
3. Cardinals	25	74	110	75	20	2	2		1843
4. Redlegs	14	50	77	101	40	8	4	2	1623
5. Phillies	6	4	19	25	131	78	35	4	1147
6. Giants	2	4	2	32	65	153	44	2	1025
7. Pirates				6	16	33	160	87	600
8. Cubs				8	12	26	59	205	489

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	*Tot. Pts.
1. YANKEES	219	70	16	3		1			2353
2. White Sox	54	136	79	26	8	4			2032
3. Tigers	24	53	106	64	44	18			1749
4. Red Sox	2	30	68	108	87	16			1570
5. Indians	10	22	32	60	72	111	4		1355
6. Orioles			8	47	96	128	26	4	1107
7. Athletics					4	22	206	73	567
8. Senators						6	69	234	390

* Eight points awarded for first, seven points for second, etc.

Note: Not all players picked teams for each position, and some players picked teams in only one league.

INDIVIDUAL SELECTIONS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

DEPARTMENT

AMERICAN LEAGUE

HANK AARON

Most Valuable Player

MICKEY MANTLE

HANK AARON

Leading Hitter

MICKEY MANTLE

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TARNISHED IDOL

The Curious Comedown of Joe Louis

*Boxing's great hero either tumbled
from his once-untouchable pedestal—or,
being an innocent abroad, was
pushed by the people who had put him there*

By ED LINN

TO THOSE of us in our thirties, the two great figures of our time were Franklin D. Roosevelt and Joe Louis. Roosevelt, who won more presidential elections than any other man in history; Louis, who defended the heavyweight championship more times than all the previous titleholders put together. If we can remember the sense of shock we felt upon learning that FDR—who seemed immortal—had died, we can remember, too, the shock of listening to the first Louis-Walcott fight and experiencing the combined sense of shock and disbelief that Joe Louis—who seemed invincible—had been punched around by a nobody. (That he was given the decision was of no importance; we knew that his time had passed, and that an era had passed with him.)

But there was more to the image of Joe Louis than that. As Roosevelt was the aristocrat who was somehow in harmony with the common man's struggles and aspirations, Louis was the primitive man, out of the cotton fields of Alabama, who somehow was blessed with the sure instinct for saying and doing the right thing at the right time—the thing that reaffirmed the basic dignity and integrity in all of us.

Alistair Cooke, explaining Louis to an audience of his fellow Englishmen, once said, "It took several years . . . for Americans to learn a special respect for this quiet, beautiful, mannerly youth, who never thought of himself as anybody's god, who never played his color up or down, who never questioned a ruling, never flirted with the crowd, kept his mind on his work, stepped scrupulously aside when an opponent stumbled; and who, when it was all over, said such embarrassing things over the radio that they had to whisk the mike away from him

to the loser, who would usually say the cliches that were expected of him . . ."

While the image of Louis the fighter died that night against Walcott, the image of Louis the man lived on for a while, protected ferociously by the New York writers who had done so much to create it. Perhaps—wishing Joe no hard luck—such images can remain unblurred only when the man himself dies young. If, like Joe, he begins to thrash around in an unsolvable financial mess, it has to blur quickly. Louis, incredibly, owes the government over a million dollars in back taxes, a story that has received almost as much publicity these past few years as the fact that Jayne Mansfield is a girl.

A short time ago, Walter Winchell's column carried the item that Joe had been signed to appear at a Times Square flea circus—the final proof, it seemed, of the depths to which he had sunk. Joe had done no such thing, of course. The Hubert Theater had called him with a vague offer of \$1,000 a week, and Joe, unaware that anything other than legitimate theater work was involved, had promised to think it over. When he found out what kind of work was involved, he just forgot about it.

Some of the work he has taken on, however, has saddened the writers. They began to groan when he took to wrestling, when he lent himself to a television giveaway program (a pastime which is becoming more socially acceptable in the upper circles lately), and when he went into a Washington courtroom to shake hands with Teamster Union Boss Jimmy Hoffa for the benefit of a predominantly Negro jury. The myth-makers have been saddened, most of all, by his shilling for the IBC. Not angry, not hurt, just terribly, terribly saddened.

When Joe announced, with his customary poker face, that Hurricane Jackson seemed to be in an enviable position to take the heavyweight championship away from Floyd Patterson, the Toots Shor set clucked softly and wrote, with heavy hearts, that "the old Joe Louis" would never have made such a statement without throwing them a wink—or maybe even throwing up.

Let's look at Joe's "shilling" more closely. Joe Louis works for the IBC. Not on the part-time, piece-work basis on which others are sometimes hired to pat an underdog on the head, but on a continued, pay-check basis. The \$20,000 salary he gets from the IBC has, in fact, been the money on which he has lived these past few years; his only other steady income is \$100 a week from a Chicago milk company which bears his name. Jim Norris, in other words, is about the only man who has given Joe anything more than sympathy, and one of the few men who has given to him rather than taken from him.

In return for that not inconsiderable salary, Norris and the IBC ask him to do only a minimum amount of publicity work, posing with fighters as they sign their contracts, gracing an occasional dais and seeing a challenger like Hurricane Jackson in the most optimistic possible light.

Is the "new Louis" being dishonest when he gives a Jackson a chance against a Patterson? Only, we say, if every other publicity and promotional man is being dishonest when he hawks his clients' wares. Only if athletes are being dishonest when they sell their testimonials to various tooth-cleaning, whisker-whisking and muscle-building companies, which they may or

may not ever have heard of. Only if sportswriters themselves are being dishonest when they boost a friend's book or promotion, or more to the point, when they shill for one of their own paper's promotions.

It is only Joe Louis who is supposed to be so upright, earnest, idealistic and unselfish. (All of them synonyms, in this regard, for stupid or perhaps more accurately, pliable). Instead of earning his pay by saying he thought Jackson would make a good fight of it, he was supposed to drop a couple of aphorisms about God, country and humanity.

Why?

Because that is the image of Louis that has been presented to the public.

Who created that image?

The New York writers.

Who gets mad when he fails to project that image faithfully?

Why, the New York writers do, that's who.

Actually, Louis' position with the IBC has confused many people, including Joe's great friend, Ray Robinson. When Ray was balking at the terms for the second Bobo Olson fight, Joe was sent over to Ray's house to try to soften him up. Now, Ray—in all justice—could have said: "Look, Joe, I know you're just doing your job here, but I've got to worry about myself and I'm not backing down an inch." Instead, Ray blew his top and screamed: "You should be on my side, not theirs! Do you want the same thing to happen to me that happened to you?"

Joe's connection with the IBC is interesting in itself, since it shows a practical side of his nature which rarely comes to the surface. During Joe's last days as the champion, there were no legitimate challengers around and nobody to promote a championship fight anyway. The story has always been that it was the late publicist, Harry Mendel, who conceived the idea of Joe "selling" his title to a new promoter and setting him up in business. Joe, who seldom gets aroused about anything, reacts almost violently to this version. "It was my idea all the way," he insists. "Not Mendel's. Mine!"

Joe was on an exhibition tour through Florida when he wrote out his letter of retirement. A few days later, he says, he was in his room at the Mary Elizabeth Hotel in Miami, listening to the Ezzard Charles-Joe Maxim fight. "In the room with me were Marshall Miles, my manager; Mannie Seamon, my trainer; and Harry Mendel, who was doing publicity for the tour. Charles won the fight easily and the announcer kept saying: 'This makes Charles one of the top contenders for the heavyweight title.'"

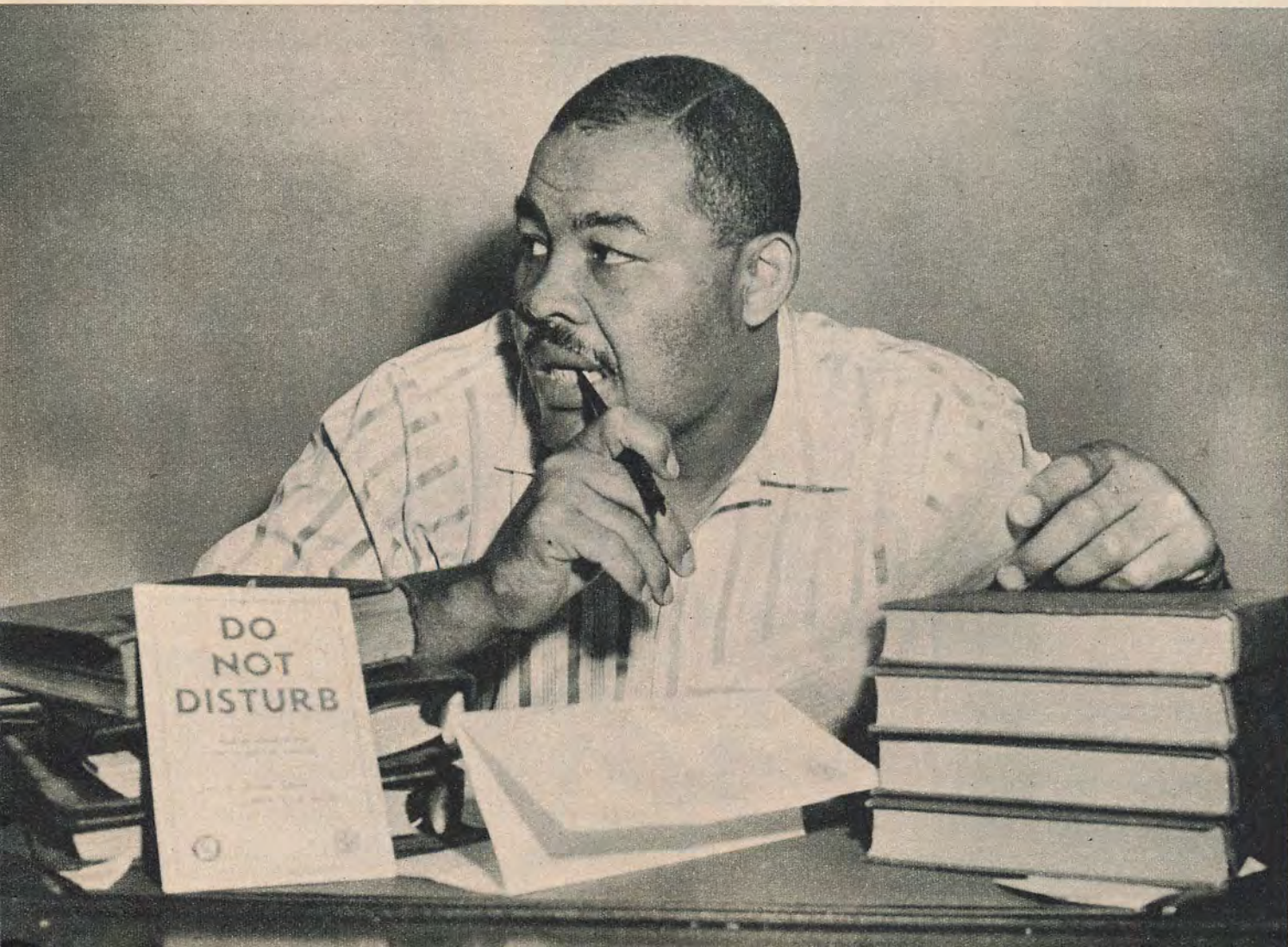
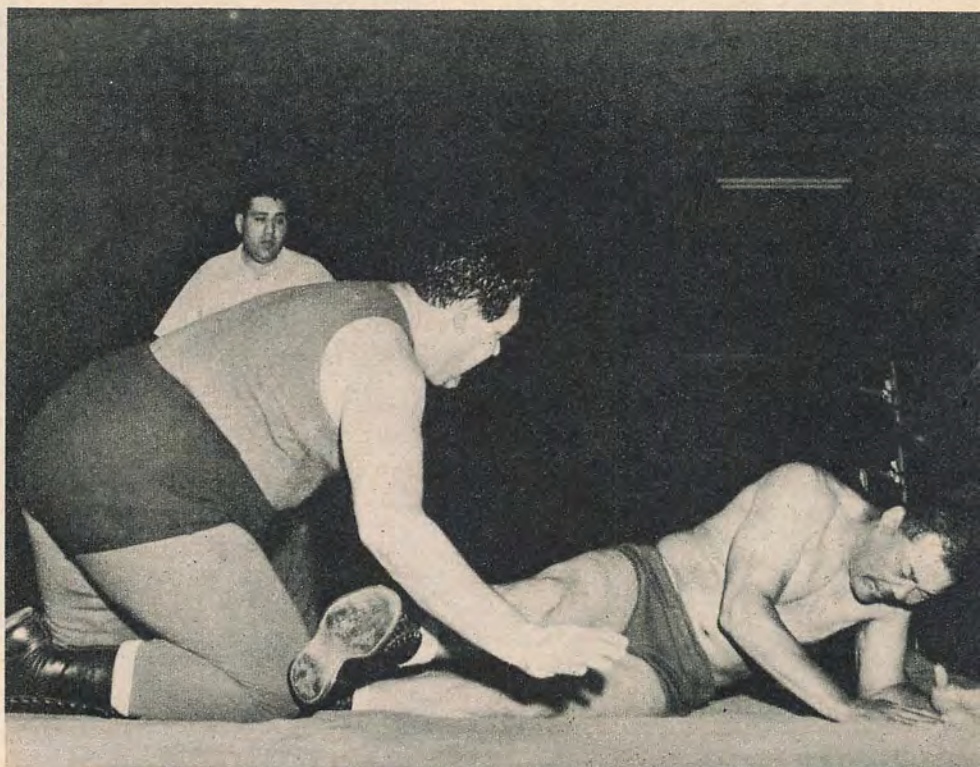
"At first, I didn't think too much about it. It wasn't until I was walking out of the room that it hit me. The other champions who had retired undefeated had named their successors. Why shouldn't I?"

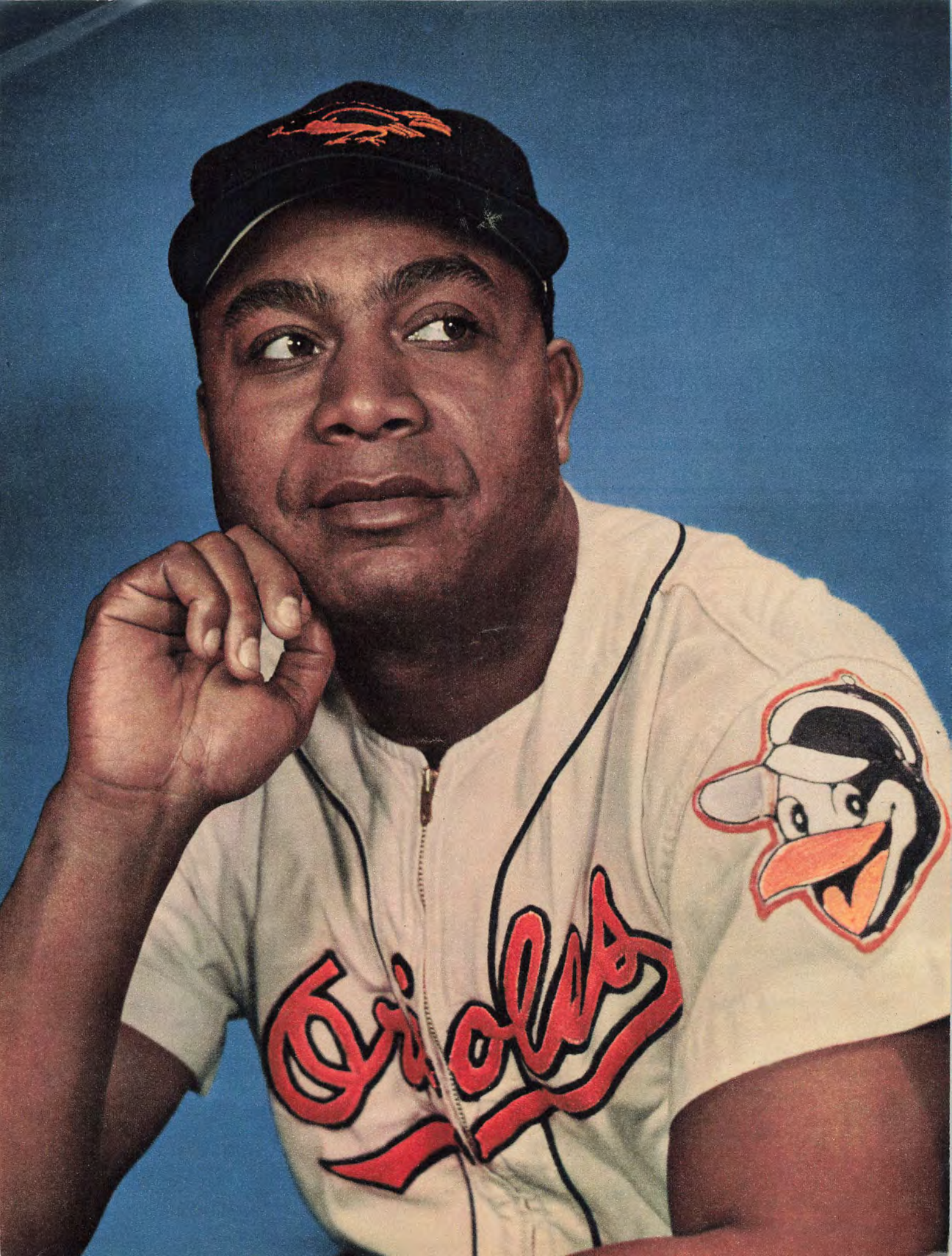
Joe turned at the door and said, "Harry, you know those guys from Chicago, don't you? Norris and Wirtz?"

It was his own idea, also, Joe says, to sign Ezzard Charles, Joe Walcott, Gus Lesnevich and Lee Savold to contracts with Joe Louis Enterprises, on the understanding that they would get to fight in a championship tournament. Thus, he was able to offer Norris the heavyweight championship, all four contenders and his personal blessings for the round-robin tournament. With Mendel acting as go-between, Joe Louis Enterprises sold the package to Norris (→ TO PAGE 76)



What is considered Joe's comedown came in parts: Doing a vaudeville act with comic Leonard Reed, *above*; wrestling, with Cowboy Rocky Hi Lee in a supposed grudge match, *at right*; lending himself to a TV quiz show, *below*—and such items as shilling for the IBC, appearing in court for a union friend.





DID THEY EXPECT TOO MUCH OF LARRY DOBY?

*At 33, it may be too late for him to perform the feats
predicted for him. It should have been different*

By BILL ROEDER

ONE day last winter, Larry Doby pulled a leather hassock up to a coffee table in the living room of his home in Paterson, N. J., and sat and talked, taking a long, introspective look at his baseball career so far.

Both the Indians and the White Sox, in the time that Doby spent with them, were clubs that needed power more than they needed anything else, and both were very hopeful that Doby would supply a good measure of this power. But the Indians traded him to the White Sox and now the White Sox have sent him, at the age of 33, to the Baltimore Orioles.

Both trades served to strengthen an impression that has kicked around for quite a while, primarily that Doby, in spite of his fairly impressive total of home runs and runs-batted-in, has been a disappointment to clubs that expected great things from him. "I had a bad year last year," Doby said shortly after he was told about being traded to Baltimore. (He batted .288, hit 14 home runs and knocked in 80 runs.) "That's not good for me at all. I should drive in 100 or more runs and hit over 25 homers. I didn't do it, so Chicago let me go."

This, then, was the subject under discussion that January day in Paterson. How did Doby himself feel about his career? Had he disappointed himself? If so, could he now find the reasons for it? Or did he think that on the whole he had done a good enough job? Doby discussed these points willingly. He is aware, naturally, that he is thought of as a player who hasn't lived up to expectations. The trades alone would tell him so even if he hadn't read it from time to time in the sports pages—and he has read it.

He has been reading it for years. His places of em-

ployment may have changed but the charges have followed him wherever he has gone.

"Sure, he hits plenty of home runs," is the constant rap, "but he never hits one when it really counts." In the same vein, sportswriters in Cleveland, Chicago and virtually every other American League city have shrugged off his consistently high RBI totals with cracks like, "He drives in the least important 100 runs of any guy in the league." Larry has read that he has his very good days in games when a mediocre performance would have been enough, and has downright terrible days when his big bat has been needed the most. He has even had to read his own manager's criticism that he doesn't always hustle. After he had gone from first base to second following a hit by Luke Easter in a game in 1952, Al Lopez, who was then managing the Indians, took him out of the game and kept him on the bench during the second half of the doubleheader. Lopez thought Larry should have made it to third. "I don't think Doby hustled on that play and I asked him about it," Lopez told the writers afterward. "He tried to say he'd really been running, but I couldn't accept that." Doby took the reprimand in his characteristically stoic manner. "If the manager said I didn't run, then I didn't run," he said. "I thought I did. As long as we won the doubleheader, that's the main thing."

Let us begin with Doby's own estimates of his ability. He believes that he started out with as much all-around equipment as any player he has seen, with the exception of Willie Mays. "I've seen Mays do things that I can't do," he said. "His instincts are better than mine. I've seen him make a mistake going after a ball and correct himself in time to (—→ TO PAGE 70)

Color by Curt Gunther



What They Say In The Dugouts About THE CINCINNATI REDS

- ①** They always looked good on paper—but they are overrated
- ②** They traded away power for some questionable pitching help
- ③** Don't give up on them. They've got young pitchers coming up
- ④** They were set to move to New York. Then the story leaked out
- ⑤** They've got the best manager in the league

By Frank Graham, Jr.

The fans like power—and that's
what hitters like Gus Bell,
Frank Robinson and Ed Bailey, at
left, have. But the Reds
haven't won a pennant
and people are wondering if
they've missed the boat

Color by Ozzie Sweet

FOR THE PAST several years, the Cincinnati Reds have received all the popular respect accorded in any sport to the team or competitor who brandishes the "power." A new "Murderers' Row" was the way they were described by fans and writers, and the Reds' home-run totals seemed to provide a statistical foundation for that claim. But, aside from the impression they made on a few shell-shocked enemy pitchers, the Reds never have commanded heavyweight respect in the dugouts around the National League.

"How can you take them seriously?" one rival would scoff. "Not with *that* pitching."

"Sure, they can hit the ball a long way," another player would say, "but they can't win consistently because too many guys in that lineup can be pitched to."

Back in 1939 and 1940, when they won pennants under manager Bill McKechnie, the Reds' success was founded on their pitching. Paul Derringer and Bucky Walters led a solid staff which picked up the slack for an essentially light-hitting team. When Gabe Paul became general manager of the club in 1951, he set out to strengthen the



Robinson, a great young hitter, is a fine outfielder, too, despite his arm trouble.



Hoak was a big surprise. He came to the Reds after a bad year, was willing to take advice.



attack. By 1956 he had assembled the most impressive looking starting team in baseball—pitchers, unfortunately, not included. The way the Reds dominated their league's squad in the last two All-Star games was not merely a reflection of the heavy voting done by the citizens of Cincinnati (although there was certainly enough of that to force a change in the voting system for the All-Star team). Fans around the league agreed with many of the selections.

Though they tied a major-league record by hitting 221 home runs in 1956, the Reds finished in third place that season. Last year they dropped back to a weaker fourth. From this, the question arises logically: Are the Reds coming or going? Have they missed their chance? This is an "inside" look at the Reds as they shape up today, based partly on their own estimate but mostly on the private opinions of rival players, managers and executives. It is what people in the trade say and think about the Reds.

Last July 4, the Reds were in first place. Their decline began almost immediately afterward, and by the middle of August they had dropped completely out of the pennant race. And, at about that same time, two interesting items came out of Cincinnati. On August 18, as the team reeled through a dismal nine-game losing streak, manager Birdie Tebbetts was hung in effigy by a disgruntled band of Cincinnati rooters. Almost simultaneously, the team announced it had given a \$65,000 bonus to a hard-throwing 20-year-old pitcher at Northwestern University named Jay Hook.

The club's attitude was far more realistic than that of the small group of disgruntled fans. Putting the blast on a manager is generally useful only as a spectacular means of releasing pent up emotions, but seldom as a remedy for a deteriorating situation. Tebbetts, an old philosophy student, merely shrugged off the "hanging" incident. "In fact," he told some reporters, "if I had been there, I would have helped them."

Gabe Paul was aware that the Reds' collapse was not the fault of his manager. The signing of Hook and every other young pitcher he could lure to Crosley Field was Paul's remedy for the troubles which had knocked his team out of the race. While there has not always been complete agreement about the merits of the Reds' catchers, infielders and outfielders, everybody has been in agreement about their pitching: It's lousy!

"Nobody has to tell me how bad it's been," Paul says. "I know, and so does Birdie. But it takes a long time to build a pitching staff. Branch Rickey found that out when he went to Brooklyn. He came up with a great team that had Robinson, Campanella, Hodges, Furillo, Cox, and the rest of them, but the pitchers came a lot more slowly. Right now I'm just trying to give this staff some depth while we're waiting for the youngsters to develop."

Paul, an energetic young executive, set about giving his staff some depth last December. In just a little over a week, he added seven new pitchers: Harvey Haddix, obtained from the Phils for outfielder Wally Post; Jerry Cade, drafted from St. Paul; Bill Wight, purchased from Baltimore; Willard Schmidt, Ted Wieand and Marty Kutyna, obtained from the Cardinals for outfielders Joe Taylor and Curtis Flood; and Bob Purkey, picked up from the Pirates for Don Gross.

Temple, a scrappy infielder, gives pitchers plenty of trouble, too. He's a punch hitter, adept at hit-and-run.

Some of the needed pitching depth may come from within the Reds' organization. Besides Hook, there are such promising young men on the Cincinnati roster as Jim O'Toole, a 20-year-old southpaw recently signed off the Wisconsin campus; Dave Skaugstad and Claude Osteen, a couple of 18-year-old lefties; and a more experienced lefthander named Charley Rabe. The Reds, with 11 farm teams, have 175 pitchers under contract. Depth? That is practically a deluge.

A veteran member of the world champion Braves was talking about the Cincinnati pitching recently, and he had some interesting things to say. "The Reds have been patsies for us the past couple of years. They kept us in the race in 1956, and let us put some daylight between ourselves and the rest of the league last year. One of the big reasons, of course, was the way they rolled over and played dead when we used Spahn against them. But even though they hit some of our other pitchers well enough, they usually got beat because they had nobody who could stop our hitters.

"I think they helped themselves over the winter, though. Haddix hasn't been the pitcher the last couple of years that he was before, and some of us suspected he had arm trouble. But you look at his strikeout record, and it's pretty good. I think that's an indication his arm is sound enough for him to be a winning pitcher with the Reds. Purkey couldn't seem to beat anybody last year but us and the Dodgers—and he looked pretty effective against us. His control is good and his knuckleball is tough. Everybody in the league has trouble hitting a long ball against him. Wight is the same way. He makes you hit the ball on the ground, and that type of pitcher nullifies a lot of the power that home-run hitting teams like ours and the Dodgers have. Burdette proved that against the Yankees. That Schmidt has a strong arm and a herky-jerky motion. I've never liked to hit against him. And they tell me that Bob Kelly, the pitcher they're bringing back from Nashville, has come up with a palm ball. If he can get it over the plate, he'll be all right. That's the pitch that made Ken Raffensberger so tough."

Tebbetts and Paul think that the holdovers from last year's staff can be effective with the help they're expected to get from the newcomers. Brooks Lawrence is the workhorse; he pitched 250 innings last year. "He's eager to help out and he throws pretty hard," says a National League outfielder. "But he's not a good enough pitcher to be number one on your staff—like he had to be last year. He's a good number three or number four pitcher, not an ace."

Joe Nuxhall, the man the Reds have long counted on to be an "ace," hasn't been able to produce the big year expected of him. "He's been getting off to a poor start the last couple of years," Paul says, "then finishing up the season very strong. This year we're sending him to our early camp. He'll work out with the rookies and get a chance to throw a lot, and maybe he'll be in top form by opening day. That way he could have a big year."

Johnny Klippstein, Tom Acker and Hersh Freeman could also be big factors in 1958. "I think Freeman's off-season was the worst break we got last year," Paul says. "His mother got sick while he was at spring training and he had to go home. He lost about ten days right at that crucial part of his conditioning, and he never seemed to get his arm back (—> TO PAGE 72)

Tebbetts pops off often, but he stands up for his men and they like him. Rivals agree he's NL's best manager.



Bell is overrated in Cincinnati, but underrated elsewhere. He's a consistent hitter.



Reds' power awes most rival pitchers, but hasn't been able to offset sins of its own staff



You have to shop around quite a bit these days to find anybody who still plays the game in the tradition of Pepper Martin and Frankie Frisch. But this sawed-off second-baseman who keeps the rest of the team on its toes and never quits hustling himself is a genuine throwback to the Cardinals' old gang. He's . . .

GAS-HOUSE BLASINGAME

By **BOB BROEG**



DONALD LEE BLASINGAME, a tough little cuss who weighs 160 pounds and uses every last pound playing second base for the St. Louis Cardinals, took his last backward step at the age of 12 on a baseball field in Corinth, Miss. History remembers Corinth as the scene of a famous Confederate retreat in the Civil War, but some glory was regained for the town when Don turned around and became a man one sunny Sunday afternoon.

It was during a father-and-son softball game, that old American Sunday tradition. Don walked off the field during the game, pouting. His father, Chester (Doc) Blasingame, gave his youngest son a considerable what-for right there and then. The kid hasn't pouted since. In fact, he has become, from that day to this, the most un-sulking ballplayer you'd ever want to see.

"Pop taught me that day," Don says solemnly now, "that to quit was far worse than to lose. To think of yourself ahead of the team was almost sinful. I learned to hang tough that day."

"Hanging tough" is southern jargon for being "an old Oriole," which is northern jargon for being like Enos Slaughter. There is no doubt that Don "hangs tough." From the lesson he learned that day 14 years ago, he has gone on to make himself a fine contemporary version of the hard-nosed mold of the Cards' old Gas-House Gang. Don would have been comfortable and competent in the company of Pepper Martin and Rip Collins and Frankie Frisch and Dizzy Dean.



Don, here beating a pick-off attempt, is fast and daring on the bases.

But St. Louis is much happier that he came along today because he is putting some of that Gas-House spirit into the new, modern, clean-shaven Cardinals.

Not that the Cards are a quiet, mild, unaggressive crew. Alvin Dark, who was reincarnated last year at the age of 34, has always been known for his all-out, aggressive play, but the word people always put ahead of everything else with him is *leadership*. No one has ever doubted that Stan Musial puts out 100 per cent, but The Man is a baseball deity, and deities don't lead the league in belly-whopping slides. Wally Moon plays hard, but he's quiet. Blasingame is the salt and pepper of the Cards. He keeps up a steady chatter from his position, sasses the umpires on close plays, braves the rough body blocks of barrelling-in base-runners to make the double play, and chases all over the right side of the infield for batted balls. He is a pesty fellow at the plate, too, dropping surprise bunts, wheedling walks from pitchers, batting crisp line-drive shots to assorted portions of the outfield. His speed on the bases often gets him the extra base, and the front of his uniform is usually a clay-colored smudge from repeated head-first slides. Whatever he is called upon to do on a ball field, Don usually makes his presence felt.

"When you're little," he explains, "you've got to hustle harder and make more noise than the big fellows to keep them from walking all over you." This sounds not unlike the philosophy Eddie Stanky lived and played by, and when you fasten it to five-foot, nine-

inch Don, you get a fair-sized comparison between the two. But the similarity ends there. Despite his holler (strictly part of his ball-field personality, anyway) Don is far too pleasant and much too ingenuous to be another Stanky. But making up for this, Don has far more natural ability than The Brat had.

"He's probably the most underrated ballplayer in the National League," his manager, Fred Hutchinson, says. "I don't mean that the players themselves don't appreciate him, or that the fans don't know a good one when they see him, but you've just got to watch this kid every day to understand how much he means to our ball club." Then, characteristically chewing his under-lip reflectively, Hutch adds with emphasis, "He was the most improved member of the Cardinals last season, and, as such, probably was the number one reason we surprised everybody by finishing second."

Another—and far less prejudiced—observer who thought the Cards made a smart move for the future by trading Red Schoendienst to the Giants and installing Blasingame in his place is John (Red) Corriden, the veteran, tomato-faced scout of the Los Angeles Dodgers. As trouble-shooter for the transplanted Brooks, Corriden studies rival National League clubs as intently as he beats the bushes for teen-aged talent. "This St. Louis club," he said one night last season as he sat in the visitors' dugout at Busch Stadium, "has made a real good race of it. Know why? Stan Musial still is the big guy and (→ TO PAGE 86)

The Perfect Ballplayer

By Jack Orr

IT IS THE somewhat startling contention of students of baseball that there never has been a perfect player. By this they mean that nobody, in all the years that the game has been played, has achieved flawless skill in every department. A man may have achieved perfect form in four or five or half a dozen aspects of the game. But, it is argued by the purists, baseball is a business of such delicate balance between offensive and defensive weights, of such intricate and infinite maneuvers, of such enormous demands if perfection is to be reached—that it is practically impossible for one player ever to master all the facets of the game.

And, in addition to this heresy against the Ruths, Cobbs and Wagners, baseball students also claim that no one among the present crop of big-leaguers, or, for that matter, no one who comes up in the future, is ever likely to reach the status of The Perfect Ballplayer.

A reporter recently was challenging the theory with Casey Stengel, the illustrious Yankee perfesser who has been in baseball almost 50 years, long enough to have seen all of the great players the game has produced.

"It's this way," Stengel was saying. "All the great ones had some defect or other. Of course, as long as they didn't have more than one weakness, they could get by all right. Ty Cobb, for instance, was only a so-so thrower and there were better defensive outfielders. Rogers Hornsby was weak on pop flies and slow on the bases. Babe Ruth ignored all the training rules, he liked to take things easy, and he wasn't much good on the long throw to third base. Eddie Collins didn't have a first-class throwing arm. Bill Dickey couldn't run. Walter Johnson didn't develop a curve until near the end of his career. Leo Durocher was a splendid fielder with good hands, but he couldn't hit at all. Dolph Camilli couldn't hit a high fast ball."

Similarly, of the players of this era, sound baseball

men say that the Braves' Eddie Mathews can be pitched to, that Frankie Robinson of the Reds is too brittle, that Roy Sievers of Washington moves around the bases with the grace of an ice truck, and that Mickey Mantle of the Yankees has a disturbing habit of falling asleep in his defensive stretches in center field.

Well, if there is no such animal as The Perfect Player, the editors of *SPORT* decided that they would build one. They would create a composite ballplayer who boasted the individual talents of the top stars in each department. It turned out to be an exhaustive job and a survey was taken among big-league managers, players, coaches, sportswriters and executives in an attempt to rate the individual skills.

Obviously, such a survey of opinion could not be tabulated statistically, the way, say, Dr. Kinsey documented mathematically his books about sex. As the oldtimers say, this is a many-faceted game and the appraisals of individuals more or less rest on their own approaches to baseball. Thus, what Giant scout Tom Sheehan, a one-time pitcher, does when he weighs talent would differ from what Alvin Dark, a shortstop, would do. Or what you would do.

To try to nail down the basic structure of the perfect player, we trotted out Branch Rickey's basic Five-Dimension rating system which is his approach to a young player. Branch looked for:

1. Consistency in hitting.
2. Power in hitting.
3. Fielding the position.
4. Throwing.
5. Speed.

But even these wouldn't tell the whole story, for each has to be broken down. How does the man hit consistently? Can he hit behind the runner? Does he hit with men on? Does he hit to opposite fields? Is he more adept at going to his left? In throwing, is he as

*There never was a player who
was perfect in all the
intricate skills of the game
—and there never will
be. So we decided to build
our own, using the top
talents of the game's stars*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GALLAGHER

accurate to third base as he is to the plate? What kind of speed? Getting down to first? Chasing a fly ball? Scoring from second on a dinky hit? It can be seen that the possibilities are limitless.

Then there is the question of intangibles, as in the classic case of Eddie Stanky. "What a man," his one-time manager, Leo Durocher, once exclaimed. "He is such a team man. He is such a battler. He does the right thing at the right moment and he has the gift of being in the right place." Billy Martin of the Tigers has something of the same quality, making up in hustle and alertness what he lacks in outright talent. "He makes his share of physical errors," one of his ex-Yankee teammates said recently, "but I've never seen him make a mental one."

Alongside this quality is the one of determination to win. The names we heard most often in this regard were Nellie Fox, Johnny Temple and Alvin Dark. "If that guy the Dodgers have in center (Duke Snider) had half the will-to-win that Jackie Robinson had," a National League executive said one day last season, "he'd hit .490 every year."

Here we have to add other factors to our Perfect Player's mental processes: Yogi Berra's imperturbability no matter how big the clutch situation; Ted (→ TO PAGE 75)





BEAR BRYANT

Football's Super-Salesman

The Bear is back home at Alabama, assigned to revive the ebbing Crimson Tide. It's a big job, but so have been the others—and the Great Rehabilitator has handled them all

By FURMAN BISHOP

AT 5:30 a.m. on New Year's Day, a white Cadillac bearing a Texas license pulled into the dark and empty parking lot behind the athletic offices at the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa. A tall, bareheaded man stepped out and walked with an easy stride toward the building, the gravel crunching under his feet.

Before several million New Year's Eve celebrants awoke to the brown taste and the throbbing noggin of the morning-after, and before some of the revelers had even got home from the parties, Paul (Bear) Bryant was reporting for work at a new station. The day before, he had ceased to be athletic director and head football coach at Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, and on this day he was becoming athletic director and head football coach at the University of Alabama, his alma mater.

He was not attempting to impress the boss with his prompt arrival, for he was the boss. This promptness was a native urge expressing itself, and it would become routine with him at Alabama, just as it had at Maryland, Kentucky and Texas A&M before. Bryant is an habitual early-bird with no taste for worms, but a decidedly strong taste for victory and success, which in college football are vital ingredients of the formula for

holding a job and attracting long contracts of the type he has abandoned on two occasions.

This is a formula which, in over 13 years of head coaching on the highest plateau, Bryant has come so near perfecting that he is in great demand. His teams have won 91 games, lost 39 and tied eight, and in no case has he ever picked the easy course. A majority of his defeats were charged against him in seasons which he had dedicated to reconstructing the football foundation at the three institutions where he had just set up housekeeping.

When Bryant got to Maryland in 1945, a rookie head coach just out of a Navy lieutenant commander's uniform, he found a college totally unaccustomed to prosperity on the football field. When he transferred to Kentucky in 1946, he found himself bucking a rich basketball tradition with a football squad that had won only eight games in three seasons. When he moved to Texas A&M in 1954, he found football in an eight-year slump, during which only two seasons had given off even the faintest aroma of success.

For what he accomplished at Maryland, Kentucky and Texas A&M, Bryant became known as the game's Great Rehabilitator. The A&M student news-

paper called him "the coach with a cure." Now, as he walked into Alabama in the pitch darkness of New Year's Day morning, he was butting heads with a mess that would try his reputation and his soul.

Also, Bryant was completing a cycle that began in 1931, when he arrived on the Alabama campus in a model A Ford piloted by Hank Crisp, line coach and leading head-hunter on the staff of the late Frank Thomas. The Warrior River, an angry-looking, clay-colored ribbon of water, separates Tuscaloosa from Northport, a neighboring village famous for such baseball people as Ike Boone and Frank Lary, and all

Ed Jones, Birmingham News



Shadowed by Alabama's great football past, alumnus Bryant is expected to raise the school's current dismal ledger.

Ed Jones, Birmingham News



Meeting his Alabama athletes for the first time, above, Bear will need active bush-beating to get the talent for a winner.

An earnest conditioner, Bryant brought six coaches with him from Texas A&M. Their hard work and Bear's tough training schedule should produce a respectable interim club in '58.

traffic from the West approaches Tuscaloosa over the bridge that joins the two settlements.

"I'll never forget the first time I crossed that bridge," Bryant said, now behind the desk in his office at Alabama. "I was riding in coach Hank's old Ford and I had on a pair of green knickers. Every boy had to have a pair of knickers in those days. I had a little ole satchel with nothing in it but an extra pair of britches, a pair of shoes and a few other things. They still remember around here the day my trunk arrived. It was one of those old-fashioned round-top trunks. It had no lock on it, so my mother had tied four plow lines around it to hold it together. When I drove across that bridge again the other day, I thought about that, and nothing looked the same to me."

Twenty-seven years later, Bryant had come back in a white Cadillac from Texas. This time it was a command performance. Alabama was in deep distress on the football field. Once Alabama had been one of the most feared names in football, the South's Rose Bowl pioneer, with a vast harvest of All-America players. Now the tradition had deteriorated and Alabama was one of football's slum areas. There had been only four victories in three seasons. The athletic department had been caught in a riptide of discord. Jennings Bryan Whitmore, also an alumnus (class of '32), had been head football coach, but actually was responsible to the same Hank Crisp, who was Whitworth's assistant coach on the field but athletic director indoors.

Alumni were in a stew of unrest. Open rebellion broke out. Nobody seemed to want Whitworth as head coach, including Whitworth, who served out the 1957 season only because it was the last of three under his contract. There was firing and crossfiring and biting and backbiting, and Whitworth's telephone rang day and night, and subtle well-wishers would croon delicately into the besieged coach's ear such encouraging phrases as: "You sonofabitch, why don't you quit and get out of town?"

It was into this sporting atmosphere of good fellowship that Bryant dared deliver himself and his reputation for rehabilitation and success. Except that in his case, no daring was involved. He was unanimously elected as the man to extract Alabama from the morass of defeat, repair the pride of the Red Elephants and

Calvin Hannah, Tuscaloosa News





Leave-taking amid noisy scenes has become familiar to Bryant. At Maryland for only one year, his departure ignited a student protest, above. Threat of a suit once stopped him from jumping his Kentucky contract for a pro job.

restore the tradition. From the most recent graduate to the oldest living alumnus, this was agreed.

One day in Birmingham last fall, several Alabama men were gathered at lunch, some of them men of influence in athletic affairs. Just a few days before, Whitworth had told the Birmingham Quarterback Club, embracing a call of his most violent opponents, that he had not been offered a new contract and would not seek one. This unmuzzled all spokesmen.

"There is only one way to satisfy all Alabama alumni," said one of the men at the lunch, "and that is to hire Bear Bryant, or prove to their satisfaction that he has turned down the job."

At the same time, the University was bringing in a new president. Hardly one-tenth of the alumni could identify him as Dr. Frank A. Rose, formerly of Transylvania College in Kentucky, but all of them could identify Bryant as the man the football team had to have.

How is it that a football coach can make himself so essential to the peace and welfare of a state university? To get the Bryant picture, you go back to the day he reported for work at Maryland. You could go back further, to his four seasons as an assistant to Frank Thomas at Alabama after graduation, and to his two years as assistant to Henry (Red) Sanders at Vanderbilt. But in those days, Bryant was only a student at the feet of the masters. Only in 1945 did he become the home pro himself, and from the way he began, the world knew it was watching no wide-eyed, open-mouthed bumpkin in action. His debut was no less than a maritime invasion.

Bryant was signed on by Maryland while still pledged

to the U.S. Navy and still on duty at North Carolina Pre-Flight School. One week before the Maryland season was to open, he was still in a froth about his Navy discharge when a call came from an anxious Geary Eppley, athletic director at Maryland:

"It looks like we'll have to cancel our opener, doesn't it?" Eppley said to Bryant.

"Don't worry," Bryant said. "I'm leaving Monday. I'll be on the campus that afternoon ready to go to work."

"But you'll have only five days for practice," Eppley protested. "You can't possibly get ready for a game in five days."

"Don't worry about that," Bryant said. "I'll have a team."

And he did. On Monday afternoon, as he had promised, Bryant arrived on the Maryland campus in a bus accompanied by 16 strong young men still in their Navy uniforms. Bryant led them in a charge on the registrar's office, enrolled them under the GI Bill, took them to lunch, checked them into their quarters, and by 4 p.m. had them on the practice field.

They were surprisingly adept as a team and at picking up Bryant's system. Later it was learned, they had been meeting regularly since early August, holding "informal rehearsals" with the man who was now their head coach. Saturday afternoon, wearing Maryland's black-and-gold for the first time and playing for a school whose academic advantages they had yet to experience, Bryant's naval unit managed to hold the score down to 60-6 against little Guilford College of North Carolina.

Bryant's team won six, lost two and tied one that season, after which Kentucky came (→ TO PAGE 88)

A Tough Little Bird To Kill



Even the experts were surprised to find that the speedy dove (60 mph) could be decoyed once in a while

By Jack Denton Scott

You can't be very stingy with the shells when you go dove shooting. The tiny speedster can gain altitude so quickly, and makes such a darting target, that it takes an average of five shells to bring one down.



Photos by B. E. (Jake) Johnson



Bill Hanson

A popular game bird, 19 million doves were bagged last year. They can be found—if not easily shot—in abundance.

THE best salesman the ammunition companies in the country have is a little package of feathers called the mourning dove. An average of five shotgun shells have to be fired to bring down a single dove, and more than \$11,000,000 is spent annually on the gunpowder required for the nation's total bag.

We had never been dove hunting before, and didn't know whether it was done with dogs, decoys, stalking or mirrors. But O. Earle Frye, Assistant Director of the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, a tall, sandy-haired fellow who takes his position seriously and can sight a gun and cast a line with the best of them, took us under his wing.

"A dove," he said, "statistically is the toughest bird to kill. Last year I made a good long shot that I was proud of, and as I went over to pick up the bird, I had a thought. I plucked the bird on the spot, took a half-dollar out of my pocket, and darn us all if that coin didn't just about cover the whole defeathered bird. They're smaller than the clay birds that the skeet boys shoot, and they fly as well as ducks."

And that's going some. Any bird that can cut the air with a duck is a challenge for any shooter. It must be that the American sportsman, especially the wingshot, is really a sporting son of a gun, for the dove has become his favorite game bird. Last year over 19 million of them were bagged. Multiply that by the five shells per dove we mentioned a while back and the popularity of this bird acquires its proper focus. A close cousin of the extinct passenger pigeon and the dodo bird, the dove is our only game bird that raises two or more broods a season; the average number of broods is three, although Frye mentioned that as many as six have been recorded in the South. The rule is two eggs at a nesting. The annual bag is usually the current crop of youngsters, and these are often dead by the end of the season, anyhow—weather and predators taking a terrific toll.

Some vocal groups in the South have protested the fact that doves are on the game bird list, claiming that if they aren't removed they will go the way of the extinct passenger pigeon. But biologists of the Fish (→ TO PAGE 64)

OLD MAN SAUER

Hank came back just when everybody was betting he was ready for the scrap heap. Now, at age 39, he still wants to play

By CHUCK SEXAUER



PACKAGE OF PROFILES

TOWERING above the rest of the St. Louis Cardinal players, the Linc-olnesque frame of Hank Sauer stood in repose outside the Netherland Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati one September afternoon in 1956. The Cards were waiting for the chartered bus that would take them to Crosley Field for a night game with the Reds. Hank's long, sad face was longer and sadder than usual. He had something on his mind.

Spotting Frank Lane, then still general manager of the Cards, Hank motioned him aside with a barely noticeable nod of his head. In 18 years of making his way through organized baseball, Sauer had developed a stoical attitude about the ravages of the game; but this time, for once, he felt he couldn't keep bottled up what was bothering him. He had been traded to St. Louis by the Chicago Cubs just before the start of the season, and he had been spending most of his time sitting on the bench. He didn't like it. He wanted out. "Look," he said to Lane as they stood in the street, "I feel I still got plenty of baseball left in me and I want to play. I can't here. I'd like you to release me."

The request surprised Lane. Coming from almost any ballplayer, it would have been an unusual petition. Coming from a 38-year-old veteran whose best seasons were apparently behind him, it was downright astonishing. Lane felt Sauer had to know that his future with the Cards as a utility outfielder was reasonably secure. Still, the general manager said, "I don't know why you want it, Hank, but

if you're sure you do, I'll see what I can do. Wait till the season ends."

Shortly after the close of the season, Lane sent a two-page telegram to Sauer at his home in Inglewood, Calif. In it, Lane apologized for granting Hank his wish and officially gave him his release. Looking back on it now, Hank can only feel that Lane did him a big favor. Just a few days after his release was announced, the New York Giants got in touch with Hank and offered him a job. He grabbed it. Less than a year later, he was being honored as the comeback player of 1957.

Although few people expected it, Sauer won a regular job with the Giants, played in more games than he had in the two previous years, and was second only to Willie Mays as the team's most productive hitter. He accounted for 76 runs-batted-in and 26 homers in the 127 games he played. Although he batted a modest .259, his performance was substantially better than his 1956 season with the Cards when, in 75 games, he hit .298 but produced only 24 RBIs and five homers—by far the smallest output in the career of this tall, strong slugger who ranks sixth among active major-league players in total home-run production with 275. (Only Ted Williams, Stan Musial, Duke Snider, Gil Hodges and Del Ennis have hit more homers during their careers.) Not to be discounted, either, in Hank's comeback, is that it enabled him to become a ten-year man in the NL.

What 1957 meant for him, more than the weight of the statistics shows, was that Sauer now knew he could still play ball. Playing this coming season in San Francisco, in his adopted state, for a club that needs all the immediate help it can get to make a good showing before the new home fans, Sauer is hopeful. He wants to hang in there a while longer, perhaps not beyond 1958, but at least long enough to participate in this gaudy inaugural campaign. The Giants have some rookies trying to win jobs in the outfield, and Hank may become the No. 1 righthanded pinch-hitter. But then, he may move in there again as a regular. That is what he wants.

His comeback last year, Sauer figures, was due to the chance he got to play regularly, except for the days he had to sit down with injuries. "When you're in and out of the game all season," he says, "as I was with the Cards in '56, your

timing is off. When you get to the plate, all you try to do is meet the ball—just to get it past the pitcher's box—and let the ball take care of itself. With a little luck, it'll find a hole in the outfield.

"But when you play every day, it's a different story. Your timing is better, and you can pull the ball. There are two ways of hitting. One is up through the middle, which I never go for. That's for a little line-drive hitter like Richie Ashburn. The other way is pulling the ball. That's what a long-ball hitter, like Ted Williams or Eddie Mathews, prefers to do. It's what I prefer. The pull hitter has two spots—all the way right field if he's left-handed, or all the way left field if he's righthanded. If he hits up the middle, it's usually an out because the ball is up in the air and center field is deep."

Hank is 39 years old, but he feels he can still play regularly, with some carefully spaced rest periods. To take the grind of regular play, he feels he must sit out the second game of doubleheaders, as Stan Musial and Williams have done to help prolong their careers, and as he did last season. When he joined the Giants at Phoenix in the spring, he told manager Bill Rigney: "I'll play every day for you if you'll just let me out of the second game of doubleheaders."

"That's okay with me," Rigney said. "In fact, I was thinking of suggesting the same thing to you. You'd be dead beat for a couple of days after a doubleheader, anyway."

Sauer believes there is another reason for his comeback—and that is playing alongside Willie Mays in the outfield. "Willie is the first real centerfielder I ever had next to me," Hank says. "Before, I always had a leftfielder or rightfielder playing in center. It really relaxes you to have a guy like Willie—who's only the best centerfielder in the business—playing next to you. He always has the jump on the ball, and if it's anywhere from right-center to left-center, you know he'll get it. He adds years to your life.

"With him out there, I don't get so tired chasing the ball. I suppose that sounds funny, because of all the talk about me not being able to catch a fly ball with a butterfly net. Well, I don't claim to be any fancy dan, but I do think that talk is exaggerated for the simple reason

that any baseball fan is going to look for a player's weak points. In my case, I guess it would have to be my fielding."

Sauer claims he felt he was in for a big year in '57 even before the season started. Everything pointed to it: the left-field job was his, he would be playing regularly, he wouldn't be wearing himself out by having to play both ends of a doubleheader, and he had Willie Mays in center field. And all did go well for him, even though he suffered a groin injury in June. When he returned to the lineup later in the season, he found he still had his batting eye.

Hank had hit the high point of his career in 1952, when he won the National League's Most Valuable Player award. Ironically, getting the honor was almost anti-climactic. The balloting for the award had stirred plenty of controversy, which centered mostly around the suspicion that Midwest sportswriters had staged a voting coup to ease Sauer in as the winner. Hank had led the league in runs-batted-in with 121, was tied for the home-run title with 37, and had batted .270 for the second-division Cubs. Sauer took the criticism hard. "When I heard I had won the award, I felt great," he recalls. "You get something like that and it makes you feel real happy. Then when somebody tears down your empire that you tried so hard to build up for so many years, you really feel bad. After they got through with me, I felt like I had had a lousy year."

Hank thinks the cooler climate of San Francisco will prove to be a decided advantage for both himself and the club, in comparison to New York's hot, humid summers. He likes Seal Stadium, too, for several reasons. For one, a prevailing wind blows from right to left, which he feels will give a big lift to right-handed long-ball hitters like himself. For another, the shorter left-center-field fence will be an easier target for him than the one at the Polo Grounds. And it means less ground for him to cover in the outfield.

On top of all this, Hank feels he still has his left-field job and he still has Willie Mays playing next to him in the outfield. For a guy who is supposed to be in the autumn years of his baseball career, things look pretty good for old man Sauer.

McMURTRY COULD BE GOOD, BUT...



His father's hesitant handling has earned this Pacific Coast fighter some good pay days, a national ranking and an impressive local following. But his dad has failed to push Pat hard enough into the middle of the heavyweight picture

By EMMETT WATSON

PACKAGE OF PROFILES

AS REGARDS the heavyweight boxing division today, the career of Tacoma's private pugilist, Pat McMurry, can best be described as trustworthy, loyal, thrifty, brave, clean and relative.

Pat's career is relative in the sense that he can be trusted to fight almost exclusively in the Northwest; that he is loyal to his father-manager, Clarence McMurry; that he is thrifty with his money; that he is as brave as the next fighter; and that he bathes after every workout. To keep this Boy Scout analogy intact, Pat also can be described as a young man who is physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight.

Mind you, this is still a fighter we are talking about, not a man running for office. But parenthetically, McMurry whispered recently into the ear of a Seattle sports columnist that he "might go into politics." He also said he might get into police work ("like being a nar-

cotics investigator"). He also said: "I haven't been hurt. I don't intend to get hurt. I'm no Archie Moore. I don't have any idea of trying to make boxing a lifelong career."

"In Hollywood," concluded the columnist, Georg Meyers, "Pat McMurry would starve, waiting for a part as a pug."

Numerically, McMurry's four and one-half years of boxing have been successful. He has won 26 fights, lost two, tied one. He is ranked No. 5 among heavyweight title contenders. He has earned (according to his father) the total of 73,000 well-guarded dollars in the past three years.

"My guy is financially set right now," Clarence McMurry says. "He's got a \$20,000 home all paid for. He's got a car all paid for. He's got furniture all paid for. He's got two children, which don't come for nothing. He could quit boxing today and be all right. How many boxers have done that good in their lives? That's pretty good, when you figure

he did it all right in the Northwest. We never went farther away from home than San Francisco. We don't have no expenses. We live at home and I got a gym downtown. All I have to do is go out and hire sparring partners. We run a tidy little operation."

Still, there is a dim suspicion among McMurry's admirers, as well as among professional fight men, that Pat's success is a relative thing. McMurry worked on county roads for a period of time, to toughen his hands, and he is currently working in a friend's clothing establishment in Tacoma. His ring earnings have been carefully used, and undoubtedly he is in fair financial shape. But there is a feeling that the McMurry camp is blowing the main chance.

"Pat should have made four times as much," says George Chmeres, the trainer who handled Pete Rademacher in his fight last summer with Floyd Patterson. "With the right man to build him, make him a na-

tional figure, some guy who could match him right, and Pat could be making a fortune today."

When Harry Matthews quit the ring in 1956, Jack Hurley made an effort to take over as McMurtry's manager. He talked to father Clarence and Pat himself, but came away empty-handed. "I don't want no fight manager making money off my kid's blood," was Clarence's answer to suggestions that Hurley, or some other competent pro, take over Pat's career.

Clarence McMurtry is a salesman of 26 years standing with the Golden Rule Bakery Co., and he manages Pat in his spare time. He has the standard manager's contract with his son, okays the matches, picks up the checks and hires the help. The elder McMurtry shrugs off criticism of his handling of "my guy."

Pat's record includes the usual number of quick knockouts that dot the early efforts of a promising fighter. His recent bouts include an unpopular ten-round decision over Edgardo Romero, a pneumatic trial horse, in Seattle; a decision over Howard King in San Francisco; and a second-round knockout of Bobo Olson, the tired ex-middleweight champion, whose previous exercise was obtained as bouncer in a Vancouver, Wash., night spot.

The Olson fight was in August. Then McMurtry dropped the second bout of his pro career, a ten-round decision to Willi Besmanoff, in Seattle, this last February. Besmanoff, in fact, gave McMurtry the only physical beating of his career—busting up Pat's face with quick left jabs. Four days later, Pat was carted off to the hospital with pneumonia.

McMurtry's major loss—and his only fight with a well-known heavyweight—occurred in 1956. Except for a brief offensive in the second round, Pat was thoroughly out-boxed by Willie Pastrano before a vastly shocked home-town audience in Tacoma's Lincoln Bowl. Clarence tenaciously denounces the critics who say he pulled a boner in showing up his son with a "spoiler" like Pastrano. "I figured that was a good, safe match," he says. "Why, that Pastrano couldn't hurt me! He was fifth ranked and my guy wasn't ranked at all, so I figured Pastrano had more to lose than Pat. We got \$14,000 for that fight, which is more than Pastrano got. When the Dundees heard about it, they were ready to throw up."

The Pastrano match, says Clarence, was first offered in New Orleans, so he dropped a hint to Tacoma promoters that he was going to take it. "They asked me to hold off, and they got him to come up at my price. I didn't have no intention of going down there in the first place, so I figured I pulled off a pretty smart piece of business."

Clarence says that Pat went to Glacier National Park shortly after he decided Ezzard Charles, "and got to drinking that Montana water and it made him sick. He dropped to 178½ pounds before the Pastrano fight. He didn't have no workouts before the fight at all, I just kept him behind locked doors. Even then, Pat almost nailed him in the second round, had him cornered, and I got movies where it shows."

McMurtry is a tall, rangy, ruggedly handsome fellow, and extremely popular in his home town. Clarence started him boxing at the age of seven, along with his younger brother, Mike. Pat had 105 bouts as an amateur, winning 102 of them, before turning pro. He has a reasonably good kick in both hands and is comparatively fast in the ring.

The high point of his amateur career occurred in the Golden Gloves finals in Boston several years ago. Knowing he had a broken hand, Pat slipped by the attending doctors, but lost the decision. Nevertheless, he won a \$75 wristwatch as a "sportsmanship award," and came



McMurtry helped build his reputation with a second-round KO over middleweight Bobo Olson, a poor trial horse.

home with his hand-cast autographed by such notable ring figures as Jack Dempsey and Sugar Ray Robinson. "He was so happy, you'd have thought he'd won," Clarence says.

Clarence credits Pat's "defensive style" to the late Homer Amundsen who handled McMurtry during the early stages of his career. Amundsen and Clarence, once good friends, broke off the relationship for reasons the older McMurtry won't discuss. Clarence credits Joey August, boxing coach at Gonzaga University in Spokane, where Pat went for a year, with developing his son's "offensive style." From the minute Pat turned pro in 1954, he has never boxed anyone without Clarence's permission. "Amundsen never had a contract," he says, "so he couldn't pick up the money. Right from the beginning, I picked up Pat's money, and I paid him."

Clarence says he has had offers to bring Pat into Madison Square Garden, but has turned them all down. He says he won't permit his son to box Eddie Machen or Zora Folley, "if it would jeopardize my chances to getting a fight with Floyd Patterson." Of a bout with Patterson, Clarence talks freely, although he has met the champion's manager, Cus D'Amato, only on a social basis. "I think I'm in a good spot to get Patterson," he says. "I read those newspapers, and I read between the lines. D'Amato doesn't want any part of the IBC. Well, my guy's not tied up with the IBC. D'Amato will fight where he can get the most money. I figure the bout would draw big in Seattle."

Thus it stands—the career of Pat McMurtry, ranked No. 5 among the challenging heavyweights. How good is he? The blimpish trial horse, Edgardo Romero, holds at least one distinction that no other fighter can claim. He has fought Machen, Folley and McMurtry. He lost to the No. 1 and No. 2 challengers by TKO's; to McMurtry, he lost a decision. "McMurtry," said Edgardo through his managers, "is not so good as the other two."

Generally speaking, the McMurtry's little Tacoma operation is solvent. Pat has money in the bank; he hasn't been hurt; he feels that time is on his side, and, to anyone who asks, he replies: "I'm satisfied with the way my dad is handling me. I'm making money, I'm learning a business, and I'm happy."



THE MAKING OF WES COVINGTON

Wes started out as a last-ditch choice to fill the Braves' trouble spot, but he ended up a Series hero

By **BOB WOLF**

PACKAGE OF PROFILES

IN THE opinion of many, the Milwaukee Braves won their world championship not in October but on a steaming evening in mid-June last season. It was then, on June 15 to be exact, that they acquired Red Schoendienst from the New York Giants in exchange for Danny O'Connell, Bobby Thomson and Ray Crone. Others, whose perceptiveness leaned heavily on the statistical tables, credit Schoendienst with being the difference between a long-awaited pennant for Milwaukee and another frustrating near-miss. There is logic in their reasoning, too, since the old redhead hit his usual .300-plus and performed defensive miracles at second base.

But Schoendienst was only part of the story. The memorable deal had another angle, less publicized but no less important. For without realizing it, the Braves got not only Schoendienst for three men they didn't need, but they also found themselves a leftfielder named John Wesley Covington. Because by trading Thomson they left themselves with no choice but to play Covington in left field.

It is a matter of record that Covington, who prefers to be called Wes, solved a left-field problem that had existed ever since the Braves sacrificed Johnny Antonelli to get Thomson before the 1954 season. It is a matter of record, too, that the big youngster topped off a highly successful season by making two of the

finest defensive plays ever seen in a World Series.

On the surface, Covington's emergence as an established major-leaguer was no different from that of a flock of others. The Braves recalled him from their Wichita farm club, to which they had exiled him a month earlier, and he surprised everybody concerned (or nearly everybody) by proving he was as good as his minor-league notices had said he was. This sounds simple enough, but there was far more to it than that. While nobody said it in so many words, anyone traveling with the Braves could easily get the impression that Covington wasn't exactly their boy. In spring training and early in the regular season, manager Fred Haney made no secret of his disappointment with Covington. He gave the big guy the first shot at the left-field job in Bradenton, Fla., but quickly benched him once the season started, and replaced him with Thomson. When Thomson proved inadequate, Haney gave the job to Chuck Tanner, who later was traded to the Chicago Cubs. Covington was so unhappy over this turn of events that he uttered a few ill-chosen words which found their way into print. At cut-down time, May 16, he was handed a ticket to Wichita.

When the Braves were making their final pitch to the Giants for Schoendienst—and they shudder at the thought of this now—they almost had to throw in Covington to complete the transaction. But general manager John Quinn refused

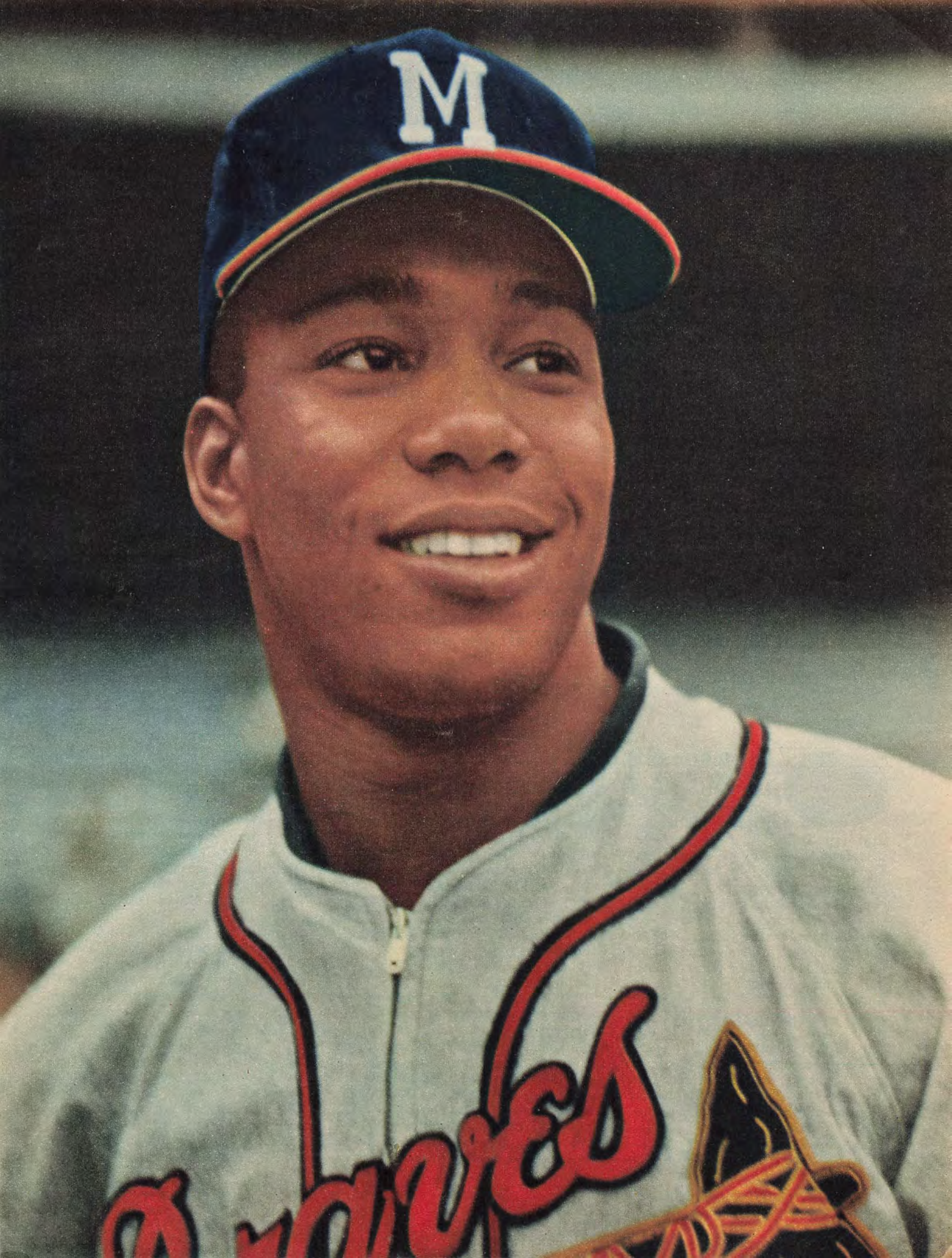
to give him up, and when the Braves finally got Schoendienst, they parted with Thomson instead.

So Covington remained a Brave, or at least a member of the Milwaukee organization. But that didn't mean the brass was ready to award him Thomson's old job. The Schoendienst deal was completed a few hours before the trading deadline, and in the short time that remained, the Braves made a frantic effort to corral a replacement. They tried to get Walt Moryn from the Cubs and they made a bid for either Wally Post or Gus Bell of the Cincinnati Reds. Failing to get anywhere in either direction, they finally summoned Covington and crossed their fingers, hoping that he could do the job.

It was strictly through the process of elimination, then, that Covington became the Milwaukee leftfielder. But if he had been unwanted before, he quickly made himself welcome by batting .284, hitting 21 home runs and knocking in 65 runs. Perhaps his batting average wasn't earthshaking, but considering that he played little more than half the season, he hit homers and drove in runs at rates only slightly below those of the man who led the league in both departments—his teammate, Henry Aaron.

Looking back at the 1957 season, and at Covington's ups and downs, one can't help but feel that the turning point came the day he was sent to Wichita. That day could have been the turning point not just of the season but of (→ TO PAGE 84)

Color by George Heyer





BAYER BELTS THEM A MILE

This big fellow from the Pacific Northwest is probably golf's all-time distance driver. Now he's got to firm up the rest of his game

By JACK ZANGER

PACKAGE OF PROFILES

DRIVINGrange golf pros are going to find it increasingly difficult to curb their pupils from the natural impulse to pound the ball, even if George Bayer never gets any better than he is right now. (And better he is going to get.) Bayer's consistently robust clouts off the tee—and his improving scores—are enough to make any tenderfoot turn deaf ears to his pro's pleadings about finesse and the finer points of the game, and to tempt him to cut loose himself. But, as you read on about Bayer's golf game, you will find that it is more than George's ample muscle that meets the ball.

Who is George Bayer? To begin with the most impressive fact about him, he is a 32-year-old golfer of monumental physical proportions—six feet, five inches, 240 pounds—who keeps gallery crowds bug-eyed with his ability to drive golf balls

long, long distances. Generally off by himself after the first stroke, he is the longest hitter in the game today—and possibly of all time—a role he enjoys even though he has to guard constantly against its persistent pitfalls. Members of the Sam Snead Marching and Chowder Society, who think their man holds all the honors for long-distance belting, can fall into line with any other disbelievers, for in the few rounds they have played together, George has consistently outdriven Snead by better than 20 yards.

In his more than four years on the pro tour, Bayer has hit some of the longest drives recorded in tournament history. His most mammoth drive to date is the 476-yarder he pole-axed on the fourth hole of the municipal course at the Las Vegas Invitation in 1953. The ball struck one of the spectators gathered around the green. "He happened to be a good friend of mine," George

says. "He was standing in front of the green and the ball hit him on the second bounce." Bayer also has a 426-yarder to his credit, in Tucson; and so prodigious are his average drives that, on some of the shorter holes that run about 360 yards, he often has to go to his seven iron to play his second shot.

It's not that Bayer gets off an occasional long one, either; he is consistently long off the tee and on his fairway approaches. Toney Penna, a veteran on the circuit who has since become one of the game's foremost instructors and who first started him off as a pro, swears that George can hit further with a No. 1 iron than half of the other golfers can with a driver. Remember Jimmy Thomson, the Scottish-born golfer of pre-war fame who was billed as golf's longest hitter? Well, Jimmy was and still is eminently proud of his title, and he isn't about to surrender it. Yet he privately

told a close friend that he thought Bayer is longer off the tee now than he (Thomson) ever was. Furthermore, a lot of people think that Jimmy would have been even a better golfer than he was if he hadn't been so concerned with maintaining his reputation as a driver. Every time out was almost a power exhibition for him. It is Thomson's belief that Bayer is now caught in the same trap. "He's gonna hit the long ball now, whether he wants to or not," Thomson says. "That's what they come to see." Others among the golfing fraternity, particularly some of the writers, share this opinion. "He'll never completely tone his game down, as Mike Souchak did," said a noted wire service writer, "now that they call him the Babe Ruth of golf. He's proud of that."

Although the crowds do follow him around the course just to marvel at his power—and George always accommodates them—there is more to his game than brawn. He is a reasonably sound golfer, at home in the heavy competitive going of pro golf, who is trying to take advantage of his ability to hit a long ball but not to exist solely on it. Toney Penna, in fact, claims that George doesn't actually hit a ball as hard as he can. "I doubt that even George realizes how strong he is," Penna says. "He's afraid to swing any harder, which he's fully capable of doing, because he might miss or look bad." He doesn't have to cut down on his swing to achieve better results, Penna believes. George's power doesn't stem from over-swinging, but from exactly the opposite—bringing his 240 pounds into a perfectly timed and rhythmic swing.

To be sure, this was not the George Bayer who first came to Penna in 1954. "He didn't know the first thing about the game then," Penna recalls. "All he could do was knock the ball a country mile. What he still has to learn is how to control those long drives of his. When a fellow like Snead hits one long and misses, at least he misses on the safe side. That means if there is plenty of room on the right and not so much on the left, Sam'll miss where he still has room for a good second shot. But when George misses, he's usually in trouble. Still, it's his power that's his biggest asset in golf. It gives him an immediate four-stroke advantage every time he plays a round. That makes 12 strokes in an average tournament."

Bayer, who speaks heartily (as you might expect of a fellow his size) as well as articulately (which you might not), has an impressive analytical approach to his game. Uppermost in his mind is the wish to develop into a top-notch golfer. "Thinking is about 60 per cent of golf," he will tell you. "You have to train yourself to forget the bad shots you've made and think about the one you are about to take." He agrees with the general consensus that he could swing harder, but he doesn't because he's afraid it would cost him his accuracy. "I hit a ball as hard as I can to still keep it under control," he says. He thinks the rest of his game, particularly his irons, is coming along fine. "I rarely miss the greens with my irons any more," he says. "I never had much trouble with my putting, but it could use a little more consistency."

Along with the rest of the golf world, George believes his driving is the best part of his game. But he laughs a little when you mention that 12-stroke advantage his power is supposed to give him. "That's okay if the rest of your game is all right," he says. "But driving is only one asset and it can be offset by a weakness in other parts of your game." He wouldn't go so far as to discuss what those weaknesses might be, but he did say the secret in becoming a winning golfer was to put all the parts together at one time.

There have been signs—notably dollar signs—that Bayer has been putting his game together with increasing steadiness. Last year, for example, when he won his first tournament, the Canadian Open (\$3,500) he finished 12th in the money-winning listings with over \$17,000. During one stretch last summer, he was probably the most consistent golfer on the tour as he finished in a tie for second place in the Kansas City Open (\$1,650), in a tie for second in the Western Open (\$2,000), second in the Labatt Open (\$2,300), and second in the Insurance City Open (\$1,900).

Unlike Terrible Tommy Bolt, who busts clubs all over the course when he gets mad at himself after a bad shot, George has a calmer—and more economical—attitude. He merely replaces his ball with a new one. He's content to play with the same ball as long as birdies and pars continue to come up on his score card. But if he suffers a bogey, or worse, out goes the old ball. At

one time, George would automatically change his ball every three or four strokes because he'd find—or thought he found—that he had knocked it out of shape with his strong clubbing. He actually used to carry around a measuring ring so he could see if the ball was still of regulation size; he has since given up the practice. For one thing, he says, the balls are of pretty sturdy quality these days (although he still pulverizes some of them out of shape), and for another, he is superstitious about changing a ball that's falling good for him.

George spent his boyhood years growing up alongside the Kitsap golf course in Bremerton, Wash. He played his first round of golf when he was seven and kept at it until he was 16. For the next nine years, he scarcely laid his hands on a driver. In the interim, he had entered the University of Washington, where he played tackle on the football team (Arnie Weinmeister played the other tackle), entered the service, got married and was drafted by the Washington Redskins. He played in two pre-season exhibition games for Washington, tore some ligaments in his leg and decided to put his football days behind him. It was while he was selling automobiles in Pasadena soon afterward that he got back on the golf kick. Two other salesmen, who were always talking golf, got into a hot dispute one day about the comparative quality of their games. Finally George told them, "Okay, let's settle this for ten dollars." He beat them both, easily.

He began entering amateur tournaments, and in one tourney in Lake Tahoe, Nev., he met Bob Hope, the comedian seriously afflicted with the golf bug. Through Hope, he got an invitation to play in the Celebrities Tournament in Washington, D. C. This led to his meeting with Penna. Bayer, his wife, and their three girls now live in San Gabriel, Calif.

Some of the money that figures in his annual earnings comes from winning the driving contests that are held before some of the major tournaments. He doesn't win them all (Jay Hebert and Paul Harney take the honors on occasion) but more than once he has sent his colleagues walking away shaking their heads after he had unloaded one of his monster drives. When he is asked if any golfer has ever out-driven him, George answers, "No, not yet." He's probably right.

SPORT VISITS: The Duke Sniders' Ranch



The Dodger slugger and his family think playing baseball and farming a 60-acre avocado ranch, both in California, is a great life

PHOTOS BY DAVID SUTTON



Duke and Beverly sand cabinet work in their new living room. While his farm chores don't leave him much time for hobbies, Duke plans a small workshop.



ONE of the few Dodger players to react with any real enthusiasm when the team abandoned Brooklyn for its new home in Los Angeles was Edwin Donald Snider. The ex-Duke of Flatbush is, in fact, a native of Los Angeles, and has long been an active spokesman for the glories of his home state. Further binding him to the California soil is the 60-acre avocado

ranch which he and Cliff Dapper, who caught for the Dodgers back in 1942, bought several years ago.

On the land, near the village of Fallbrook, about 110 miles south of Los Angeles, the Sniders built their home. At first it consisted of only two bedrooms, bath, nursery, living room, kitchen and a two-car garage. Recently they have made some additions—three more bedrooms, a built-in hi-fi and intercom system, another living room and lanai alcove (with a shuffle board table) and a utility room. The house has knotty pine panelling and beamed ceilings. The next addition will be a small workshop in which Duke will be able to handle some of the small handyman jobs which crop up around a house.



Duke shows off his handsome family in the living room: Pam, six; Kurt, two; Kevin, eight; wife Bev. Duke and Bev met while at Compton (Calif.) High School. Married in 1947, their first home was a tiny two-room trailer.



Duke, at left, stands on a high point of ground, neat rows of lemon trees stretching out behind him. Despite a recent knee operation, he's in fine shape.

SPORT VISITS:
The Duke Sniders' Ranch
 continued



Duke and his partner, Cliff Dapper, put in long hours on the land, but expect to be richly rewarded when their first crop of avocados (or alligator pears) is ready.



He has learned to jockey a bulldozer over the fields like an expert. The ranch is ideally situated, an hour's drive from San Diego, three hours from Los Angeles. Duke can hunt rabbits, quail and ducks nearby.



The Pacific Ocean, 20 miles away, can be seen from Duke's house.



Like so many other modern players, 31-year-old Snider is preparing for the day when his baseball career ends. Having learned that a comfortable living can be made from avocados, Duke decided to start raising the trees while he was still drawing a healthy salary from the Dodgers. He and Dapper bought the land, cleared and levelled it and planted lemon and lime trees, plus the avocados. They have 3,400 avocado trees now in the ground and expect their first crop in 1960.

Duke once proclaimed publicly that playing ball is a pretty tough way to earn a living, but he is finding farming an even tougher way. After a hard day in the fields, his eyelids begin to droop at about nine o'clock. It's early to bed and early to rise, a strange schedule for a man who had to adjust himself to the odd hours of night ball. So far, he loves it.



Though they had to take leave from many old friends in Brooklyn, the Sniders are immensely pleased by the Dodger franchise shift. They have always preferred living in California. During the winter they drive to Los Angeles every week to visit their family and friends. And last winter Duke began a weekly radio sports show over CBS in LA.



After a tough day in the fields, Duke pulls off his shoes and relaxes. Still later, he and the family say grace before dinner. Already a California hero, Duke will be counted on to help bring the state a pennant in 1958.



Duke joins the children before the TV set for a few minutes.







He has sure control of his racing cars.



With navigator after a victory.

THE RISKY BUSINESS OF STIRLING MOSS

Gunning his delicate and powerful cars all over the globe, this daring and skillful young Englishman is battling to become the world's No. 1 driver

A FAMOUS YOUNG racing driver, the late Marquis de Portago, once said, "There are only three true sports—mountain-climbing, bull-fighting and automobile racing. All others are mere recreations." Portago was a Spaniard, and to him the word "sport" implied the sporting risk of losing your life, as he lost his last year.

Stirling Moss, a somewhat less flamboyant and very much alive contemporary of his, is one of perhaps a dozen drivers in the world who are clearly better drivers than Portago was. Though they mutually liked and admired each other, Moss, as a fine water-skier, competent boxer, first-class swimmer and thoroughgoing Englishman, undoubtedly would disagree with this idea of Portago's, at least so far as auto racing is concerned. A great variety of traits, mental and physical, must be combined in a single man to make him a truly great anything—president, scientist, musician, or sportsman. And an increasing number of Americans who are becoming sports-car racing enthusiasts are learning that no truly great race driver like Moss attains his goal solely by possessing that most obvious of qualifications—daring. This is not to say that Moss—as well



Moss, wife Katie, some trophies.

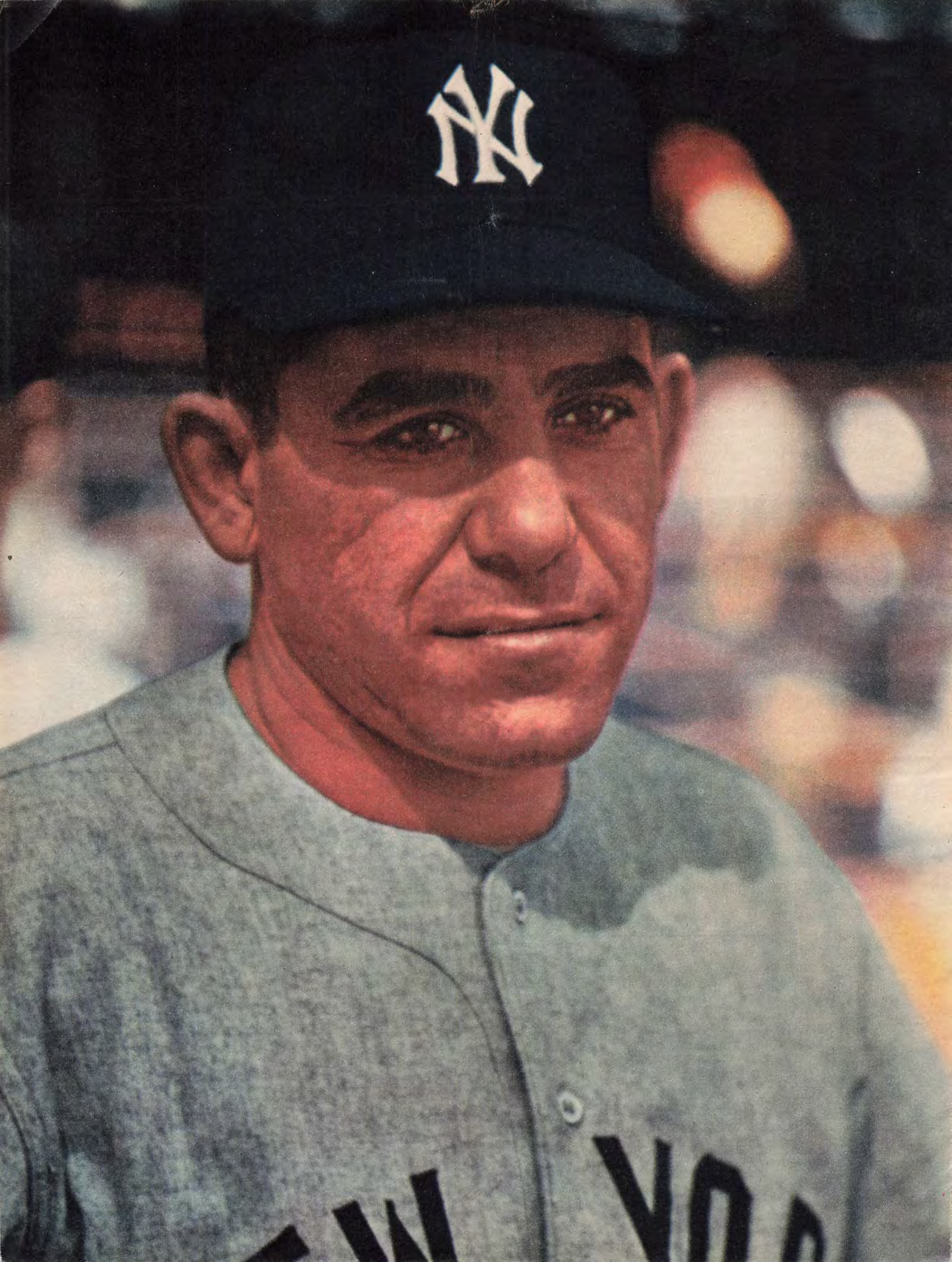
By DIANA BARTLEY

as every other experienced automobile race driver—does not have his full share of it. But while boldness was probably Portago's strongest characteristic, Stirling Moss is able, when the occasion calls for it, to subordinate courage to cool-headed, practical common-sense use of his impressive skills. This is why, at the age of 25, Moss is the absolute No. 2 driver in the world of international motor racing. (Juan Manuel Fangio, five times world champion, is No. 1.)

Sports-car racing—and international Grand Prix racing, to which it is nowadays so similar—is at the same time both a harsh and delicate sport. The cars themselves are both frail and brutal. Magnificently fragile, breathtakingly complex mechanisms, the 300 or 400 raw horsepower put out by engines sometimes less than half the size of those in average U.S. passenger cars are controlled by four- and five-speed manual gearboxes and can push the machines, weighing less than one-fourth as much as most American sedans, up to speeds as high as 200 m.p.h. Racing them for three hours at a stretch requires never-flagging precision of touch and generates ceaseless tension. Stirling Moss has the master's "touch" or "feel" (→ TO PAGE 92)

Moss has been perennial second to aging world champion Juan Fangio, now sees chance to take over.

Color by Hy Peskin



THE OTHER



YOGI BERRA

By IRV GOODMAN

In between the caricature of the simple, gnome-shaped, comic-book reading clown, and the myth of the wise-man-in-the-mask, there is the Yogi Berra who gets tired, and is moody, and worries about security, and wants one day to be a coach



SINCE the time that Lawrence Peter Berra first made his way to the major leagues 12 long seasons ago, there have been two popular portraits drawn of the chunky catcher, each developing in logical enough order, considering the myth-making persistence of baseball historians. The initial pose, conceived soon after he arrived in New York as the most unlikely-looking Yankee of them all, was that of a simple clown who read comic books relentlessly, hit a ball with a bat enthusiastically, and was destined forever to remain an innocent child of the streets. A misshapen gnome of an athlete, with thick shoulders, homely face and short legs, he wore his pin-striped Yankee uniform more as sackcloth than as the badge of prestige it had been tailored to represent. And he kept his mouth shut, a clear invi-

tation to restless sportswriters to put *their* words into it.

The second posture, developed later and more slowly, and forced to make its way through the endless rubble of loud jokes and clever sayings, was that of the wise man in the mask. This pose peddled the notion that Berra, "the assistant manager," not only knew more than he let on in public, but that he knew as much about the game of baseball as anyone around. This is the picture that prevails today, although there still is a distinct residue of the earlier, shabbier image in the funny lines that get recited around Yankee Stadium, Toots Shor's and other way-stations for baseball's camp-followers.

The truth is that, like so many other portraits of public personalities, neither the "before" nor the "after" is a true likeness. Neither is even a good caricature. Yet both have succeeded in hanging on

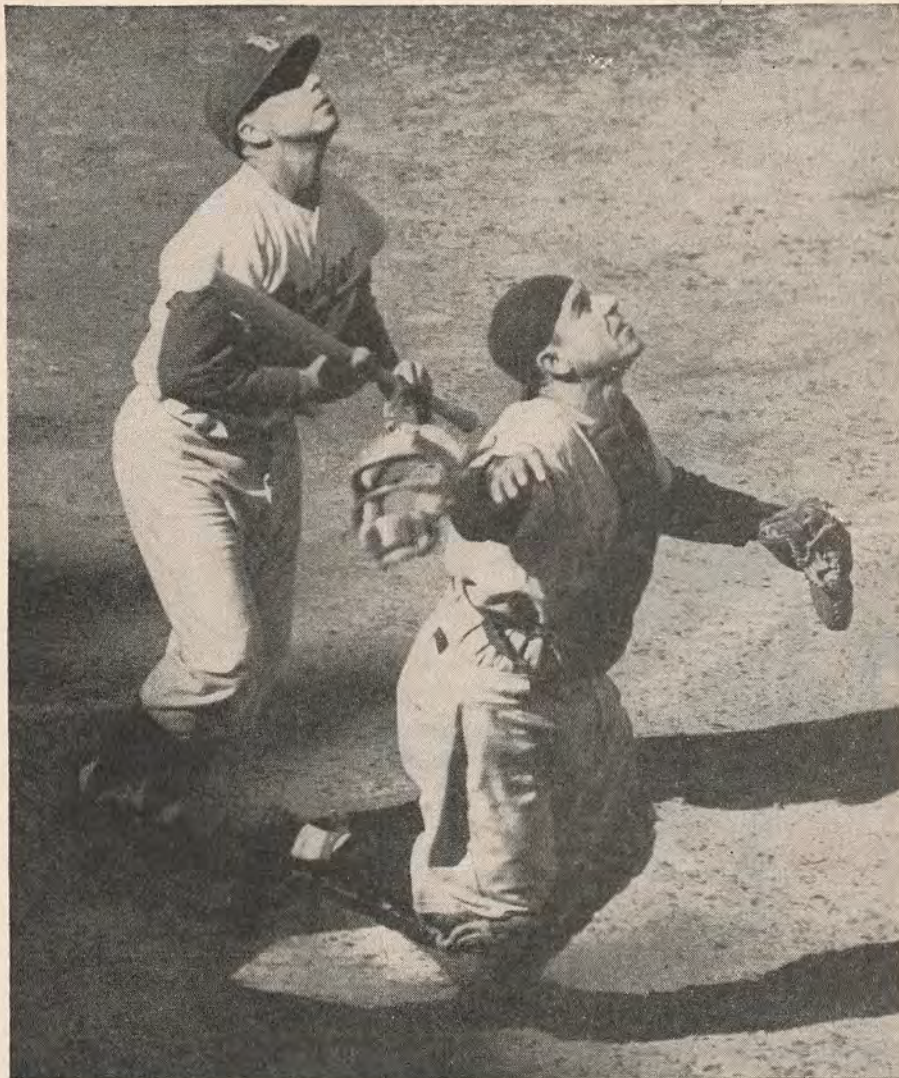
because they bear some resemblance to the truth.

Today, when Yogi Berra rushes into the batting cage during pre-game practice to take his cuts, someone—usually an old-line newspaperman—is sure to say: "Hurry up, now. Lock the cage. We've captured it alive." It always brings a chuckle.

And when Yogi Berra comes to the plate late in the game, rocks his bat back and forth rhythmically, and pulls a ball swiftly into the lower right-field stands for the homer that wins it, someone is sure to say: "He gets the hits that win." It brings a sigh of appreciation.

The point that all this is leading up to is that Yogi Berra is not the public image of the jolly elf, suddenly turned wise or otherwise. (Is anyone ever his public image?) The people who help publicize the Yankees may be sport's most dedicated workers. Loyal to success and thick

Color by George Heyer



It took more hard work than inborn talent for Berra to become a strong receiver.

carpeting as they must be, disenchantment sets in slowly for them. But the fact of the matter is that uncertainties and fears and questions run riot through this man Berra. He is not blind to the facts of life, he wonders where it all will lead, he has pride and moods and a defensiveness that could never be found in a mound of pliable clay. Literally a titan of the game by now, this man Berra can be cold and aloof to visitors, and he can be distrustful of writers, and yet utterly ingenuous with friends away from the game who want a favor of him. He can, in a word, turn hot and cold by his own choosing.

A shy and uneducated kid when he traveled from The Hill in St. Louis to the catacombs of New York, Yogi has had the instinct and the desire and the skill to make more money from his trade than any other catcher who came before him; and it never was by chance that he was tough to sign to a contract. There

was a time when he was, in his own words, "mad" for the game, believing that nothing else really existed in his world. Now he is more than willing to sit out the second game of doubleheaders on hot August afternoons. The bloom—or is it the crust?—is off the old Oriole.

A teammate can say of Berra today: "Yogi isn't a galloping genius of baseball. He is a highly competent catcher with a fair amount of complexes."

And his manager can say: "Remember when he was supposed to be funny? Well, what's funny about him, as a player or a man? He's the best catcher there is and he has a lovely family and a fine home and he's a great success and he's respectable."

And a newspaperman, lately come to the Yankee beat, can say: "What is called Berra's smartness is one part instinct and two parts memory. He's like Teddy Nadler on the quiz shows. He forgets nothing he reads

or hears. And he reads and hears baseball. So he's smart."

When we say that Birdie Tebbetts is smart, we mean the Cincinnati manager knows the game, understands the people who play it, and has the imagination and creativeness to do new and sound things with the game and the people. When we say Yogi Berra is smart, we mean that he isn't dumb, and that he has learned much, and that he keeps his eyes open. That, for instance, he has acquired the habit of watching batters' feet. This can suggest to him whether the batter is guessing on a curve ball or a fast ball. But sometimes smart batters fool the smart catcher. They move up on him, but they don't mean it, and after the pitcher is in his windup, they move back again. In his endless battle of minds with the batters, Berra understands that he has to remember their habits and the pattern of their guesses.

This memory of Berra's attracts considerable attention in dugouts and clubhouses. "He's a great judge of players," you will hear someone say, and what the man means is that Yogi—in a manner frighteningly similar of his manager's—can go back five, eight, even ten years, and recall what pitchers threw and what batters hit.

Several years ago, during the Army-McCarthy hearings in Washington, some writers were discussing the matter of transcripts with Stengel in the Yankee dugout; the transcripts were then a big issue in the hearings. "These transcripts," Casey was saying. "What are they, just records of what was said at meetings?"

"That's right," someone said.

"Hell, we don't need no transcripts on this club," Stengel said. "We got Berra. When you got him, you got a record of everything that's been going on, anyway."

The finest claim for Yogi's memory, in all probability, is that he can remember a Hollywood gin score—that's the one with the boxes—without using a pad. He is strong at hearts, pinochle and gin, and is the card sharp of the Yankee clubhouse.

He amazes his wife with his abundant memory. "I can't think of anything he doesn't know about sports," Carmen says. "No matter what the question. It can be about any sport, about any result. Friends are always calling wanting to know last night's scores. Basketball, hockey, Hialeah, the dog tracks—he reads all the results in the sports pages, and then he remembers them. I don't know why or how. He can tell you how many fights a boxer has had in his career, including the names of the fellows he fought."

"But he is as unaware as can be

about other things," Carmen continues, by now less amazed. "What he has to know, he learns. But nothing about world affairs, for instance. I was talking to him about the missiles, and he didn't know what I was talking about. It didn't concern him." When she said this, she smiled softly.

Smartness for Berra is at least one other important element—instinct. When, in the 1953 World Series, he pounced on consecutive sacrifice bunts by the Dodgers to knock off a fair-sized rally, the public reaction was immediate and all-embracing. Yogi had made a brilliant pair of plays (true) and had anticipated the plays (not so true). He hadn't stopped to think "smart" before firing the ball to third. This is a maneuver that involves crisp nerve-ends and instantaneous physical response, not mental agility.

There is, of course, considerable difference between smartness and skill. Smart ballplayers, if they are only smart, can finish last. Talented ones earn \$55,000 a year. Berra's battle in baseball has been one of mastering and disciplining his talent, not his cranium—although there is little pain in having a head on your shoulders, especially when you wear a plastic helmet. Earlier in his career with the Yankees, when his reputation—if not his habit—as a bad-ball hitter was greater than it is today, a prevailing theory was that Yogi went for pitches (good ones and bad ones) because he had a fear of being ridiculed for taking a third strike. Opposing benches taunted him about—among other things—his shape at the plate. "Notice how he acts when he misses a pitch," one manager said. "He shrinks and closes up. His butt comes out. He's so afraid of looking bad, he'll swing at anything."

The fault with this theory, we were all to learn later, was that Berra, swinging at anything, is a dangerous batter.

But it may have been true then—and it may barely be true now—that Yogi had a fear of making a fool of himself on a baseball field. Berra belongs on a baseball field, and he knows it, and he has probably never consciously behaved in a manner that offended the illusion. Any self-consciousness he has developed could have been acquired in his rookie year of 1947. The Yanks used him as a catcher and they used him in the outfield, and they were saying and the press was reporting that the young fellow—bless his little fat bat—would play somewhere, somehow. It bothered Berra that (1) no one respected his defensive skills, and (2) everyone respected his offensive power. The young fellow was on the spot on both counts, and

no one seemed to realize that he was suffering. When the Dodgers ran wild on him in the World Series that year, and Yogi had to be taken out of the lineup, there was only minimum fear that this might damage his morale.

Berra's genius then, as now (and his salvation, too, you'd have to guess), was that he always took his cut. Only a year later, a reporter said to pitcher Hal Newhouser: "You shouldn't have any trouble with Berra. He's a bad ball hitter." And Newhouser answered: "Sure, he is, but I defy anyone to throw him a good pitch." Last season, Yogi's worst ever with the bat, another pitcher, this time Early Wynn, was still saying: "Berra's the toughest fellow in the league to pitch to."

Anti-Yankees argue that fellows like Berra and Mantle and Ford and McDougald (and Billy Martin in his time) were lucky to be Yankees.

Being with the mighty monsters, the argument goes, gives them all the benefit of the doubt. According to this, a .275 batting average by Berra comes out sounding like .375 because of the Yankee prestige and promotional push that comes along with it; and Berra wins a Most Valuable Player award.

While it is true that Berra's average is average, and equally true that, despite this, there is a general attitude that the Yankee catcher gets his hits in the clutch (as if he or any other ballplayer disdains those hits available at other, non-clutch times), it is just as true that there is not too much of a discrepancy between the two. Berra has earned the major share of his impressive reputation. (See Allan Roth's statistical chart for the evidence.)

The following is the Detroit Tiger book on Berra, and if it isn't the standard for the American League,

BERRA BREAKDOWN

	LIFETIME TOTALS			YEARLY TOTALS					HOME RUN BREAKDOWN	
	A. L.	World Series	All-Star Games	Year	G	HR	RBI	Pct.		
Games	1474	54	9	1946	7	2	4	.364	At New York	159
AB	5508	196	30	1947	83	11	54	.280	Detroit	25
Runs	897	30	4	1948	125	14	98	.305	Cleveland	17
Hits	1598	55	7	1949	116	20	91	.277	Chicago	15
2B	240	7	0	1950	151	28	124	.322	St. Louis	11
3B	44	0	0	1951	141	27	88	.294	Boston	9
HR	262	10	0	1952	142	30	98	.273	Kansas City	8
TB	2712	92	7	1953	137	27	108	.296	Washington	8
RB*	1085	26	1	1954	151	22	125	.307	Philadelphia	7
SB	21	0	0	1955	147	27	108	.272	Baltimore	3
BB	514	22	2	1956	140	30	105	.298	Totals away	103
SO	252	16	0	1957	134	24	82	.251		
Pct.	.290	.281	.233	in minors 1943, 1946	188	22	115	.284	Grand slams	7

HIGHLIGHTS

Berra was selected MVP in A. L. in 1951, 1954, 1955... was named catcher on the major-league All-Star team in 1950, 1952, 1954, 1956, 1957... named to A. L. All-Star squad in last ten seasons, played in the last nine All-Star games, started the last eight... holds the major-league record for home runs by a catcher—262... holds the A. L. record for home runs in a season by a catcher—30 in 1952, 1956... has hit 20 or more home runs for nine consecutive seasons... has struck out only 252 times (in 6,087 times up), once for every 24.15 times up, one of the best SO records in the majors.

WORLD SERIES HIGHLIGHTS

Holds Series records for most games played (54), most games caught (52), most series for a catcher (9), most RBIs in one Series (10 in 1956)... hit the first pinch home run in Series history (Oct. 2, 1947)... is one of the six players to hit a Series grand slam HR (Oct. 5, 1956)... needs three series hits to tie Frisch (58) and four total bases to tie Ruth (96) for all-time Series lead... ranks second, tied with Gehrig, Snider, in Series home runs with 10, behind Ruth (15)... has led Series hitters twice, in 1955 (.417), 1956 (.360).

DEFENSIVE HIGHLIGHTS

Has led A. L. catchers in games caught eight times (the last eight years) for a major-league record... has led in double plays six times, sharing major-league record with Hartnett... has led in putouts, total chances for four consecutive years and seven times in the past eight seasons.

CHART BY ALLAN ROTH

it is at least typical of the regard in which the man is held by his opponents: "Berra is the most dangerous hitter on the Yanks because of his maddening ability to hit any pitch. No one way to pitch to him. He can switch his stance quickly and hit the high pitch with level power. Becomes increasingly dangerous as game goes on and as opposing pitcher begins to lose his fine edge. Best way to pitch to him is to throw a couple inside and hope he will pull the ball toward first base. If you get two strikes on him this way, shift tactics and try to break his rhythm by moving the ball around."

The scout report concludes: "Has a strong but occasionally erratic arm. A fair base-runner."

The report doesn't get involved with smartness or any ability to analyze on-the-spot situations. It just says Yogi can do—and if that's genius, Yogi's got it. He certainly can do.

The point that should be made here is that Berra has built a reputation for himself—as well as the one that was built for him—mostly through hard work and ability. The ability covered his hitting; the hard work took care of his catching. When Yogi first started behind the plate for the Yankees, there were five pitchers on the club who called their own shots—Tommy Byrne, Allie Reynolds, Vic Raschi, Eddie Lopat and Joe Page. In those days, Yogi would throw out the sign, and about 90 per cent of the time these veteran pitchers would agree with his call. When they didn't, they threw a signal back at him and that was it. But at no time—not in something like nine years, says one Yankee—did Casey Stengel call a pitch for his young catcher and his elderly pitchers. Casey gave Berra and the pitchers the game, and let them work things out their own way.

After a while, Yogi had it worked out real well, and nobody shook him off. For a long time now, Yankee pitchers have been relying on his judgment. He gives all the signs, and he runs the game. It was when this first became apparent that the first image of the happy-go-lucky gnome was erased, and the wise old man of the diamond was sketched in.

Berra says he never did mind the jokes about him, not the earlier bunch or the later ones. "Most of them jokes are kidding, anyway," he says.

The fact is, some people argue, he likes to be kidded. Lou Effrat, the New York Times man, who has been with the Yankees for a long while, kids Yogi regularly and "good." After Berra broke his nose last season, Effrat met him coming out of the dugout one morning.

"Does your face hurt you?" Effrat asked cordially.

"Naw."

"Well, it hurts me."

Yogi laughed. He slapped Effrat on the back and laughed.

"Funny thing about those jokes," Berra told me. "When the fans do it, I like it. When the newspaper fellows do it, I like it. I like when they get on me. Makes me wanna do better. Know what I mean? If I get a hit like, it's that much better a hit. I figure if they didn't like me, they wouldn't holler. It's when they



Yogi loves golf, but in eight years of trying he has barely improved his game. He drives like he is at Yankee Stadium.

stop joking with me that I'm in trouble."

When he first got into organized ball, at Norfolk in 1943, at the age of 17, Yogi had his first taste of the sharp, probing dig that finds the mark. He was no Eddie Mathews in the face then either, and the minor-league fans, a hearty breed, let him know it. The slurs offended, and Yogi gritted his teeth and slammed his bat, and his manager, Shaky Kane, had to take him off into a corner for a talk. "Look," Kane said, in essence, "this is gonna happen. More to you than to others. And in language worse than you been hearing. You gotta learn not to get mad. They're the characters who pay your salary. Let 'em holler all they want. Figure they're entitled. If you ever show them, or show anyone, that they're getting to you with the needle, you're dead. Ignore. That's what you gotta do, ignore." Yogi says it was a hell of a speech, and he followed Shaky Kane's advice to the letter. He ignored.

For a catcher, Berra is seldom in-

jured. His last serious bruise was in 1949. (The broken nose last season, when a foul ball ripped through his mask, scrambled his face but didn't stop him from playing.) Still, he frequently thinks he can't play. In the end he generally plays, but he worries about his body. He likes to be bandaged—a condition for which there are several clinical names but which is familiar enough to those of us who have done our share of personal coddling along the way. With Yogi, the penchant may be more than normal. Often he complains to Stengel that he is tired or aching (Yogi has caught over 100 games for ten consecutive seasons, a mighty record for a sick man), and Stengel will ward him off with a gibe, and the scene will be reported in the press as a very funny piece of business. It runs something like this:

Berra, on the dugout steps: "I ain't feelin' so good."

Stengel, looking at his lineup card: "Neither am I. Must be this New York climate."

Berra, putting on his shin guards: "The legs are stiff."

Stengel: "Yeah. Who's pitchin' for them?"

Berra: "I think it's in the muscle."

Stengel: "It'll work out. See you after the game. I gotta go change my lineup."

Such repartee may or may not be a joke, Yogi may or may not mean it, and Stengel may or may not believe it. But for the sake of accuracy, it has to be pointed out that the subject comes up regularly. As a running gag, it is gasping by now.

Berra is knock-kneed, a condition that gets no one through sick call, and he wears special shin guards because he believes they help protect his knees. And, "I got sinus real bad," he reports to anyone willing to listen. His most familiar refrain when he fails to dream up sympathy is: "Nobody even tells me to take it easy."

Last season's broken nose, coming in the middle of Yogi's worst slump in the majors, helped his breathing somewhat—but Yogi doesn't talk about this.

Soon afterward, he was ordered to wear eyeglasses for hitting. The glasses weren't his own idea; the Yanks thought they might help, especially after the belt in the nose. "I didn't need glasses," Yogi says. "He didn't need glasses," wife Carmen says. "They said try them, so I did," Yogi says. "They're boss." "They did nothing for him," wife Carmen says. "He isn't wearing them this season."

It is the belief of Jerry Coleman, the retired Yankee now behind a desk in the front office, that a professional ballplayer who truly feels

in the mood to play in half of the 154 games on the regular schedule is doing very well indeed in the enthusiasm department. For the rest of the games, the player would rather be home or fishing or in a movie house or back in the clubhouse getting a rubdown. But he plays—somewhere below peak mental and physical efficiency—because there is really no choice.

With Berra, or any other catcher, this is even more of a problem. One baseball student has said: "You have to be a man to be a catcher. You have to be a strong man who can execute the many assignments behind the plate. Just bending down and getting up for nine innings, or 120 pitches, let's say, is a thing, and then there's catching all those different pitchers and different pitches, and chasing foul balls, and thinking. It's wearing. But Berra does it stronger than anybody."

Yogi doesn't do it with as much enthusiasm as he used to. The difference, more than anything else, is that he will be 33 years old next month and he is a veteran of 1,474 major-league games. It isn't easy, somehow, to think of Berra getting old. I'm not sure why this is, but try it. Musial is getting old, Williams, despite his .388 average last year, you know is old. But Berra, you figure, will always be around.

Yogi knows better. He feels it. He feels like playing less than he is willing to admit—although none of this should imply that he doesn't want to play. It is just that his level of enthusiasm, once so very high, has lowered.

It could not have happened ten years ago, or even five years ago, but it happened in the last game of the 1957 World Series. The Yankees were taking their batting practice, and after he had taken his turn, Yogi, out late, was called over by Frankie Crosetti, a full-time working coach with a high level of enthusiasm for the Yankees and victory. After taking his cuts, a man usually runs around the bases. Yogi hadn't.

"Run around," Crosetti said.

"You kidding?" Yogi gasped.

"This is the last game."

"What of it? Run."

"You run!" And Yogi walked back to the dugout.

This may have some effect on Berra's future dealings with Stengel. Casey can be ruthless with his players in his pursuit of success. "Casey doesn't care about his players as people," is the way one Yankee

put it, "when he's trying to win. He'll protect his people from others, but he expects you to play his way."

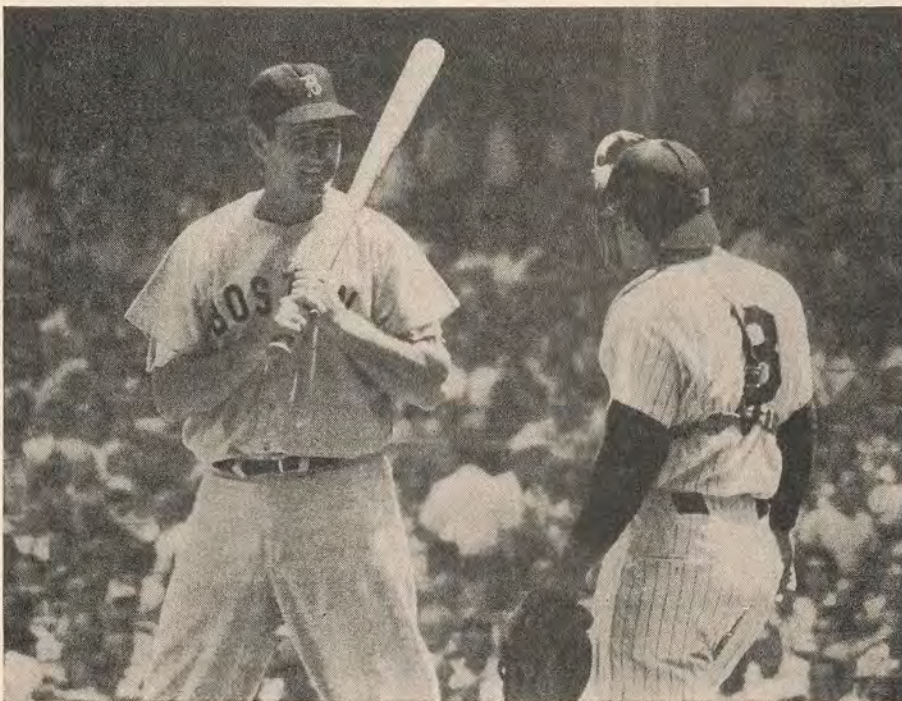
Stengel has always had his boys—Billy Martin, the tough kid from the corner, Jerry Coleman, the intellectual, Mickey Mantle, the monument Casey leaves behind for his work in the hallowed Yankee halls, and Berra, the assistant manager. "I have to stay in Yogi's good graces," Stengel likes to say. "He's in good with the bosses, you know." But as Berra gets older, there may be less rapport between these two. It is one of the relentless consequences of playing professional baseball that the urgency and energy of youth don't last—and neither does the ability to go like the old Oriole Stengel admires so greatly. Lesser birds get shorter shrift from the quicksilver-tongued and rock-faced manager.

If it is currently a part of the Berra psyche that he has discovered that he can't do—and perhaps doesn't want to do—all that he did before on a baseball field, it is similarly a part of his personality to chatter endlessly on the ball field. Unless you have been hermetically sealed in a test tube space ship lately, you are made abundantly aware, by the writers and the radio and television broadcasters, that Yogi, when he's scrunched down there behind home plate, talks to everybody who comes by—the opposing batter, the umpire, the visiting team batboy, the kid who brings out the rubbed-up baseballs. This has become a tradition of the game as we know it, and kid catchers in Little

League practice Yogi's conversational technique the way they practice not flinching when the batter swings at a pitched ball. Many of us grandstand guides would be lost not being able to point it out to the little woman every time a batter comes up there and passes the time of day with Yogi. As the broadcasters have reminded us so often, Berra is just a friendly fellow, keeping himself and the others entertained with brief discourses on the day's gossip. He gets lonesome back there and he appreciates company.

A Yankee teammate has a more interesting explanation. It is his contention that Yogi talks because he can't stop. "He wants people to like him—he always has—and this is a convenient and pleasant way to be friendly and to receive friendship in return." Although fans in an endless string of candy stores have winked and said they know why Berra does all that talking—to distract the batters and delude the umpires—this Yankee insists that no such intrigue can exist with Berra. He builds no contempt and no real anger with his chatter, the fellow says. "If he creates any distraction," this Yankee claims, "it is not deliberate. Yogi is too natural for such a devious trick."

Yogi, in his fashion, agrees. "I mean no harm by talking," he says. "I've heard some people say I'm doin' it to rattle the batter. That ain't so. I feel like talkin'. 'How's your wife? The kids? Gettin' in any golf?' Stuff like that. I don't even talk to new guys right off. I want



Yogi gossips with anyone who visits him at home plate, even Ted Williams, right, "just to pass the time of day," he says.



A most unlikely candidate to be caught in a row in a night club, Berra, here with the rest of the Copacabana crowd, took his fine without complaint but was embarrassed.

to find out about them first, how they are, can I kid with them or not. I don't want them getting sore for nothing.

"Most guys don't mind me talkin'. They talk back, we have a good time. A couple maybe get mad. Vic Wertz and Larry Doby'll say to the ump, 'Tell him to stop talkin' to me.' Wertz'll be kiddin'. Not Doby. He gets mad.

"Some fellers say to me, 'Yogi, don't you talk to me.' And I'll say, 'Okay. If you don't wanna, I'm never gonna talk to you again.' So they talk.

"I kid Al Lopez pretty good. I'll talk to all his hitters or turn and talk to the ump. He figures I'm arguin', so he jumps up all excited, and he yells, 'Throw his tail out of there!' Al's a nice feller. I do it to him on purpose." And Yogi smiles a thick smile.

Probably the only time he doesn't talk is when he is batting, particularly against a fellow with an inclination for throwing them high and inside on occasion. "Throwing doesn't bother me," Yogi says. "I never beef when they throw at me. You know what the pitchers figure. They figure a guy who beefs, he don't like to get knocked down. So I keep my mouth shut and I don't let on."

Berra has no very close friends on the Yankees now that Phil Rizzuto has moved over to the radio and

television booths. (When Yogi first came up, he roomed and became friendly with Bobby Brown, the medical student, an association which led to one of the famous Berra gags, to wit: On a train to St. Louis to play the Browns, Doctor Bobby was reading Boyd's *Pathology of Internal Diseases*, and Yogi was reading a comic book. After a while, Brown put down his thick volume, and Yogi asked, "How'd yours come out?") Today, Berra associates socially with the New Jersey contingent of the Yanks—Gil McDougald, Jerry Coleman, Bill Skowron and some others. But it is to Rizzuto, currently his business partner and a fellow who always knew his way around a dollar, that credit generally goes for Berra's surprising financial acumen. Through Phil's advice and teaching, Yogi surrounded himself with people who know about finances—a good lawyer, an accountant, able business advisers—and has become strikingly solvent.

"Baseball was always the only job I ever wanted," Berra says in explanation of his sound money policy. "But I never dreamed I'd be making this kind of money. I was happy with what I got, but I knew I had to talk up. I'd go in and ask for what I wanted, and they knew I meant it. Or I'd say, 'What do you want to pay me?' They'd tell me and I'd make up my mind."

It sounds simple enough, yet many

players have been known to settle for a salary well below what they really wanted—perhaps because they didn't have the stomach for waging a battle with the bosses. Such infighting hasn't disturbed Berra unduly. Most seasons, he becomes a holdout early and then waits for the front office to weaken. (And not many warriors wage winning psychological warfare with the generals in the Yankee front office.)

Yogi has done well with his salary struggles—so well, in fact, that he was able to upset George Weiss, from whose ample brow no unnecessary beads of sweat drip. During one of his spring holdouts—one that lasted into the early weeks of the training season in Florida—Yogi received an invitation from Weiss to come down to St. Petersburg to negotiate. "Who's gonna pay for the trip?" Yogi asked. Weiss burned. "We'll pay!" he said with cold dignity.

Yogi has shown, in his dealings with the Yankees, almost an inherent need to protect himself. While there has been some resentment about his persistent stubbornness, Yogi remembers where he came from and what he was before. The Berras lived on The Hill, the Little Italy section of St. Louis. His father was a brickyard laborer. Yogi quit school after the ninth grade to go to work—in a coal yard, on a Coca-Cola truck, in a shoe factory. In order to play baseball, the one significant luxury available in the neighborhood, he and his buddies took the time to make their own field out by the city dump. They cut the weeds and levelled the ground, and used the chassis of an old car for a dugout. One night an enemy gang destroyed it, and the next day, Yogi and his friends dug holes in the field for new dugouts. The sense of urgency was caused by their desire to be close to the real thing in baseball.

The sociologists among us will point out, of course, that many major-league baseball players come from lower-class backgrounds and suffered similar anxieties and frustrations in their environments. True. The only difference worth pointing out here is that Berra has not forgotten what it was like then. Some others, drunk by the flush of success, do forget.

It may be his concern for financial security, his awareness that the power to earn lasts only a short time for a player, that has made Berra suspicious of outsiders. And almost anyone can be an outsider to him.

One young newspaperman, traveling with the Yankees for the second season, did several stories with Yogi last year and thought he was getting along fairly well with the catcher.

Yet, any time during the summer that he saw Berra on the ball field, there was almost no recognition. Yogi would look at him, nod, and go on. Another reporter found that it took him one full season on the Yankee beat before he could get Yogi to talk to him about baseball. While Yogi associated fairly well with the older members of the press, this fellow reported, he avoided the newer men.

One reporter who has traveled with the Yanks for about four seasons has a theory about this. Berra, he says, has a disdain for the writers, in general, because they are not in his economic class. It is an interesting bit of speculation, although not one that I can accept. A more reasonable point of view, I think, is that Berra doesn't trust the writers, an attitude which over the many years of sports coverage has not proved itself to be totally unreasonable.

In the past six years, I have had to do three magazine stories with Berra. For each, I was required to spend some time in close and private contact with the man. (I am not counting the times we have seen each other on a ball field, where, except for three or four instances, we did not talk.) In concluding my interviewing for this story, I spent a day with Yogi and Carmen Berra at their home. Sometime in the afternoon, after we had gone over many subjects, Yogi had to leave. We said our goodbyes, and Carmen, remaining in their large and beautiful den with me, spoke up suddenly: "Yogi is a jovial fellow, really. He is happy with his life. But he's temperamental. Not like Maria Callas. But pretty moody. One day he can feel like talking to you, and not the next. I know about that. I've heard people mention it often enough. That's the way he is. It's embarrassing. Here he was talking to you like a brother, and I'll bet he doesn't know your name."

We bet, and I tested Yogi on it later. He didn't know my name.

I found a reason for it, too, I think. Yogi is a scrutinizer. It isn't important to him who you are; it is important what you are doing. When he knows he is talking for publication, he does not want to tell you too much, but at the same time he does not want to lie.

When he came in to sign his 1958 contract—early this time, after his bad year—at the Yankees' Fifth Avenue offices, the official announcement said only that he had signed for a cut in pay. Then the reporters circled Yogi and asked their questions.

"Is the cut in the hundreds?" one of the reporters asked.

"Yes," Yogi answered.

"Well, is it in the thousands?"

"Yes."

"Is it \$10,000?"

"No."

"Well, is it \$5,000?"

"Now you're trying to pin me down," Yogi said, and he stopped talking.

An interesting sidelight to that signing is that the Yankees made an unnecessary and foolish error in insisting that Berra take a cut, of whatever size. The feeling at the press conference, which Berra did not enjoy, by the way, was that Yogi resented the cut. It had been his first bad year after ten good ones—and it hadn't been that bad—and the thought must have occurred to him that the Yankees, as a token, could have allowed him to sign for the same money as the year before. But they didn't, and Yogi's official statement was: "I deserved the cut." Then he said, "I'll get it back."

I drove out to see the Berras at home because I figured that would be the place where they would be most comfortable and most natural. They were. They live in a beautiful nine-room split-level house high on a hill in Tenafly, N. J. It is an expensive and attractive suburban neighborhood. You can tell. The roads wind and there are no sidewalks. The homes in the development must, by prior agreement, be built on a minimum of one acre of land. Most of the neighbors have put in swimming pools. The Berras



In '57 he had his first bad year in 11 seasons with the Yanks, took a pay cut for it, expects to get it back this year.

debated building one, but finally voted it down for now because, they said, it could be dangerous for the children. Instead, they built a flagstone patio that is large enough for a good punchball game. Behind the patio, the wooded hill rises for about another 300 feet, all Berra property. "That's one of the reasons we bought here," Carmen says.

When I drove up their driveway, Yogi was waiting at the door for me (which pleased me) and was pointing at his wristwatch (which didn't, since I was 20 minutes late—you know those winding roads with no sidewalks).

"Hi," I said.

"I'm going to have to leave in the afternoon," Yogi said. "Got an appointment down at the bowling alley." He was telling about the new 40-lane bowling alley in Clifton, N. J., that he and Phil Rizzuto own. They had an "opening" scheduled in March and a "grand opening" due later, after the start of the baseball season.

"What's the difference?" I asked.

"The opening is going to be while I'm in St. Pete," Yogi said. "So Phil'll do it. First four days free bowling, that sort of stuff. Then the grand opening is for when I'll be back. That'll be a six-day opening. I'm gonna bring the Yankees down for it."

"Your brother John settled yet?"

I asked. John had been a waiter at Ruggiero's on The Hill for over 20 years, although he is now only 36, and Yogi had asked him to come east to run the cocktail lounge in the new establishment.

"John sold his house in St. Louis a year ago, figuring we'd be ready to open, and all he's been asking ever since is when it's going to happen. He wants to get going. You know, we can seat 54 people in the bar, and John wants to figure out how much liquor to stock. I don't know. It's something we're going to have to find out, what they drink around here. I figure there are the bowlers and the whatchacallthem, the stiff-shirts. Uh, white collar people. The bowlers'll go for beer. But them, I don't know. What do you think? Not beer, huh?"

I shook my head.

"I don't know what goes, rye or scotch. In St. Louis, rye goes. How about here?"

"Anything," I said brightly.

"I'll ask around," he said.

How did this bowling business get started?

"Heck, me and Phil started on this three years ago. I got these other businesses, the chocolate drink and the snack bars, but there you're only part of the business. Bowling is really growing, and some guys came around and wanted us to front

an alley for them. Same as the other deals. But we figured why not do it ourselves. So we put in only our own money. We had the building built for us, but we're renting, like a business should. The Brunswick people put in the alleys and everything, and we pay them monthly, just like rent. Except from April to July, when bowling's supposed to be slow, we don't have to pay for the alleys and the automatic pin-setters. That's every year, too. Gives us some room to breathe."

"Not many ballplayers would do it this way," I said. "They just go in for a share, and don't risk their own money."

"I know," Yogi said. "But this we figure is an investment. If it don't go, Phil and me take the beating. We're fifty-fifty. But we stand a good chance to make a buck, too. Not now. If there are profits, we're gonna put them back in. Then later, we'll have a strong business."

Yogi lit a cigarette and looked out the wide picture window of his den. It was a pretty scene, the hills, the woods, the new homes luxuriously spaced out, the swimming pools.

"We got a restaurant there, too," he said. "We got it out on concession. We don't know anything about food, so we figure we ought to have

a man who does. Good food helps draw the people. He's going to sell everything. Even pizza. Whatever the people want. We could sell the whole business at a good profit now, before opening. But we don't want to. We think it's gonna be good."

I said I hoped so, and we went on to baseball matters. How did he figure his slump last year? (He had hit .251, with 24 homers and 82 RBIs.)

"It was just me," he said. "I struck out only 24 times all year. The rest of the time I hit the ball. But nothing went. It was one of those years."

"Were you a little tired?"

"Mighta been. Hell, I'm always a little tired, but I hit before."

"Anybody give you a hard time?"

"No. The fans were fine. On the road, too. Nobody booed. That was a nice thing."

"Did you experiment any with your hitting?"

"I never changed my stance. But I tried a lighter bat. And those glasses." He humphed. "I'm a funny guy. If I'm not hitting, I don't blame me, I blame the bat. I try a new one."

The three Berra boys, Yogis all, came tumbling into the room. They had just finished lunch. Larry, eight,

had been inducted into the Cub Scouts the week before, and Yogi had had to go down there with him. Timmy, six, is called The Bouncer by the family. He likes to rough-house with his father; his father likes it, too. Dale, one year old last December, is the best-fed member of the family.

Yogi picked up the conversation himself while holding Dale. "I go to some affairs in the neighborhood. Communion breakfasts, Holy Name meetings. I go places for the local Little League. You get so many calls from people, you could go every night if you wanted to. I do these things when a friend asks, not because somebody wants to pay me."

The Berras are members of the nearby White Beeches Country Club, since Yogi is fully addicted to golf. He has been at it for eight years, and he shoots no better now than he did at the beginning. Mickey Mantle, who took it up only last year, is already doing as well as Yogi. Carmen mentions this to her husband whenever she wants to get him angry. "He gets so mad. He wants to master the game but he can't. He really loves it. I could never understand how he got so wrapped up in it. But then I took it up, too, and it happened to me. Now I'm much more lenient about his golf."

Yogi spends much of his winters in New York City, taking in the fights, hockey, basketball and football games. He has taken both of his older boys to basketball and hockey games at Madison Square Garden, and is planning on trying them with football next season. "I test the kids first," he explained. "I take them to the Stadium for a game and have someone watch them, see how they behave. Then he lets me know. If they run around and make noise, I hold off taking them some place else. The same with hockey and basketball. If they're not gonna behave, it wouldn't be any fun taking them. Carmen? When I take the kids, she's got a day off."

The Berras live only 20 minutes by car from midtown New York, and they come into the city often to see a Broadway show. "I don't like to go much except to the shows," Yogi said. "Shor's, the Harwyn Club and a few others. We saw *My Fair Lady* and that *Square Root of Wonderful*. It closed down, but I thought it was pretty good. I've been trying to get tickets to *The Music Man*, but no luck yet.

"We go into the city for dinner

Aggressive and hard-working, he has had ten years of playing in over 100 games, a record second only to Bill Dickey's.



about once a week. I like to eat home better. I get enough of that restaurant food on the road."

By now, Carmen had joined us. The housekeeper was tending to little Dale. "We do some entertaining at home," Carmen said. "Either all baseball people, or all non-baseball people. You can't mix them. Businessmen don't really know much about baseball. Yogi hates it when they ask him questions. 'I don't ask them about their business,' he always says, 'why should they ask me about mine?' Somehow they feel they have to talk baseball to us. Ballplayers, when we get them together, can talk about anything they want. Shop talk sometimes, but sometimes not."

Yogi got up to get his coat. It was time for his appointment. "There are dances at the country club Saturday nights," Carmen said, "and things like that. But Yogi is up early every Sunday morning for church. So we don't go out much on Saturday nights. In fact, we don't go out too often in general. We went out just once last summer, to the Copa, and then the whole world knew about it."

Carmen Berra blames herself for Yogi's involvement in the Copacabana incident. He was deep in his slump at the time, hitting about .176, and feeling miserable. Some of the Yankees had planned to take Billy Martin to the Copa to celebrate his birthday. Yogi didn't want to go, but Carmen felt it would do him some good to shake his deep moodiness, and she talked him into it. Then Hank Bauer had the argument with the delicatessen man in the Copa lounge, and the story ran for weeks. In public, Yogi accepted his share of whatever blame developed, and kept his mouth shut. But Carmen felt terrible that she had pushed her husband into such a noisy and embarrassing scandal. What made it so much more galling for her—although Yogi never reminded her of this—was that she knew he didn't enjoy going nightclubbing, and that, if left alone, would have been 20 miles from the Copa, sound asleep, when the mess broke.

Whatever distrust Berra had for the press in general had to become aggravated as a result of the incident. He felt that, in their urgency to keep the story on the front pages as long as they could, those he considered his friends among the writers had taken advantage of him (and of the others). They insisted on alluding to the scandal at every turn, with lines like "If the Yankees (or Berra) had as much punch on the field as they had in the Copa that night..."

Yogi had left the house for his appointment, and I asked Carmen for her opinion on why he was going



A wise investor, Yogi has followed such ventures as snack bars, *above*, with a new bowling alley, in partnership with Phil Rizzuto. They put up their own money.

into the bowling business.

"So he won't have to go to Washington," she said. I blinked. "This is for the future," she explained, "so that Yogi can quit baseball when the time comes, and not have to hang around a couple of more years as a washed-up ballplayer who needs the pay check. And maybe get traded to some place like Washington, and have to go because he needs the money. Yogi wants to be able to quit before he gets traded."

And then what? Will he walk out of baseball?

"When he's finished playing, Yogi would like to coach," Carmen answered. "But never manage, although I think he'd be good at it. Don't you?"

I shrugged noncommittally.

"Yogi would be happy coaching," she said. "But you've got to be able to afford it. It can't be your total livelihood. It's not enough. He'd like to do it the way Jim Turner and Frank Crosetti do it. They don't need the money, they just love the work. Yogi feels it would be a good life. He'd get great satisfaction out of teaching kids, and being with the ball club, and living that life—but only as a coach."

She showed me around the house, the white vinyl tile in the foyer with strips of gold inset, the antiqued dining room done in off-white, the large family room, the mechanized kitchen. "We've been in

here since last July," she said, "and I'm still not used to the steps in these split levels. We lived in a ranch house before, with no steps. Here, I have three levels, and there is always walking back and forth, up and down. I'm thinking of selling. I have my eye on a ranch house further up the hill. It's for sale, and it really rambles. Very spacious. That's the way a house should be built. I may do it yet."

It was late afternoon, and there was that one question I still wanted to ask. I managed it after she had escorted me to the patio and we were saying goodbye. "Yogi isn't what most people have made him out to be," I said. "Not entirely. What do you think he is?"

She looked at me for a while, silently, thinking about it. Then she said: "Yogi is a man happy in baseball, but moody in almost anything he does. He seems complex—temperamental, and maybe even unfriendly. But it isn't because he has something against people. Not at all. It's just the way he is."

I took a step or two toward the driveway. But Carmen wasn't finished. "In your story, you should say that Yogi has learned to take care of himself, and of his family. He is happy, mostly, and he's easy-going. And good."



GUEST CONDUCTOR:



JERRY DUNPHY

THE SPORT QUIZ

For Answers Turn to Page 98

Jerry has crammed covering sports, news and feature stories into his 12 years of broadcasting. Among other jobs, he handles "Sports Slant" on Chicago's WBBM-TV



1 The golf shot that burly Mike Souchak is seen making here is
(A) a wood shot, (B) a putt,
(C) a chip shot, (D) an explosion shot.

2 Give the real first names of these big-league managers:
(A) Casey Stengel
(B) Birdie Tebbetts
(C) Cookie Lavagetto

3 Joe Louis defended his heavy-weight title a record 25 times. But he fought five of his challengers twice. Can you give their names?

4 Tell what college these tennis stars attend:
(A) Ron Holmberg
(B) Mike Green
(C) Jackie Douglas

5 What former major-league stars went by these nicknames?
(A) Big Swish
(B) The Octopus
(C) Ninety-six

6 Jimmy Foxx was named Most Valuable Player three times, and is the only player ever to win the MVP award with two different ball clubs. What two clubs?

7 Match these field events with their record distances:
Hammer throw . . . 184 feet
Javelin 207 feet
Discus 281 feet

8 I played my college basketball for the Cardinals, my pro ball with the Lakers, and I am now back in college coaching the Explorers. Who am I?



9 The Waners, Ruth and Gehrig were World Series opponents after the Pirates won their last pennant in. . . ?

10 The Kentucky Derby will be run next month for the (A) 75th, (B) 84th (C) 87th time.



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A Tough Little Bird to Kill

(Continued from page 37)

and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior, who have made a long study of the bird, deny this. The result has been a stronger position for this fine game bird.

We drove south to find out. Meeting Earle Frye and his shooting companion, George Winchester, in Tallahassee, we were invited along for the opening-day shoot. This is not an easy invitation to come by. Much of the good Florida dove country is leased by sportsmen every year, and unless you have an "in" with some of these gunners, you may have to shoot from areas that aren't exactly the best. In season, there will be doves nearly everywhere, of course, but an ideal location is one such as Frye and his friends had latched onto. Twenty of them had paid a farmer a fair price to let them shoot on his land during the dove season. The farmer raised corn, peanuts and pigs, and his acreage bordered one section called a "sand blow" where the doves stopped after eating to pick up the grit and minerals necessary to digest their food.

We were late meeting Frye and Winchester, and we didn't arrive at the farm until 12:30 and didn't get into shooting position until after one o'clock. On the way out, we noticed a few doves perching on telephone wires, but not in the large numbers we had been led to believe arrived at this time.

Reports were not encouraging. The northern section of the country was having a warm spell and we needed cold air in the north to nudge the doves into making the migration south. "There were thousands of them here this time last year," said Jake Johnson, another Florida Game and Fish representative. "I personally counted over fifteen hundred before we got this far." It was early October and a strong sun was in the sky, burning everything but some fluffy white clouds away. The day was mild, warm enough for shirtsleeves.

We moved off the highway and drove down a dirt road to a small, white farmhouse. This farmer perhaps didn't have the most spectacular home in the world, but he knew his business. Great fields of corn lay all around us, corn on fat shocks, and peanuts lying in their shells on the rich ground. Pigs, a hundred of them or more, fed in the corn fields. "We're in luck on one count, anyway," said George Winchester, a robust, enthusiastic fellow. "The hog've been turned." He meant that the pigs had been released in the corn fields and had reached up and pulled the ears from the shocks, knocking a lot of loose corn on the ground. That surely would lure doves here, if any of the birds were around at all.

"Don't think we're goin' to get the smart shooting that we've told you about," Frye said. "I haven't seen this few birds for a good many years. The weather's crossed us up." Frye, who rates the title "Doctor" before his name, considers the dove his favorite bird, and he is an expert on the subject. After discouraging us about expecting a deluge of doves, he filled us in as we stood there in the warm Florida sun, bending every now and then to eat the meaty, raw peanuts from the shells.

The range of the mourning dove is

extensive. It is found from Canada to Mexico in North America, and it even shows up in large numbers in Central America and the West Indies. There are two sub species, an eastern and a western. Although the dove breeds in every state, its breeding grounds are in the North, the wintering grounds in the South. The eastern bird coos his way in the summer from New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Ontario, southern Maine and Manitoba west to Iowa, eastern Arkansas and Louisiana, south to the Gulf Coast. Its wintering grounds extend from Kentucky and North Carolina southward to Central America.

The mourning dove is a slim fellow with quiet plumage, running mostly to grays and olive overtones; his underfeathers are a pinkish buff. He has a five-inch tail, and he is immediately identified in flight by his odd, swerving speed. The dove gains altitude swiftly, races up to 40 miles an hour without effort, and can do 60 miles per hour in full flight. His strong wingbeat makes a peculiar shrill, whistling sound.

All this we learned from Frye. We stood there hoping that we would get first-hand experience. Off to the far right, we could see a couple of men



moving around in the sand-blow area. They seemed to be hanging things from a small tree, and we walked over to see what was going on.

They had cut perfect replicas of doves from plywood, even coloring them so they looked like the real thing, and they were placing them everywhere in the sand, hoping to entice doves from the corn fields. We were told that this was one of the first times dove decoying had ever been attempted; a money bet had started the whole thing. One hunter had bet another, a do-it-yourself craftsman, that doves were too smart to be decoyed. They were here now to find out how the experiment would work. Some of our party grunted and walked off. A man said, "They ought to make dove decoy hats, and sit and wait for the birds to light on their heads. That's the most silly fool stunt I ever heard of."

The two with the decoys pretended not to hear, but one of them grinned heartily and held up his hands like a boxer. The other went grimly about the business of securing the decoys in the sand.

Our party was deployed around the perimeter of the corn field, at least 50 yards apart; some stood behind trees; others knelt in the corn. It was mid-afternoon now and we hadn't seen a dove. We had a bellyful of peanuts by now and a headful of facts

on the bird, and we held the beautifully balanced Browning superposed "Lightning" 20 in our left hand, swinging it in a quick practice movement to our shoulder.

Suddenly there was a sharp whistle, the Floridians' signal that a bird was in the air. Two balls of feathers hurtled past so fast that we couldn't even line the gun up. Ten minutes later, five doves fell from the air over the tall oak trees 500 yards north, slanting their wings toward the corn field. We swung on a pair that seemed to be flying by like jets. We missed cold on the first shot, but connected on the second. Our dove fluttered to the ground, and we climbed the barbed wire fence and rushed to retrieve it. But a big Poland China hog had other ideas; he rushed, grunting and puffing, to the bird and got it before we could shoo him off. Besides, he was so large that we doubted if he was the shooing type. This made the dove business doubly difficult. First, to hit the bird, then the scramble over the fence and get the bird before the pigs did. We thought at that moment that the farmer could pick up a few extra dollars if he would train the pigs to retrieve instead of thinking about their stomachs.

Far down the field, one of our men had a black Labrador retriever, and the dog and the pigs were having a ball trying to beat one another to the downed doves.

We heard a shrill whistling sound and knew that it didn't come from the lips of a man. We stepped out from behind our tree and saw a flock of doves come slanting in toward the field, their rapidly beating wings sending out a weird, concerted whistle. Our problem was picking out the bird we wanted to swing on. We picked one out, shot once, and again, but he flew on. We reloaded quickly as the birds flared and started back toward the sanctity of the woodland. This time our seven and one-half shot knocked two from the sky. As we started across the fence for them, a dozen or so more came tumbling in for the corn, and we stopped midway on the fence and brought down another one, using two shots for the job. Now the gray birds were swirling and moving all around the field, confusing both themselves and the shooters.

The shrill whistling continued and we shot until even the light little 20 began to kick up a fuss. We counted the birds we had knocked down—five—and the shells we had used—30. It wasn't an impressive score, but after all this was our first dove shoot, and we did have that pig problem to contend with.

Then the flurry was over, and the doves were gone. We walked over to see how the decoy boys were doing. There were several dead doves on the ground, and one of the shooters was slowly counting out dollar bills into the other's hand. The doves had decoyed beautifully, opening up some intriguing new possibilities in this stirring sport. "Nothin'," said Frye, who had shot four birds with a borrowed 20-gauge pump gun, "absolutely nothin' at all. Shoulda seen the birds last year. . . ."

We thought it was something. The darting, speeding dove, for our money, is the best game bird to be found in the country.

1958 MAJOR-LEAGUE BASEBALL SCHEDULE DAY-BY-DAY:

APRIL	Chicago	Kansas City	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
14					Boston			at Washington
15	Detroit	at Cleveland	at Chicago	Kansas City	at Baltimore	Washington	at Boston	New York
16	Detroit	at Cleveland	at Chicago	Kansas City			at Boston	New York
17	Detroit	at Cleveland	at Chicago	Kansas City	at Baltimore (n)	Washington (n)	at Boston	New York
18	at Kansas City	Chicago (n)	Cleveland	at Detroit	Boston	at New York	Baltimore	at Washington
19	at Kansas C. (n)	Chicago (n)	Cleveland	at Detroit	Boston	at New York	Baltimore	at Washington
20	at Kansas City	Chicago	Cleveland	at Detroit	Baltimore (n)	at Washington (n)	Boston	at New York
21	at Detroit	Cleveland (n)	Chicago	at Kansas C. (n)	Baltimore	at Washington	Boston	at New York
22	at Detroit	Cleveland	Chicago	at Kansas City	New York (n)	at Boston	at Washington (n)	Baltimore
23	at Cleveland	Detroit (n)	at Kansas C. (n)	Chicago	New York	at Boston	at Washington	Baltimore
24	at Cleveland	Detroit	at Kansas City	Chicago	at Boston	New York (n)	at Baltimore	Washington
25	Kansas City	at Chicago	at Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)	at Boston	New York	at Baltimore	Washington
26	Kansas City	at Chicago	at Cleveland	Detroit	at Boston	New York (2)	at Baltimore	Washington
27	Kansas City	at Chicago	at Cleveland (2)	Detroit (2)	at Boston			
28 *								
29	at Baltimore (n)	at Boston	at New York	at Washington (n)	Cleveland (n)	Chicago (n)	Detroit	Kansas City
30	at Baltimore (n)	at Boston	at New York	at Washington (n)	Cleveland (n)	Chicago (n)	Detroit	Kansas City
MAY	Chicago	Kansas City	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
1	at Baltimore (n)	at Boston		at Washington (n)	Cleveland (n)	Chicago (n)		Kansas City
2	at Washington (n)	at New York	at Boston	at Baltimore (n)	Chicago (n)	Cleveland (n)	Kansas City	Detroit
3	at Washington	at New York	at Boston	at Baltimore	Chicago	Cleveland	Kansas City	Detroit
4	at New York (2)	at Washington (2)	at Baltimore (2)	at Boston (2)	Kansas City (2)	Detroit (2)	Chicago (2)	Cleveland (2)
5		at Washington (n)	at Baltimore (n)	at Boston	Kansas City (n)	Detroit (n)		Cleveland
6	at Boston	at Baltimore (n)	at Washington (n)	at New York	Boston (n)	Kansas City (n)	Cleveland	Chicago
7	at Boston	at Baltimore	at Washington	at New York	Boston (n)	Kansas City (n)	Cleveland	Chicago
8					Boston			
9	Cleveland	at Detroit	Kansas City	at Chicago	at New York (n)	Boston (n)	Washington (n)	at Baltimore (n)
10	Cleveland	at Detroit	Kansas City	at Chicago	at New York	Boston	Washington	at Baltimore
11	Cleveland (2)	at Detroit	Kansas City	at Chicago (2)	at New York (2)	Boston (2)	Washington (2)	at Baltimore (2)
12					Boston (n)			at Washington (n)
13	at Kansas C. (n)	Chicago (n)	Cleveland (n)	at Detroit (n)	Boston (n)	at New York (n)	Baltimore (n)	at Washington (n)
14	at Kansas C. (n)	Chicago (n)	Cleveland	at Detroit	Boston (n)	at New York	Baltimore	at Washington (n)
15	at Kansas City	Chicago	Cleveland	at Detroit	Boston	at New York	Baltimore	
16	at Cleveland (n)	Detroit (n)	at Kansas C. (n)	Chicago (n)	New York (n)	at Boston (n)	at Washington (n)	Baltimore (n)
17	at Cleveland	Detroit (n)	at Kansas C. (n)	Chicago	New York	at Boston	at Washington	Baltimore
18	at Cleveland (2)	Detroit	at Kansas City	Chicago (2)	New York	at Boston	at Washington	Baltimore
19 *								
20	New York (n)	Washington (n)	Baltimore	Boston (n)	at Kansas C. (n)	at Detroit	at Chicago (2)	at Cleveland (n)
21	New York	Washington	Baltimore	Boston	at Kansas City	at Detroit	at Chicago	at Cleveland
22	Baltimore	Boston (n)	New York	Washington (n)	at Cleveland (n)	at Chicago	at Detroit	at Kansas C. (n)
23	Baltimore (n)	Boston (n)	New York (n)	Washington (n)	at Cleveland (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Detroit (n)	at Kansas C. (n)
24	Baltimore	Boston	New York	Washington	at Cleveland	at Chicago	at Detroit	at Kansas City
25	Boston (2)	Baltimore	Washington (2)	New York (2)	at Detroit (2)	at Kansas City	at Cleveland (2)	at Chicago
26		Baltimore			at Kansas City			
27	Washington (n)	New York (n)	Boston (n)	Baltimore (n)	at Chicago	at Cleveland (n)	at Kansas C. (n)	at Detroit (n)
28	Washington	New York	Boston	Baltimore	at Chicago	at Cleveland	at Kansas City	at Detroit
29 *								
30	at Detroit (2)	Cleveland (2)†	Chicago (2)	at Kansas C. (2)†	at New York (2)	Boston (2)	Washington (2)	at Baltimore
31	at Detroit (n)	Cleveland	Chicago (n)	at Kansas City	at Baltimore (n)	Washington (n)	at Boston	New York
JUNE	Chicago	Kansas City	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
1	at Detroit	Cleveland	Chicago	at Kansas City				
2					at Baltimore (n)	Washington (n)		
3	at New York (n)	at Washington (n)	at Baltimore (n)	at Boston (n)	Kansas City (n)	Detroit (n)	Chicago (n)	Cleveland (n)
4	at New York	at Washington (n)	at Baltimore (n)	at Boston	Kansas City (n)	Detroit (n)	Chicago	Cleveland
5	at New York	at Washington (n)	at Baltimore (n)	at Boston	Kansas City (n)	Detroit (n)	Chicago	Cleveland
6	at Boston (n)	at Baltimore (n)	at Washington (n)	at New York (n)	Detroit (n)	Kansas City (n)	Cleveland (n)	Chicago (n)
7	at Boston	at Baltimore	at Washington	at New York	Detroit	Kansas City	Cleveland	Chicago
8	at Boston (2)	at Baltimore (2)	at Washington	at New York	Detroit	Kansas City (2)	Cleveland	Chicago (2)
9	at Washington (n)	at New York (n)	at Boston (n)	at Baltimore (n)	Chicago (n)	Cleveland (n)	Kansas City (n)	Detroit (n)
10	at Washington (n)	at New York	at Boston	at Baltimore (n)	Chicago (n)	Cleveland (n)	Kansas City	Detroit
11	at Washington (n)	at New York	at Boston	at Baltimore (n)	Chicago (n)	Cleveland (n)	Kansas City	Detroit
12	at Baltimore (n)	at Boston (n)	at New York (n)	at Washington (n)	Cleveland (n)	Chicago (n)	Detroit (n)	Kansas City (n)
13	at Baltimore	at Boston	at New York	at Washington	Cleveland	Chicago	Detroit	Kansas City
14	at Baltimore	at Boston	at New York (2)	at Washington	Cleveland	Chicago	Detroit (2)	Kansas City
15	at Baltimore	at Boston						
16 *								
17	Boston (n)	Baltimore (n)	Washington (n)	New York (n)	at Detroit (n)	at Kansas C. (n)	at Cleveland (n)	at Chicago (n)
18	Boston	Baltimore (n)	Washington	New York (n)	at Detroit	at Kansas C. (n)	at Cleveland (n)	at Chicago
19	Boston	Baltimore (n)	Washington	New York	at Detroit	at Kansas C. (n)	at Cleveland	at Chicago
20	Baltimore (n)	Boston (n)	New York (n)	Washington (n)	at Cleveland (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Detroit (n)	at Kansas C. (n)
21	Baltimore	Boston	New York	Washington	at Cleveland	at Chicago	at Detroit	at Kansas C. (n)
22	Baltimore	Boston	New York	Washington (2)	at Cleveland (2)	at Chicago	at Detroit	at Kansas City
23	Baltimore	Boston	New York	Washington	at Kansas C. (n)	at Detroit	at Chicago (n)	at Cleveland (n)
24	New York (n)	Washington (n)	Baltimore	Boston (n)	at Kansas C. (n)	at Detroit	at Chicago	at Cleveland (n)
25	New York (n)	Washington (n)	Baltimore	Boston (n)	at Kansas C. (n)	at Detroit	at Chicago	at Cleveland
26	New York	Washington (n)	Baltimore	Boston	at Kansas C. (n)	at Detroit	at Chicago	at Cleveland
27	Washington (n)	New York (n)	Boston (n)	Baltimore (n)	at Chicago (n)	at Cleveland (n)	at Kansas C. (n)	at Detroit (n)
28	Washington	New York (n)	Boston	Baltimore	at Chicago	at Cleveland	at Kansas C. (n)	at Detroit
29	Washington (2)	New York	Boston	Baltimore (2)	at Chicago (2)	at Cleveland (2)	at Kansas City	at Detroit
30	Cleveland (n)	at Detroit	Kansas City	at Chicago (n)				

(n) Night Game

(2) Doubleheader

(†) Morning-Afternoon Game

(★) No Games Scheduled

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	JULY	Chicago	Kansas City	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
1		Cleveland (n)....	at Detroit (n)....	Kansas City (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	at Boston (n)....	New York (n)....	at Baltimore (n)...	Washington (n)...
2			at Detroit.....	Kansas City.....		at Boston.....	New York.....	at Baltimore.....	Washington.....
3		Kansas City.....	at Chicago.....			New York.....	at Boston.....	at Washington.....	Baltimore.....
4		Kansas City (2)...	at Chicago (2)...	at Cleveland (2)...	Detroit (2).....	New York (2)...	at Boston (2)...	at Washington (2)	Baltimore (2)...
5		Detroit (n).....	at Cleveland (n)...	at Chicago.....	Kansas City.....	Baltimore.....	at Washington.....	Boston.....	at New York.....
6		Detroit.....	at Cleveland.....	at Chicago.....	Kansas City.....	Baltimore.....	at Washington.....	Boston.....	at New York.....
7 ★									
8									
9 ★									
10		at Boston (n)....	at Baltimore (n)...	at Washington (n)	at New York (n)...	Detroit (n).....	Kansas City (n)...	Cleveland (n)....	Chicago (n)....
11		at Boston.....	at Baltimore (n)...	at Washington (n)	at New York.....	Detroit (n).....	Kansas City (n)...	Cleveland.....	Chicago.....
12		at Boston.....	at Baltimore.....	at Washington.....	at New York.....	Detroit.....	Kansas City.....	Cleveland.....	Chicago.....
13		at New York (2)...	at Washington (2)	at Baltimore.....	at Boston.....	Kansas City (2)...	Detroit.....	Chicago (n)....	Cleveland.....
14		at New York (n)...		at Baltimore.....	at Boston.....		Detroit.....	Chicago (n)....	Cleveland.....
15		at Baltimore (n)...	at Boston (n)....	at New York.....	at Washington (n)	Cleveland (n)....	Chicago (n)....	Detroit.....	Kansas City (n)...
16		at Baltimore (n)...	at Boston.....	at New York (n)...	at Washington (n)	Cleveland (n)....	Chicago (n)....	Detroit.....	Kansas City.....
17		at Baltimore (n)...	at Boston.....	at New York.....	at Washington (n)	Cleveland (n)....	Chicago (n)....	Detroit.....	Kansas City.....
18		at Washington (n)	at New York (n)...	at Boston (n)....	at Baltimore (n)...	Chicago (n)....	Cleveland (n)...	Kansas City (n)...	Detroit.....
19		at Washington.....	at New York.....	at Boston.....	at Baltimore (n)...	Chicago.....	Cleveland (n)...	Kansas City.....	Detroit.....
20		at Washington.....	at New York (2)...	at Boston.....	at Baltimore.....	Chicago.....	Cleveland.....	Kansas City (2)...	Detroit.....
21 ★									
22		Baltimore (n)....	Boston (n)....	New York (n)....	Washington (n)...	at Cleveland (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	at Detroit (n)...	at Kansas C. (n)...
23		Baltimore.....	Boston (n)....	New York (n)....	Washington (n)...	at Cleveland (n)...	at Chicago.....	at Detroit.....	at Kansas C. (n)...
24		Baltimore.....	Boston.....	New York.....	Washington.....	at Cleveland.....	at Chicago.....	at Detroit.....	at Kansas C. (n)...
25		Boston (n)....	Baltimore (n)...	Washington (n)...	New York (n)....	at Detroit.....	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Cleveland (n)...	at Chicago.....
26		Boston.....	Baltimore (n)...	Washington.....	New York (2)...	at Detroit.....	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Cleveland (2)...	at Chicago.....
27		Boston.....	Baltimore.....	Washington.....	New York.....	at Chicago (n)...	at Cleveland (n)...	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Detroit.....
28		Washington (n)...	New York (n)...	Boston (n)....	Baltimore (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	at Cleveland (n)...	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Detroit.....
29		Washington (n)...	New York (n)...	Boston (n)....	Baltimore (n)...	at Chicago.....	at Cleveland (n)...	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Detroit.....
30		Washington.....	New York.....	Boston.....	Baltimore.....	at Chicago.....	at Cleveland.....	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Detroit.....
31		Washington.....	New York (n)...	Boston.....	Baltimore.....	at Chicago.....	at Cleveland.....	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Detroit.....

ALL STAR GAME AT MEMORIAL STADIUM, BALTIMORE, MD., JULY 8

	AUGUST	Chicago	Kansas City	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
1		New York (n)....	Washington (n)...	Baltimore (n)...	Boston (n)....	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Detroit (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	at Cleveland (n)...
2		New York.....	Washington (n)...	Baltimore.....	Boston.....	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Detroit.....	at Chicago.....	at Cleveland.....
3		New York.....	Washington.....	Baltimore.....	Boston (2)....	at Kansas City...	at Detroit.....	at Chicago.....	at Cleveland (2)...
4 ★									
5		at Kansas C. (n)...	Chicago (n)....	Cleveland (n)...	at Detroit (n)...	at Boston (n)....	New York (n)...	at Baltimore (n)...	Washington (n)...
6		at Kansas C. (n)...	Chicago (n)....	Cleveland.....	at Detroit.....	at Boston.....	New York (n)...	at Baltimore (n)...	Washington.....
7						at Boston.....			
8		at Detroit.....	at Cleveland (n)...	Chicago (n)....	Kansas City (n)...	Baltimore (n)...	at Washington (n)	Boston (n)....	at New York.....
9		at Detroit.....	at Cleveland.....	Chicago.....	Kansas City.....	Baltimore.....	at Washington.....	Boston.....	at New York.....
10		at Detroit.....	at Cleveland (2)...	Chicago.....	Kansas City (2)...	Baltimore.....	at Washington.....	Boston.....	at New York.....
11		at Cleveland (n)...	at Detroit.....	Kansas City.....	Chicago (n)....	Boston (n)....	at New York (n)...	Baltimore.....	at Washington (n)
12		at Cleveland.....	at Detroit (n)...	Kansas City (n)...	Chicago.....	Boston (n)....	at New York.....	Washington.....	at Baltimore.....
13		Kansas City (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	at Cleveland (n)...	Detroit (n)....	at New York (n)...	Boston (n)....	Washington.....	New York.....
14		Kansas City.....	at Chicago.....	at Cleveland.....	Detroit.....	at Baltimore (n)...	Washington (n)...	at Boston.....	New York.....
15		Cleveland.....	Detroit (n)....	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Chicago.....	at Baltimore (n)...	Washington (n)...	at Boston.....	New York.....

(n) Night Game

(2) Doubleheader

(★) No Games Scheduled



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AUGUST	Chicago	Kansas City	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
16	Cleveland (n)...	Detroit (n).....	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	at Baltimore (n)...	Washington (n)...	at Boston.....	New York.....
17	Cleveland.....	Detroit.....	at Kansas City...	at Chicago.....	at Baltimore.....	Washington.....	at Boston.....	New York.....
18 ★								
19	at Boston (n)....	at Baltimore (n)...	at Washington (n)	at New York (n)...	Detroit (n).....	Kansas City (n)...	Cleveland (n)...	Chicago (n)....
20	at Boston.....	at Baltimore (n)...	at Washington (n)	at New York.....	Detroit (n).....	Kansas City (n)...	Cleveland.....	Chicago.....
21	at New York (n)...	at Washington (n)	at Baltimore (n)...	at Boston (n)....	Kansas City (n)...	Detroit (n).....	Chicago (n)....	Cleveland (n)...
22	at New York.....	at Washington (n)	at Baltimore (n)...	at Boston.....	Kansas City (n)...	Detroit (n).....	Chicago.....	Cleveland.....
23	at New York.....	at Washington.....	at Baltimore.....	at Boston.....	Kansas City.....	Detroit.....	Chicago.....	Cleveland.....
24	at Baltimore.....	at Boston (2).....	at New York (2)...	at Washington...	Cleveland.....	Chicago (n).....	Detroit (2).....	Kansas City (2)...
25	at Baltimore (n)...			at Washington (n)	Cleveland (n)...	Chicago (n).....		
26	at Washington (n)	at New York (n)...	at Boston (n)....	at Baltimore (n)...	Chicago (n).....	Cleveland (n)...	Kansas City (n)...	Detroit (n)....
27	at Washington...	at New York.....	at Boston.....	at Baltimore.....	Chicago.....	Cleveland (n)...	Kansas City.....	Detroit.....
28 ★								
29	Detroit (n).....	Cleveland (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	at Kansas C. (n)...	New York (n)....	at Boston (n)....	at Washington (n)	Baltimore (n)...
30	Detroit.....	Cleveland (n)...	at Chicago.....	at Kansas C. (n)...	New York.....	at Boston.....	at Washington	Baltimore.....
31	Detroit.....	Cleveland.....	at Chicago.....	at Kansas City...	New York.....	at Boston.....	at Washington...	Baltimore.....

SEPTEMBER	Chicago	Kansas City	Detroit	Cleveland	Washington	Baltimore	New York	Boston
1	Cleveland (2)...	Detroit (2)†....	at Kansas C. (2)†.	at Chicago (2)...	Baltimore (2)...	at Washington (2)	Boston (2).....	at New York (2)...
2		Detroit.....	at Kansas City...	at Chicago (2)...	Baltimore (n)...	at Washington (n)	Boston (n).....	at New York (n)...
3	at Detroit.....	at Cleveland (n)...	Chicago (n).....	Kansas City (n)...	Baltimore (n)...	at Washington (n)	Boston.....	at New York.....
4	at Detroit.....	at Cleveland.....	Chicago.....	Kansas City.....		Boston (n).....	at Baltimore (n)...	at New York.....
5	at Cleveland (n)...	at Detroit.....	Kansas City.....	Chicago (n).....	at New York (n)...	Boston (n).....	Washington (n)...	at Baltimore (n)...
6	at Cleveland (n)...	at Detroit.....	Kansas City.....	Chicago (n).....	at New York.....	Boston (n).....	Washington.....	at Baltimore (n)...
7	at Cleveland.....	at Detroit.....	Kansas City.....	Chicago.....	at New York (2)...	Boston.....	Washington (2)...	at Baltimore.....
8 ★								
9	Boston (n).....	Baltimore (n)...	Washington (n)...	New York (n)....	at Detroit (n)...	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Cleveland (n)...	at Chicago (n)...
10	Boston.....	Baltimore (n)...	Washington.....	New York (n)....	at Detroit.....	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Cleveland (n)...	at Chicago.....
11	Boston.....	Baltimore.....	Washington.....		at Detroit.....	at Kansas City...	at Chicago.....	at Cleveland (n)...
12	New York (n)....	Washington (n)...	Baltimore (n)...	Boston (n).....	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Detroit (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	at Cleveland.....
13	New York.....	Washington.....	Baltimore.....	Boston.....	at Kansas City...	at Detroit.....	at Chicago.....	at Cleveland.....
14	Washington.....	New York (2)...	Boston (2).....	Baltimore (2)...	at Chicago.....	at Cleveland (2)...	at Kansas C. (2)...	at Detroit (2)...
15 ★								
16	Baltimore (n)...	Boston (n).....	New York.....	Washington (n)...	at Cleveland (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	at Detroit.....	at Kansas C. (n)...
17	Baltimore.....	Boston.....	New York.....	Washington.....	at Chicago.....	at Chicago.....	at Detroit.....	at Kansas City...
18 ★								
19	at Kansas C. (n)...	Chicago (n).....	Cleveland.....	at Detroit.....	at Boston (n)....	New York (n)....	at Baltimore (n)...	Washington (n)...
20	at Kansas C. (n)...	Chicago (n).....	Cleveland.....	at Detroit.....	at Boston.....	New York.....	at Baltimore.....	Washington.....
21	at Kansas City...	Chicago.....	Cleveland.....	at Detroit.....	at Boston.....	New York.....	at Baltimore.....	Washington.....
22					at Baltimore (n)...	Washington (n)...	at Boston (n)....	New York (n)...
23	Detroit (n).....	Cleveland (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Baltimore (n)...	Washington (n)...	at Boston.....	New York.....
24	Detroit.....	Cleveland (n)...	at Chicago.....	at Kansas C. (n)...	at Baltimore (n)...	Washington (n)...		
25	Detroit.....		at Chicago.....					
26	Kansas City (n)...	at Chicago (n)...	at Cleveland (n)...	Detroit (n)...	Boston (n).....	at New York (n)...	Baltimore (n)...	at Washington (n)
27	Kansas City.....	at Chicago.....	at Cleveland.....	Detroit.....	Boston.....	at New York.....	Baltimore.....	at Washington...
28	Kansas City.....	at Chicago.....	at Cleveland.....	Detroit.....	Boston.....	at New York.....	Baltimore.....	at Washington...

(n) Night Game

(2) Doubleheader

† Morning-Afternoon Game

(★) No Games Scheduled

PART
with

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Black Leather

FOR PLAY
Style No. M3382
Black Leather

FOR EVERYDAY
Style No. 3728
Black Leather

NATIONAL LEAGUE

APRIL	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Los Angeles	St. Louis	San Francisco
15	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	at Cincinnati	at Milwaukee	at St. Louis (n)	at San Francisco	Chicago (n)	Los Angeles
16						at San Fran. (n)		Los Angeles (n)
17		Pittsburgh		at Milwaukee	at St. Louis (n)	at San Francisco	Chicago	Los Angeles
18	at Pittsburgh	at Phila. (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati	at St. Louis	San Francisco	at Chicago	at Los Angeles
19	at Pittsburgh	at Philadelphia	Milwaukee	Cincinnati	St. Louis	San Francisco	at Chicago	at Los Angeles
20	at Pittsburgh	at Pittsburgh (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Milwaukee	St. Louis	San Francisco	at Chicago	at Los Angeles
21	at Phila. (n)	at Pittsburgh		Milwaukee	at Los Angeles (n)	Chicago (n)	at San Fran. (n)	St. Louis (n)
22		at Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Chicago (n)	at San Francisco	St. Louis
23	Milwaukee (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Los Angeles	Chicago	at Los Angeles (n)	Chicago (n)
24	Milwaukee (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Los Angeles	Chicago	at Los Angeles (n)	Chicago
25	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at San Francisco	St. Louis	at Los Angeles	Chicago
26	Pittsburgh	Philadelphia	at Milwaukee	at Cincinnati	at San Francisco	St. Louis	at Los Angeles	Chicago
27	Pittsburgh (2)	Philadelphia	at Milwaukee	at Cincinnati (2)	at San Francisco	St. Louis	at Los Angeles	Chicago
28 *								
29	St. Louis (n)	at Chicago	at San Francisco	at Los Angeles (n)	Milwaukee	Pittsburgh (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Philadelphia
30	St. Louis (n)	at Chicago	at San Francisco	at Los Angeles (n)	Milwaukee	Pittsburgh (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Philadelphia

MAY	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Los Angeles	St. Louis	San Francisco
1		at Chicago	at San Francisco	at Los Angeles (n)	Milwaukee	Pittsburgh (n)		Philadelphia
2	at St. Louis (n)	at Chicago	at San Fran. (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Milwaukee	Pittsburgh (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Philadelphia (n)
3	at St. Louis	at Chicago	at San Francisco	at Los Angeles	Milwaukee	Pittsburgh	Cincinnati	Philadelphia
4	at Chicago (2)	at St. Louis	at Los Angeles	at San Fran. (2)	Cincinnati (2)	Philadelphia (2)	Milwaukee	Pittsburgh (2)
5		at St. Louis (n)	at Los Angeles	at San Francisco	Cincinnati	Philadelphia (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Pittsburgh
6	at Chicago	at St. Louis (n)	at Los Angeles	at San Fran. (n)	Cincinnati	Philadelphia (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Pittsburgh (n)
7	at Chicago	at St. Louis (n)	at Los Angeles	at San Francisco	Cincinnati	Philadelphia	Milwaukee (n)	Pittsburgh
8	at Chicago				Cincinnati			
9	at Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	at St. Louis (n)	at San Fran. (n)	Chicago (n)	Los Angeles (n)
10	at Milwaukee	Cincinnati	at Pittsburgh	Philadelphia	at St. Louis	at San Francisco	Chicago	Los Angeles
11	at Milwaukee	Cincinnati	at Pittsburgh (2)	Philadelphia (2)	at St. Louis (2)	at San Francisco	Chicago (2)	Los Angeles
12					St. Louis	San Francisco	at Chicago	at Los Angeles (n)
13	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Phila. (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	St. Louis	San Francisco	at Chicago	at Los Angeles
14	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Phila. (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Los Angeles	at Chicago	San Francisco (n)	at St. Louis (n)
15	at Pittsburgh	at Phila. (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati	Los Angeles	at Chicago	San Francisco	at St. Louis
16	Milwaukee (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	at Phila. (n)	San Francisco	at St. Louis (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Chicago
17	Milwaukee (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh	at Philadelphia	San Francisco	at St. Louis	Los Angeles	at Chicago
18	Milwaukee	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh (2)	at Phila. (2)	San Francisco (2)	at St. Louis (2)	Los Angeles (2)	at Chicago (2)
19	Milwaukee (n)	at Cincinnati	St. Louis (n)	Chicago (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Cincinnati (n)
20	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	St. Louis (n)	Chicago	at Pittsburgh	at Milwaukee	at Phila. (n)	at Cincinnati (n)
21	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles	St. Louis (n)	Chicago	at Phila. (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee (n)
22	Los Angeles (n)	San Francisco (n)	Chicago (n)	St. Louis (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee (n)
23	Los Angeles (n)	San Francisco (n)	Chicago	St. Louis	at Philadelphia	at Cincinnati	at Pittsburgh	at Milwaukee
24	Los Angeles	San Francisco	Chicago	St. Louis	at Milwaukee (2)	at Philadelphia	at Cincinnati (2)	at Pittsburgh (2)
25	St. Louis (2)	Chicago (2)	Los Angeles	San Francisco (2)	at Milwaukee (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Phila. (n)
26	Chicago (n)	Chicago (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	at Phila. (n)
27	Chicago (n)	St. Louis (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	at Phila. (n)
28	Chicago (n)	St. Louis (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	at Phila. (n)
29 *								
30	at Philadelphia	at Pittsburgh (2)	Cincinnati	Milwaukee (2)	Los Angeles (2)	at Chicago (2)	San Francisco (2)	at St. Louis (2)
31	at Philadelphia	at Pittsburgh	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	Los Angeles	at Chicago	San Francisco	at St. Louis

JUNE	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Los Angeles	St. Louis	San Francisco
1	at Phila. (2)	at Pittsburgh	Cincinnati (2)	Milwaukee	Los Angeles	at Chicago	San Francisco	at St. Louis
2 *								
3	at Los Angeles (n)	at San Fran. (n)	at Chicago	at St. Louis (n)	Philadelphia	Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Milwaukee (n)
4	at Los Angeles (n)	at San Francisco	at Chicago	at St. Louis (n)	Philadelphia	Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Milwaukee
5	at Los Angeles	at San Francisco	at Chicago	at St. Louis	Philadelphia	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Milwaukee
6	at San Fran. (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	at St. Louis (n)	at Chicago	Pittsburgh	Milwaukee (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Cincinnati (n)
7	at San Francisco	at Los Angeles (n)	at St. Louis	at Chicago	Pittsburgh	Milwaukee (n)	Philadelphia	Cincinnati
8	at San Francisco	at Los Angeles	at St. Louis (2)	at Chicago (2)	Pittsburgh (2)	Milwaukee	Philadelphia (2)	Cincinnati
9	at San Francisco							
10	at St. Louis (n)	at Chicago	at Los Angeles (n)	at San Fran. (n)	Milwaukee	Philadelphia (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh (n)
11	at St. Louis (n)	at Chicago	at Los Angeles (n)	at San Francisco	Milwaukee	Philadelphia (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh
12	at St. Louis (n)	at Chicago	at Los Angeles	at San Francisco	Milwaukee	Philadelphia	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh
13	at Chicago	at St. Louis (n)	at San Fran. (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Philadelphia (n)
14	at Chicago	at St. Louis	at San Francisco	at Los Angeles (n)	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh (n)	Milwaukee	Philadelphia
15	at Chicago (2)	at St. Louis	at San Francisco	at Los Angeles	Cincinnati (2)	Pittsburgh	Milwaukee	Philadelphia
16	St. Louis (n)							
17	St. Louis (n)	Chicago (n)	Los Angeles (n)	San Fran. (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)
18	St. Louis (n)	Chicago (n)	Los Angeles (n)	San Fran. (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)
19	St. Louis (n)	Chicago (n)	Los Angeles (n)	San Francisco	at Milwaukee (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh
20	Chicago	St. Louis (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Cincinnati	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee	at Phila. (n)
21	Chicago	St. Louis	San Francisco	Los Angeles	at Cincinnati	at Pittsburgh	at Milwaukee	at Philadelphia
22	Chicago (2)	St. Louis	San Francisco (2)	Los Angeles (2)	at Cincinnati	at Pittsburgh (2)	at Milwaukee	at Phila. (2)
23	Los Angeles (n)	San Francisco (n)	Chicago (n)	St. Louis (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee (n)
24	Los Angeles (n)	San Francisco (n)	Chicago (n)	St. Louis (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee (n)
25	Los Angeles (n)	San Francisco (n)	Chicago (n)	St. Louis	at Phila. (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh	at Cincinnati (n)
26	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	St. Louis (n)	Chicago (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee	at Philadelphia	at Cincinnati (n)
27	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles	St. Louis	Chicago	at Pittsburgh	at Milwaukee	at Philadelphia	at Cincinnati (n)
28	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles	St. Louis	Chicago	at Pittsburgh	at Milwaukee	at Philadelphia	at Cincinnati
29	San Francisco	Los Angeles	St. Louis (2)	Chicago (2)	at Pittsburgh (2)	at Milwaukee	at Phila. (2)	at Cincinnati
30	at Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)				at St. Louis (n)	Los Angeles (n)	

JULY	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Los Angeles	St. Louis	San Francisco
1	at Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	San Francisco	at St. Louis (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Chicago
2	at Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	San Francisco	at St. Louis (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Chicago
3	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia	at Milwaukee	at Cincinnati (n)	at San Francisco	St. Louis (2) t-n	at L. A. (2) t-n	Chicago
4	Pittsburgh	Philadelphia (2)	at Cincinnati	at Cincinnati	at San Fran. (2)	St. Louis (2) t-n	at L. A. (2) t-n	Chicago (2)
5	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	at Cincinnati	at Milwaukee	at Los Angeles	Chicago (n)	at San Francisco	St. Louis
6	Philadelphia (2)	Pittsburgh	at Cincinnati (2)	at Milwaukee	at Los Angeles	Chicago	at San Francisco	St. Louis
7 *								
8								
9								
10	at San Fran. (n)	at L. A. (n) #	at St. Louis (n)	at Chicago	Pittsburgh	Milwaukee (n) #	Philadelphia (n)	Cincinnati (n)
11	at San Francisco	at Los Angeles	at St. Louis (n)	at Chicago	Pittsburgh	Milwaukee	Philadelphia (n)	Cincinnati
12	at Los Angeles	at San Francisco	at Chicago	at St. Louis	Philadelphia	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Milwaukee
13	at Los Angeles (2)	at San Francisco	at Chicago (2)	at St. Louis (2)	Philadelphia (2)	Cincinnati (2)	Pittsburgh (2)	Milwaukee
14	at Los Angeles	at San Francisco	at Chicago	at St. Louis	Philadelphia	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Milwaukee
15		at St. Louis (n)	at San Fran. (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Philadelphia (n)
16	at Chicago	at St. Louis (n)	at San Francisco	at Los Angeles (n)	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Philadelphia

ALL STAR GAME AT MEMORIAL STADIUM, BALTIMORE, MD., JULY 8

(n) Night Game

(2) Doubleheader

Milwaukee at Los Angeles cancelled in the event scheduled date for All Star Game is rained out

(*) No Games Scheduled

JULY	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Los Angeles	St. Louis	San Francisco
17	at Chicago		at San Francisco	at Los Angeles (n)	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh (n)		Philadelphia
18	St. Louis (n)	at Chicago	at Los Angeles (n)	at San Fran. (n)	Milwaukee	Philadelphia (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh (n)
19	at Chicago	at Chicago	at Los Angeles	at San Francisco	Milwaukee	Philadelphia	at Cincinnati	Pittsburgh
20	St. Louis	St. Louis (n)			at Cincinnati (n)		at Milwaukee (n)	
21	Chicago (n)	St. Louis (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	at Phila. (n)
22	Chicago (n)	St. Louis (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	at Phila. (n)
23	Chicago (n)	St. Louis	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh	at Milwaukee	at Phila. (n)
24	at St. Louis (n)	Chicago (n)	Los Angeles (n)	San Francisco (n)	at Milwaukee	at Phila. (n)	Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)
25	at St. Louis	Chicago	Los Angeles	San Francisco	at Milwaukee	at Phila. (n)	Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh
26	at St. Louis	Chicago	Los Angeles	San Francisco (2)	at Milwaukee	at Philadelphia	Cincinnati	at Pittsburgh (2)
27								
28 *								
29	San Fran. (n)	Los Angeles (n)	St. Louis (n)	Chicago (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Cincinnati (n)
30	San Fran. (n)	Los Angeles	St. Louis (n)	Chicago (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee	at Phila. (n)	at Cincinnati (n)
31	San Fran. (n)	Los Angeles	St. Louis (n)	Chicago (n)	at Pittsburgh	at Milwaukee	at Phila. (n)	at Cincinnati (n)
AUGUST	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Los Angeles	St. Louis	San Francisco
1	Los Angeles (n)	San Francisco (n)	Chicago (n)	St. Louis (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee (n)
2	Los Angeles	San Francisco	Chicago	St. Louis	at Philadelphia	at Cincinnati	at Pittsburgh	at Milwaukee
3	Los Angeles (2)	San Francisco (2)	Chicago (2)	St. Louis (2)	at Phila. (2)	at Cincinnati (2)	at Pittsburgh (2)	at Milwaukee (2)
4		Pittsburgh (n)		at Milwaukee (n)	San Francisco	at St. Louis (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Chicago
5	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	San Francisco	at St. Louis	Los Angeles	at Chicago
6	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	Los Angeles	at Chicago	San Francisco (n)	at St. Louis (n)
7	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh	at Cincinnati (n)	at Milwaukee	Los Angeles	at Chicago	San Francisco (n)	at St. Louis (n)
8	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Phila. (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	St. Louis	San Francisco (n)	at Chicago	at Los Angeles (n)
9	at Pittsburgh	at Phila. (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati	St. Louis	San Francisco (n)	at Chicago	at Los Angeles (n)
10	at Pittsburgh (2)	at Philadelphia	Milwaukee	Cincinnati (2)	St. Louis (2)	San Francisco	at Chicago (2)	at Los Angeles
11	at Phila. (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Milwaukee (n)				
12	at Phila. (n)		Cincinnati (n)		at Los Angeles (n)	Chicago (n)	at San Fran. (n)	St. Louis (n)
13	Milwaukee (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Chicago (n)	at San Francisco	St. Louis
14	Milwaukee (n)	at Cincinnati (n)		at Cincinnati (n)	at Los Angeles	Chicago	at San Francisco	St. Louis
15	Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at San Fran. (n)	St. Louis (2) t-n	at L. A. (2) t-n	Chicago (n)
16	Pittsburgh	Philadelphia	at Milwaukee	at Cincinnati	at San Francisco			Chicago
17	Pittsburgh (2)	Philadelphia (2)	at Milwaukee (2)	at Cincinnati (2)	at San Francisco	St. Louis (2)	at Los Angeles (2)	Chicago
18 *								
19	at San Francisco	at L. A. (2) t-n	at St. Louis (n)	at Chicago	Pittsburgh	Milw. (2) t-n	Philadelphia (n)	Cincinnati
20	at San Francisco	at Los Angeles (n)	at St. Louis (n)	at Chicago	Pittsburgh	Milwaukee (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Cincinnati
21	at San Francisco	at Los Angeles	at St. Louis (n)	at Chicago	Pittsburgh	Milwaukee (n)	Philadelphia (n)	Cincinnati
22	at San Fran. (n)		at St. Louis (n)	at Chicago	Pittsburgh		Philadelphia (n)	Cincinnati (n)
23	at San Francisco	at Los Angeles	at Chicago (2)	at Chicago	Pittsburgh	Milwaukee	Philadelphia	Cincinnati
24	at Los Angeles	at San Francisco		at St. Louis (2)	Philadelphia (2)	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh (2)	Milwaukee
25	at Los Angeles (n)	at San Fran. (n)	at Chicago	at St. Louis (n)		Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Milwaukee (n)
26	at Los Angeles (n)	at San Francisco	at Chicago	at St. Louis (n)	Philadelphia	Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	Milwaukee
27	at Los Angeles	at San Fran. (n)	at Chicago	at St. Louis (n)	Philadelphia	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh (n)	Milwaukee (n)
28		at San Francisco						Milwaukee
29	Philadelphia (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	at St. Louis (n)	at San Fran. (n)	Chicago (n)	Los Angeles (n)
30	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	at Cincinnati	at Milwaukee	at St. Louis (n)	at San Francisco	Chicago (n)	Los Angeles
31	Philadelphia (2)	Pittsburgh	at Cincinnati (2)	at Milwaukee	at St. Louis	at San Francisco	Chicago	Los Angeles
SEPTEMBER	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Los Angeles	St. Louis	San Francisco
1	at St. Louis (2)	Chicago (2)	at Pittsburgh (2)	Philadelphia (2)	at Milwaukee (2)	at San Fran. (2) †	Cincinnati (2)	Los Angeles (2) †
2	at St. Louis (n)		at Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)		San Francisco (n)	Cincinnati (n)	at Los Angeles (n)
3	Pittsburgh (n)	at Phila. (n)	Milwaukee (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	St. Louis	San Francisco	at Chicago	at Los Angeles (n)
4	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Phila. (n)	Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	St. Louis	San Francisco	at Chicago	at Los Angeles
5	at Phila. (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Milwaukee (n)	San Francisco	at St. Louis (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Chicago
6	at Philadelphia	at Pittsburgh	Cincinnati	Milwaukee	San Francisco	at St. Louis (n)	Los Angeles (n)	at Chicago
7	at Phila. (2)	at Pittsburgh (2)	Cincinnati (2)	Milwaukee (2)	San Francisco	at St. Louis	Los Angeles	at Chicago
8 *								
9	at Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Los Angeles (n)	San Francisco (n)	at St. Louis (n)	at Phila. (n)	Chicago (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)
10	at Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	Los Angeles (n)	San Francisco (n)	at St. Louis (n)	at Phila. (n)	Chicago (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)
11			Los Angeles (n)			at Phila. (n)		
12		St. Louis (n)	San Francisco (n)	Los Angeles (n)		at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee (n)	at Phila. (n)
13	Chicago	St. Louis	San Francisco	Los Angeles	at Cincinnati	at Pittsburgh	at Milwaukee	at Philadelphia
14	San Fran. (2)	Los Angeles	St. Louis	Chicago (2)	at Pittsburgh (2)	at Milwaukee	at Philadelphia	at Cincinnati (2)
15		Los Angeles	St. Louis (n)			at Phila. (n)	at Phila. (n)	
16	Los Angeles (n)	San Francisco (n)	Chicago (n)	St. Louis (n)	at Phila. (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	at Milwaukee (n)
17		at St. Louis (n)	Chicago (n)		at Phila. (n)		Milwaukee (n)	
18		at St. Louis (n)					Milwaukee (n)	
19	Milwaukee (n)	at Cincinnati (n)	Pittsburgh (n)	at Phila. (n)	Los Angeles	at Chicago	San Francisco (n)	at St. Louis (n)
20	Milwaukee	at Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	at Philadelphia	Los Angeles	at Chicago	San Francisco	at St. Louis
21	Milwaukee	at Cincinnati	Pittsburgh (2)	at Phila. (2)	Los Angeles	at Chicago	San Francisco	at St. Louis
22 *								
23		Philadelphia (n)	at Milwaukee (n)		at San Fran. (n)	St. Louis (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Chicago (n)
24					at San Francisco	St. Louis (n)	at Los Angeles (n)	Chicago
25 *								
26	at Milwaukee (n)	Cincinnati (n)	at Pittsburgh (n)	Philadelphia (n)	at L. A. (2) t-n	Chicago (2) t-n	at San Fran. (n)	St. Louis (n)
27	at Milwaukee	Cincinnati	at Pittsburgh	Philadelphia	at Los Angeles		at San Francisco	St. Louis
28	at Milwaukee	Cincinnati	at Pittsburgh	Philadelphia				

(n) Night Game

(2) Doubleheader

† Morning-Afternoon Game

t-n Two-night

(*) No Games Scheduled



"Try a little harder. We can't move every year!"

Did They Expect Too Much of Larry Doby?

(Continued from page 23)

catch it, and I could tell that if I had made the same mistake, I wouldn't have caught the ball. But neither would anybody else except Mays."

But Joe DiMaggio, Stan Musial, Ted Williams, Duke Snider, Jackie Robinson—from what he has seen or heard of these players who have dominated his time in the game, plus more recent ones like Mickey Mantle and Henry Aaron, Doby is convinced that in his prime he could match any of them in all-around skill. For that matter, he doesn't think he has slipped far from his prime. He concedes only that leg injuries have cut slightly into his speed.

DiMaggio is in the Hall of Fame. All the others Doby compares himself with almost certainly will be in it eventually, while Doby almost certainly won't be in it. So, you may be saying, where does he come off putting himself in this company?

Well, he doesn't when it comes to performance. He says only that he was given the ability (or the combination of abilities) to be as good as any of them. He knows, for instance, that he never has been and never will be as good a hitter as Ted Williams, but he has shown that he can be an unusually good hitter, with real power, and that he can make up the difference with his other skills.

"The difference is that they've been more consistent," he said. "I've been in and out all through my career. One good year, one bad year. I'm talking about my hitting. My fielding has been consistently as good as anybody could expect, I think."

After 11 years in the American League, Doby shows a lifetime batting average of .284, with 240 home runs, 912 runs-batted-in. Assuming that he'll finish off at the same rate, tacking on perhaps another 50 or 60 home runs, his statistics are going to end up somewhat short of the standards for greatness. But they will be far better than average and Doby won't be ashamed of them. Allowing for certain handicaps, he doesn't think he could have done much better.

"People say I've never lived up to my potentialities, which is true from their way of thinking," he said. "But that's on the surface. To play baseball is one thing. To live with the problems you have, knowing you're not getting equality, it has a tendency to affect your baseball if you're the kind that's bothered by it. I was. I had a lot of sleepless nights."

A curious dark cloud has overshadowed Doby's career since he first came up in 1948. In color-line chronology, he was only the second Negro to enter the major leagues. Maybe his troubles came from the fact that he wasn't as well prepared psychologically as Jackie Robinson was to meet the stresses that were bound to develop, or to grasp fully the will power he needed to suppress his inner doubts. Certainly a lot of baseball people believe that Larry has never felt completely accepted in the game that for so long was strictly a white man's game. The belief was, and still is, that he is saddled with a massive inferiority complex.

Not all of Larry's troubles have stemmed from the racial problem, certainly, but a lot of his inner conflicts must come from it. Doby's moodiness has become almost as legendary as the talk about his unlimited—and unreal-

ized—potential. While he has been known to enjoy periods of bubbling gregariousness, Larry has also sunk into morose depths of silence. He can be sullen and intense. "He gets down so easily," Al Lopez once said of him. "The guy's fighting himself all the time, and this game should be easy for him. He has every physical attribute to become one of the great players of the game. But somebody comes up to Larry and tries to help him and you can see him going on the defensive. His reaction to assistance seems to be, 'What are you picking on me for?'"

A former Cleveland teammate seemed to wrap up the general impression. "If Larry would only realize how much we all like him and respect his ability, he could be the happiest guy on the club," he said. "Instead, he seems to feel that we're always weighing and testing him. That's not so. A pitcher throws at Larry and he feels it's because he's a Negro. It doesn't seem to dawn on him that in most cases they're backing him away from the plate because they're afraid of what he can do with his bat."



Since Doby was breaking the color line in the American League at the same time that Robinson was breaking it in the National League, the problems were pretty much the same. But there was quite a difference in the two men. Robinson was mature, a college man, a former football star and an Army officer. He had been around, and he wasn't so apt to be awed or confused by what was happening to him. He had even had the benefit of a year in the minors that was intended to get him accustomed to the curves that would be thrown at him—not necessarily by the pitchers.

In spite of his background and his indoctrination and his confidence, it wasn't easy for Robinson. It must have been much harder for Doby. He came into it cold, a 22-year-old kid who had never given any thought to becoming a pioneer. His preparation consisted of a high school education, an Army hitch and one semester at Long Island University.

Bill Veeck had given Doby the same advice that Branch Rickey had given Robinson, the gist of it being to turn the other cheek. So Doby took abuse

from the stands and the opposing dugouts and said nothing. And when he was told that he couldn't stay in this hotel or eat in that restaurant, he shrugged and went somewhere else. "I knew if I'd gotten in trouble there'd have been less chance for other guys to come along," he says now. "Still, if I had to do it over again, I think I'd do it the other way. Holding it in was wrong for me. I think if I'd spoken up and argued back I would have been a better ballplayer."

If there was any one season from which Larry derived both a feeling of accomplishment and a healthy outlook, it was 1954, when the Indians won their second pennant during his big-league tenure. That was about as trouble-free a year as he has ever had. Larry batted only .272 in '54, but he led the league in home runs with 32 and in RBIs with 126, and he was a solid candidate for the Most Valuable Player award. He may have hit only .125 playing on wobbly legs in the World Series against the Giants, but nobody could blame the entire team's collapse on him. On the day the Indians clinched the pennant in Detroit, Larry sat happily on his stool in the clubhouse talking enthusiastically about how he had found himself at last. His beaming face reflected the triumph he seemed to have won over himself; gone were the sagging, troubled lines of self-doubt. "You know something?" he said, "I feel like I'm just winding up my rookie year. I've wasted a lot of time, but now it seems as if I'm a beginner. I'm just starting my baseball career. Whatever I make of myself, it starts from this point."

The writers probed on. It had taken him a long time, they suggested, to come to terms with himself, to accept things the way they were, and to go out and play the game and let nothing else matter. "I just wish I hadn't taken six years to learn it," Larry said soberly. "I wish there had been somebody around to tell me all the things I've learned the hard way."

"A good many people tried to tell you," one of the writers said. "But you had a wall around you. They couldn't get close enough so you could hear them."

"The wall's down," Larry said. "There ain't any wall now."

But there were other walls.

Like most other Negro players, Doby thinks the ball clubs should do more to make them comfortable. Teams that train in Florida and barnstorm throughout the South must observe segregation laws, but it's a constant source of annoyance to the colored players who are usually left to shift for themselves in the matter of finding places to live. "Maybe you'll get hot water, maybe you won't," Doby says. "I say that as long as the clubs are going to go to these places and put up with those laws, they should at least show they're interested in us by looking around in advance and finding decent hotels or homes for us."

Ball clubs are, of course, notoriously two-faced about the whole race question. Most of them are using Negro players and taking bows for it, but they keep their practical crusading down to a minimum and they all see to it that Negroes room only with other Negroes. "I'd like to stay in this game long enough to see colored players rooming with white players," Doby said. "I think it would be a

great thing and I think it could have been done long ago as far as the players are concerned. Naturally, you've got some anti-Negro players, but everybody knows who they are. That kind you could ignore. But then you take the right-thinking kind like Bob Lemon, Jim Hegan, Early Wynn, George Strickland—I don't think any of them would have objected to rooming with me when we were together on the Indians."

It can be pointed out, of course, that Doby isn't the only Negro in baseball who wishes the world were a little easier to live in, and quite a few of these colored players have reached the very top in spite of the restraints and suppressions imposed on them. What has kept Doby from reaching the same pinnacle? Does tension affect him more than it does the average player? He says not, and yet in discussing it from another angle, he makes it appear that it does. "Every club I've been on has depended on me," he said. "I would see it in the papers and I've even had players and managers say to me, 'You're the one that's got to win the pennant for us.' If you're human and you have any intelligence, something like that has got to be a burden."

How about temper? "I've had two fights in my life. The first was when I was 12 years old, a battle over whose turn it was to bat in stickball. Then last year I had that fight with Art Ditmar. He threw one behind me and I told him to cut it out and he said something unpleasant and in the heat of the argument a few punches were thrown."

Personality? "They've said that I'm moody and hard to get to. I think the hard-to-get-to part is something that the newspapermen brought on themselves. I would see myself quoted saying something I really hadn't said, so I got a little shy of talking for publication. Besides, I don't like popping off, so I just don't have much to say to the newspapermen, and maybe that's why they say I'm hard to get to."

"Moody, yes. That's something that's been with me all my life and I don't know what causes it. It's just that some days I don't feel right and I'll hardly say a word all day long. I don't bother anyone with it but it probably causes people to misunderstand me. Yet I couldn't say that it hurts my playing. I've had moody days when I've played bad, but I've had as many when I've played good."

Perhaps technique plays a part. Doby is and always has been a big swinger. He used to strike out at a frightful rate—over 100 times a season—but he always hit home runs, too, and that's what his swing is geared for. "I've got the power to hit home runs and that's where the money is," he explains. "Maybe if I cut down my swing I'd have been hitting .300 consistently, but I wouldn't have been hitting it very far. I don't strike out as much as I used to, anyway."

So there, for better or worse, stands Larry Doby at the age of 33, which was Babe Ruth's age, incidentally, the year he hit 60 home runs. This is not to suggest that Doby has much chance of beating that record; it's merely a reminder that ballplayers are not necessarily washed up at that age, even when they've just been traded to the Baltimore Orioles. Maybe they've expected too much of him all along, but then again, maybe Larry Doby yet will prove that they've been right all along.

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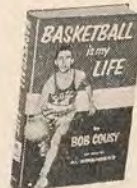
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What They Say in Dugouts About the Cincinnati Reds

(Continued from page 27)

in shape. He was a big man for us in '56."

The Reds, of course, were trying to land a "name" pitcher last winter. Probably their most strenuous efforts were in the direction of Don Newcombe. However, they were offering Smokey Burgess and Alex Grammas, a package that did not particularly excite the Dodgers. Los Angeles was thinking more in terms of Ed Bailey. Paul also talked with the Giants about Johnny Antonelli, but the San Francisco demands were excessive, too. Having given up a lot of power when he traded away Wally Post, lame-backed Ted Kluszewski and promising rookie Curt Flood, Paul was not anxious to give up Bailey or Gus Bell. In building a pitching staff, he could have found himself with a hitless team reminiscent of the pre-war Reds.

In assembling his staff, Paul unloaded those pitchers who did not figure in his plans for the future. The most conspicuous exit was made by the unpredictable righthander, Art Fowler. "It's a disgrace to get released by this club," he sorrowfully told reporters. "You know how bad their pitching is."

Despite Paul's frantic efforts to strengthen his pitching staff, the biggest headline he made all winter was when he shipped Kluszewski to the Pirates for first-baseman Dee Fondy. Klu, suffering from a slipped disc in his spine, had been of little use to the Reds for over a year. He appeared in only 69 games in 1957, mostly as a pinch-hitter. The Reds' uncertainty about Klu's future, plus the \$30,000 salary they were paying him, prompted the trade. Ordinarily this would have been a risky public relations move because Klu was by far the most popular player on the team. It happened, however, at a time when the city was in a minor turmoil over owner Powel Crosley's implied threat to move the franchise unless he got some swift satisfaction on his demands for additional parking facilities.

"The people were so upset about losing their ball club," one Cincinnati said, "that they couldn't get indignant just about losing one player."

What went unquestioned in the turmoil of the moment was the deeper motive the Reds may have had for unloading Klu. Getting rid of a large salary and a bad back may sound reasonable, but most often a team is willing to go along with such burdens when the man involved hits 40 homers and knocks in 100 runs as regularly as Ted did for the Reds. Most clubs would have kept such a mighty hitter just on the chance, slight as it may have been, that his back would get better.

But with Klu and the Reds, there was something else at work. Birdie has always thought that Klu was lazy. He didn't think the big fellow would do the work necessary to give the bad back a chance to mend. As far as the manager was concerned, Klu doesn't try hard enough. And Paul agrees with him.

So the Reds decided not to wait out the chance with Klu and made the deal, receiving very few protests. It appeared at the time that they were trying to fill Ted's sizable shoes with three men—Fondy, who came to them from Pittsburgh; Steve Bilko,

the husky slugger who hit 111 home runs in his last two seasons in the Pacific Coast League but who has flunked in four previous trials in the National League; and last year's incumbent at the position, George Crowe. "We've got more first-basemen than the Yankees," Paul said with a grin.

Crowe, who filled in for Klu most of last season and led the team in homers with 31, is the best bet to win the post this year. "I'd like to trade one of them," Paul admitted a while back, "for some more outfield help."

The rest of his infield is well set. In Johnny Temple and Roy McMillan, the Reds have, in the opinion of most, the best second-base combination in the majors. Don Hoak, from whom so little was expected when he first joined the team a year ago, was the brightest surprise of the 1957 season for Tebbetts and Paul.

Birdie and Gabe weren't any more surprised than Jackie Robinson was. Hoak had been Jackie's understudy at third base for several years in Brooklyn. "I really didn't think Hoak would ever hit well enough to make it," Jackie says. "But he proved himself last year. He changed his stance and he quit fighting himself up there at the plate. He always was a daring base-runner, but he took too many foolish chances. Last year he seemed to learn how to run the bases by putting his speed and aggressiveness to use. Right now I think he's as good an all-around third-baseman as there is in baseball."

It was pretty generally agreed that Ed Bailey was the best catcher in the league last year. One of those who disputed that point was Buzzie Bavasi, vice-president of the Dodgers. "Campanella had a bad year," Buzzie says, "but even so, he had a better year than Bailey. Look at the records. Campy only batted .242 to Bailey's .261, but he knocked in 62 runs, 14 more than Bailey did. When you hit 20 homers and bat in only 48 runs, I say you're not helping your club."

A Cardinal ballplayer agrees to some extent with Bavasi. "Sure, Bailey hits the ball a long way, but I don't think he's ever going to be a consistent hitter. He doesn't really snap his wrists when he swings, like Musial and Aaron and Williams and the other good hitters do. He sweeps at the ball, he tries to pull it with his arms. Good hitters don't swing like that."

"He just got too much advice last year," Paul says in reply.

Most opposing players fear the bat of Smokey Burgess, but they scoff at him as a catcher. He's not a good receiver, they say, and he doesn't have a strong arm. Gabe Paul just shrugs. "They all knock Burgess," the Reds' general manager says, "but they all want him." And it seems that, despite the reservations about Bailey, they all want him, too.

Another controversial player is Gus Bell. He has been Exhibit A in Tebbetts' campaign to prove that the New York writers slight the ballplayers who have the misfortune to play outside of the Big City, where most of the publicity mills crank away. "All you hear about from these fellows is Mays and Snider," Tebbetts used to say. "You'd think there weren't any other centerfielders in the league. Well, let me tell you that Bell doesn't have to bow to anybody."

Gabe Paul has always backed up his manager in this argument. "There isn't a more consistent hitter around than Bell," Gabe says. "Check the records and you'll find that he hits the same against every club in the league. He doesn't pick on any one team. He just hits well against all of them, and he hits well in all the parks, too."

One rival National Leaguer was talking about Bell last winter. "Gus is a real good player, but he isn't the threat that Mays or Snider is. He can be pitched to without too much trouble. Of course, he's got good power and he's always a threat to lay down a bunt. He's got good range in the outfield, and he charges a ball better than Snider does. But he doesn't get a good jump on the ball. Sure, Gus is a good ballplayer, but not as good as Tebbetts will tell you."

There is no disagreement about Frank Robinson. Tebbetts, with his usual enthusiasm for anyone who wears a Cincinnati uniform, will tell you that Frank is the best young player in the game. He may not be too far off. "Robinson has great power to all fields," a Milwaukee player was saying recently. "I don't think he's as good a hitter as Aaron, but he hangs right in there on every pitch and he's getting better all the time. And he's a better outfielder than most people give him credit for being. He covers a lot of ground and he gets a good jump on the ball."

Jackie Robinson is another admirer of his namesake. "He could be a great hitter," Jackie says admiringly. "The only thing wrong with him that I can see is his arm. But remember, I didn't have much of an arm, either. I learned to get rid of the ball fast, and that's what Frank's got to do. It can go a long way toward making up for a weak throwing arm."

Asked about his young outfielder's arm, Paul admitted that it is not among the best. "He'll have trouble with it every spring, probably," Gabe said. "It will take a while for him to get it in shape, but by the time the season opens you're not going to find anybody running wild on him."

And that right-field problem? "We'll just have to keep our fingers crossed," Paul said. "I hated like hell to give up Post. He's one of those streak hitters, and when he's hot he can win a ball game all by himself. He'll come back to haunt us, I know. But I just couldn't turn down the chance to get a pitcher like Haddix. Giving up Flood could be a boner, too, because he's a fine young hitter. But right now I feel we need pitchers more than outfielders, and I had to give up good players to get good pitchers."

Pitching against the Reds, even without Kluszewski and Post in the lineup, poses a problem for any member of the hurling fraternity who hopes to stay alive and healthy. Prayers may help, but the wise pitcher comes prepared with a "book" on the Red hitters, too. Bob Friend, the able and articulate righthander of the Pirates, agreed to tell us how he pitched to the Cincinnati hitters. Here's what he has to say:

"Remember, this doesn't always work, but I've found it has given me an edge on them at times. The Reds have always been a peculiar club to pitch against. On days when they're

hot, they'll murder any pitcher in baseball. At other times, I've found that when my stuff is real good and they're a little off, they can be the easiest club in the league to beat. You'll notice that when they lose a game, they're often held to only one or two runs. I'd say that as a team they're not streaky. Milwaukee, for instance, goes along for a couple of weeks beating everybody's brains out and then for the next week nobody on their club can buy a hit. The Reds may look terrible one day, but they will be back in there swinging the next day and hitting the ball over every fence in sight.

"Let's take their lefthanded hitters first. Bell is a notorious 'guess' hitter. That's why at certain times he looks so bad up there at the plate. He's the best fast-ball hitter on the Cincinnati club, and if he guesses right on it he'll hit it is far as anybody. If you can set him up so that he's guessing on seeing the fast ball, you've got a good chance to get him with a 'slop' curve. That's a pitch tossed up there with a real good motion behind it, and he will almost break his back going for it.

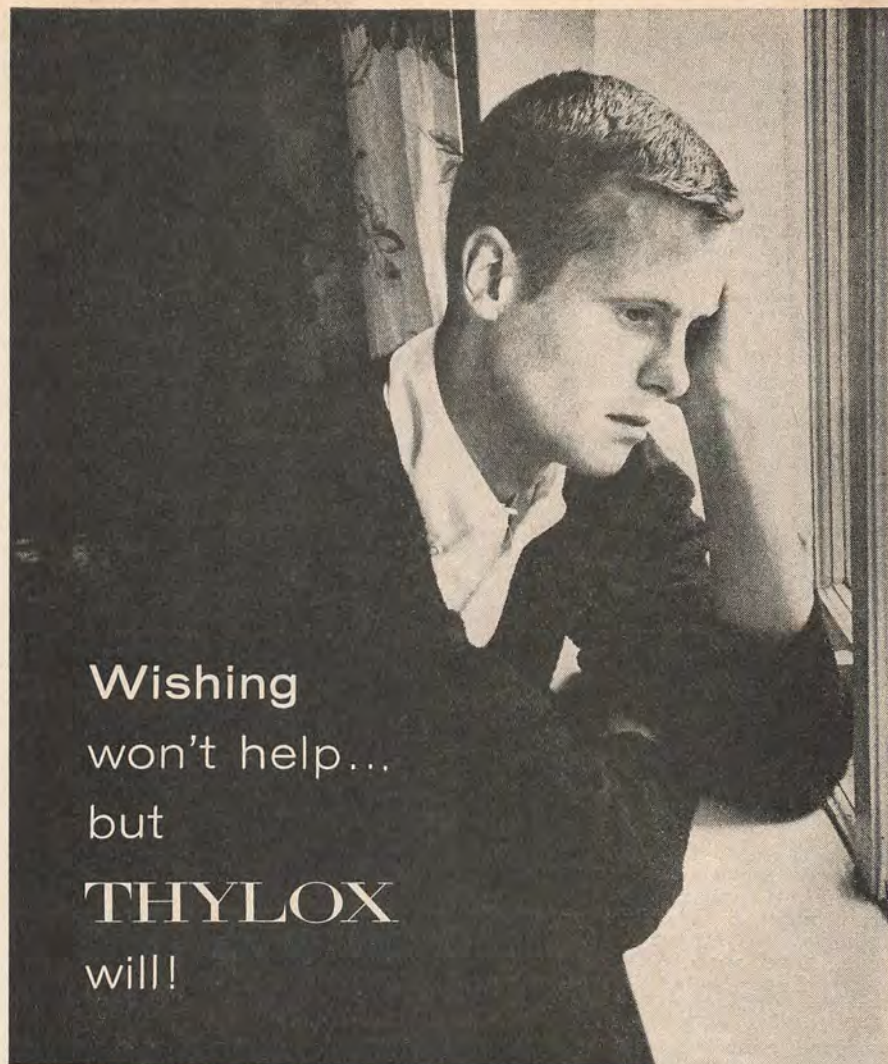
"We play him to pull and we find that he'll hit a lot of balls to the second-baseman, especially those slop curves. You have to play your third-baseman in close because he's always a threat to bunt. If he lays it down as he likes to, he gets down to first base in a hurry, and you've got very little chance to throw him out. Gus likes to level on the fast ball thrown away from him, so you've got to be very careful when you're throwing that pitch to him. I'd say that you've got to keep your sinker low and away.

"Burgess has always been the best curve-ball hitter on the Reds. I don't like to throw him my curve. I prefer to throw him fast balls high and away, and try to make him go to left field. He'll pull the curve ball and that always means trouble. Bailey gives me fits sometimes. He likes anything low, and he's especially tough on slow stuff. It's dangerous to try to change up on Ed.

"Crowe has always been a better hitter than people realize. I think he finally proved that last year. He's like Bailey—a good low-ball hitter. He likes a pitch low and away; he hits them to left-center field and he hits them a long way. Like all the lefthanded hitters on the Reds, except Burgess, he can be thrown breaking stuff down and in.

"That Bob Thurman is one of the most dangerous pinch-hitters in the league—maybe the best. He's a good low-ball hitter with plenty of power. I'd say the best way to pitch to him is to set him up for a changeup, especially a slop curve thrown from an overhand motion. But he's tough against any righthanded pitcher.

"Now, let's look at their righthanders. Temple gives me more trouble than any other hitter on the club, and it gets me down because I hate to have him get on with all those big hitters coming up. Johnny's a punch hitter and he's up there swinging all the time. He's a hit-and-run man, and he doesn't pull my pitches very often. We play him straight up the middle or shaded a bit to right field. He's got an annoying habit of stepping away from my sinker, which breaks low and in to a righthanded hitter, and slapping it right up the middle into center field. I've got him out sometimes by crossing him up.



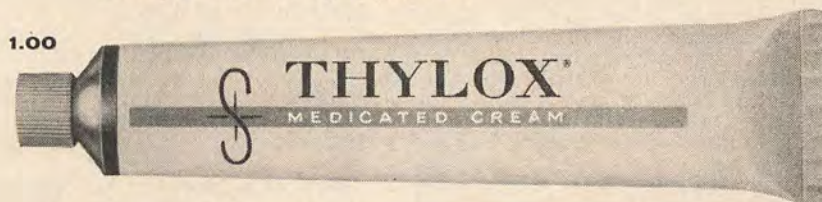
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When I think that he'll be backing away, I try to slip a curve over the outside corner, just where he won't be able to reach it.

"McMillan is becoming a better hitter all the time. He'll surprise you with his power. He likes the ball high. I try to keep it in close on him because he'll hit it to right field, and I've had some luck throwing him fast balls. He's the only hitter on the club, incidentally, who will go up there looking for a base on balls. The rest of them are always swinging.

"I used to have pretty good luck with Hoak crowding him with fast balls and then curving him on the outside. Since he's changed his stance, though, I'm not so sure about him. He's much tougher now.

"Robinson is a good-looking hitter who gets his power from a wonderful pair of wrists. He likes a pitch out over the plate where he can level off on it. You'll notice that he hits a lot of his home runs in Cincinnati over the wall in right or right-center. I try to keep my sinker ball in on his fists. A curve ball over the plate to Robinson is a bad pitch, and so is a changeup. You can throw him a waste curve low and away, and try to make him go for it.

"How good is my 'book' on the Reds? Well, they only pay off on results. The next time I'm pitching against Cincinnati, check the box score. That should tell the story."

When Tebbetts' name was brought up, Buzzie Bavasi grinned and leaned back in his chair in the Dodger office. He brought out his wallet, and from it he drew out a wrinkled old clipping. "I've been saving this for a year," Bavasi said. "This is an interview Birdie gave out last spring, and I knew he'd have to eat his words. I clipped it so I could show it to him after the season."

Bavasi assumed an air of mock seriousness and looked over the story. "Birdie said last spring that he had the best infield in the league, the best outfield in the league and by far the best catching in the league. He also said that his pitching was much better than anybody thought it was. He said he had a good staff. So, what happened? With this marvelous team, Birdie finished fourth. If he's got the best ballplayers and he can't win with them, what does that make him? Why, it makes him the worst manager, doesn't it?"

And Buzzie leaned back again and laughed.

Because Birdie is enthusiastic and likes to talk a lot, he leaves himself open for some spirited needling. But, like Bavasi's remark, most of the gibes are in fun. Just as everybody has agreed in the past on the quality of Birdie's unfortunate pitching staff, so everybody agrees that the Reds have an exceptional manager.

"Birdie talks a lot, just like I do," Bobby Bragan, the Indians' manager, was saying not long ago, "but he seldom gets into trouble because he has the knack of saying things the right way. Last spring neither of us thought much of the Giants, and we said so, but I was the only one they got mad at. I said, 'Willie Mays is the only player the Giants have.' Birdie put it differently. He said, 'Any team that's got Willie Mays can be tough to beat.' We were saying the same thing in different ways, but as I say, Birdie has that knack."

Tebbetts is an aggressive manager

who sticks up for his players, a quality that has won him favor not only with his own men, but among players around the league, as well. The Dodgers' ex-firebrand, Jackie Robinson, who has never tossed bouquets around lightly, says without hesitation that Birdie is the best manager in the National League. Most ballplayers agree with Jackie.

Perhaps Tebbetts' greatest asset, the players say, is his ability as a "con man." The reason for his enthusiastic praise of his own players in public is his desire to make them believe in themselves. Several years ago, Leo Durocher used to tell everybody who would listen to him that Mays was the greatest player in the world. This was fine for Willie, for it bolstered his confidence and unquestionably had something to do with his success. The trouble was, Leo couldn't vary his hymn of praise. It was always "Willie! Willie! Willie!"—until the other Giant players got sick of it and, understandably, began to feel that they were being slighted by their dandy little manager.

Tebbetts, who studied psychology at Providence College and the University of New Hampshire, is much wiser in these matters. He boosts every man on his ball club. Robinson is the greatest young hitter in the game, Mantle and Aaron notwithstanding; Bell is as good a centerfielder as Mays or Snider; Bailey is the best catcher in baseball; and so it goes. Some of the young men begin to believe it and, in the case of a sagging ego, that's all to the good.

Of course, this is another point at which Birdie leaves himself open for a critic with a sharp needle. When the Reds were sailing through stormy seas late last season, Charlie Dresen was heard to remark: "First I read where Tebbetts uses this psychological stuff he got from college. He gives this guy a pat on the back and says something nice about the other fellow. Then when things went bad, he clamped on a curfew, benched some guys and threatened to fine some others. Hell, I used to do that—and I only went to one year of high school."

Birdie's peace of mind will best be helped by clearing away the dead wood on the pitching staff, which has been a heavy anchor on the team ever since he arrived at Crosley Field in 1954. The atmosphere has not been entirely dismal, though. Art Fowler was always good for some laughs, and so was Frank Smith, the big relief pitcher whose career was ended by arm trouble. Even Rogers Hornsby, Birdie's dour predecessor at Cincinnati, had to chuckle at Smith. After Frank had been clobbered for a tremendous home run one day, he trudged mournfully back to the dug-out.

"Was that a good pitch he hit?" Hornsby asked him.

"It must have been," Smith said. "He sure hit the hell out of it."

Tebbetts, having survived what he hopes was the worst of his pitching troubles, can now look forward to better days.

Probably nowhere in baseball is there a combination as popular as that of general manager Paul and manager Tebbetts. At 47 one of baseball's rising executives, Paul has been in the game since 1920 when he was a batboy for George Stallings' team at Rochester. He rose to become the

club's ticket manager, then moved to Cincinnati in 1936 where he served successively as publicity director, traveling secretary and assistant to the president. In 1951 he succeeded Warren Giles as general manager. Able and well-liked, it is believed in baseball that Paul may succeed Giles in another post some day—the presidency of the National League. By building the Reds into a contender, he has proved himself one of the game's top administrators.

Powel Crosley, Jr., the team's owner, is not quite so popular a figure around Cincinnati, and his recent threats to move the franchise did not serve to endear him any further. Evidently the threat was not an idle one. Early last year a story was sent out by one of the wire services saying that the Giants were definitely moving to San Francisco, the Dodgers to Los Angeles and the Reds to New York. The story, of course, was denied at the time, but two-thirds of it later proved to be true. Many baseball men insist that, before the story betrayed their plans, the Reds also were seriously considering a move. They hadn't gone as far as the Giants and the Dodgers in their commitments, however, and the story apparently made them put an end to their negotiations.

There was little more heard about the franchise shift of the Reds until after the season when Crosley announced he was very discouraged at the city's failure to provide more parking space near the ball park. "My feelings are that at no time prior to this has the franchise been in as much jeopardy as it is now," Crosley wailed. "I'm not sure we're going to stay."

This served to prod the city fathers more than Walter O'Malley's cries of poverty had disturbed New York and Brooklyn officials. The city went ahead with plans to buy up neighboring lots, and spent \$2,000,000 to provide parking space for about 2,600 additional cars. They did not, however, intend to let themselves be mouse-trapped. They demanded that the Reds sign a contract guaranteeing that they would stay in Cincinnati at least through the 1962 season. The Reds agreed, and went to work painting the old park. There will be business as usual at Crosley Field this season, and it's possible that the Reds' intended move to New York has been permanently sidetracked.

To conclude this report, SPORT asked a number of players and executives whether they thought that the Reds, despite the number of first-rate sluggers they have assembled over the past few years, have now lost their chance at a pennant and are heading downhill. The consensus was that Cincinnati was never the threat it seemed to be on paper. Its pitching deficiency was too much for any team to overcome. Now the Reds have lost Klu, Post and the promising Flood, and there is considerable doubt that the pitchers (with the possible exception of Haddix) received in return are as dependable a bunch as the Reds need.

But the outlook is not entirely pessimistic. Baseball men are impressed by the number of good young pitchers and outfielders in the Reds' farm system. The team's future, it is said, lies with these youngsters. With 175 strong-armed pitchers under contract, the Reds wait hopefully for the hatching of a new Paul Derringer and a new Bucky Walters.

The Perfect Ballplayer

(Continued from page 31)

Williams' concentration in his art of hitting; the magic fire Willie Mays seems to light under a ball club; the fiery competitiveness of Nellie Fox; and the cool way Bob Thurman faces a pinch-hit situation.

Now for Our Man's physical abilities at the plate. He must have, most people agreed, the strength of Eddie Mathews. His manager, Fred Haney, thinks Mathews hits a ball as far as anybody who ever lived. He must have the wrists of Ted Williams and the classic swing of Duke Snider when he connects. He must have the natural stroke to all fields of Hank Aaron and the grace of Al Kaline. He must have control of his bat in the manner of Red Schoendienst, and must hit behind the runners the way Al Dark does.

He must have the eye of Jim Gilliam or Williams, and be as hard to fool as Richie Ashburn, who, in some manner, always seems to get his bat on part of the ball. He must hit a curve ball as effectively as Vic Wertz, an admitted master, and must guard the plate after two strikes in the manner of Ray Boone, who received an accolade as an expert in this department from Charlie Gehringer, not a bad man himself in his time.

Our perfect player should be able to hit the ball with the fervor of Mays, the calmness of Stan Musial, the patience of Williams and the overpowering menace of Gus Zernial. He should be as indestructible as Gil Hodges, and have the endurance of Eddie Yost or Musial.

That's our hitter. It's unlikely that

he'd ever be gotten out, so let's see how he gets down to first. He would go down to first the way Don Blasingame does, would run out doubles in the manner of Charlie Neal or Ken Boyer, would go from first to third like Mickey Mantle, and would score from second in the scooting style of Mays.

There was no unanimity in any of these speed choices, of course. Many American Leaguers believe that Mantle can outrun anybody running to any base. But Stengel said that if he had to choose one spurt of Mantle's speed, it would be from first to third on a short hit to center. "Don't look down or you'll miss him," Casey chuckled. New York sportswriter Lou Miller, who has put the stopwatch on players in both leagues getting down to first, says that Mantle's 3.1 seconds as a lefthanded hitter is still the best time recorded.

Our base-runner would bother the opposing pitcher, too, the way Jackie Robinson used to and Mays does. He would get the jump of Pee Wee Reese. He would be heady on the bases in the style of Minnie Minoso, and daring the way Jim Rivera and Don Hoak are.

If the side on which our perfect player performed ever was retired, he'd take the field and show his other talents. There he would have the overall defensive speed of Willie Mays. He would race back for a fly ball and nab sinking liners the way Jim Piersall does, a man Lou Boudreau once said was "the best outfielder I ever saw in my life, and I don't think anybody ever saw a better one." He would

track down long drives, going back as far as Ashburn or Snider. He would hustle like Hank Bauer, think like Piersall and play a wall as effectively as Carl Furillo.

In throwing he'd emulate Furillo, of course, but many people insist that old Enos Slaughter is still the model for the short throw after collaring the tough grounder. Our man would have the good strong hands of Roy McMillan. He would play the hitters in the exceptional fashion of Schoendienst and would make Luis Aparicio's miraculous plays over second base. He would be as good as Pee Wee Reese on pop flies. He would have the glove hand of Eddie Yost and would be able to go into the third-short hole with Willie Jones. And on the double play "feed," he'd be as adept as Schoendienst.

After all this, our perfect man would slide with the finesse that Jackie Robinson had, and the ruggedness of Hank Bauer, would never miss a coach's sign, would squeeze home a runner as well as Phil Rizzuto used to and sacrifice as well as Eddie Miksis, would keep his eye on the ball as long as Williams, would never be picked off or caught in a hidden ball play, would bowl over the catcher like Slaughter and take out a second-baseman the way Temple does. He would fill in as base coach, trainer and manager, and would be a great sign stealer.

He would live the good life, be in bed at 11 p.m. every night, never touch anything stronger than butter-milk, and would protect his eyes by not watching television.

And, oh yes, he would be as modest as Stan Musial.

— ■ —



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Tarnished Idol

(Continued from page 20)

for \$150,000. The International Boxing Club was then set up, with Norris, Wirtz and Louis each owning one-third of the stock. Louis, as a member of the Board of Directors, went on the payroll at \$15,000 a year.

When he returned to the ring, Joe quite naturally had divorced himself from the promotion. It has done him no particular harm, though, since, under the capitalization contract, his stock could not have been sold for more than \$333.33. When he hung up his gloves for good, he was hired back at the \$20,000 figure previously mentioned. So Joe Louis, in this instance, made himself a pretty good deal all the way.

Joe's great virtue (or great vice) is that he is eternally loyal to his friends. Whether they will be as loyal to him remains to be seen, for, as his accountant says, "It's getting so that pretty soon somebody else is going to have to pick up a check."

Jimmy Hoffa is a friend of Joe's. Apparently a good friend. If he had been a slightly better friend, though, he would not have used Joe the way he did. During Hoffa's time of trouble last summer, he found it necessary to stop off in the Washington courthouse to get himself tried for attempting to place a spy on the Congressional committee which was investigating him. The government thought it had a perfect case. Since eight members of the jury were Negroes, the Hoffa people, who had not got to the top of the corrupt, brawling Teamsters Union by leaving things to chance, soon had a full-page ad in a local Negro paper. The ad, placed by a Negro leader, was a song of praise to that great friend of the colored man, good old Jimmy Hoffa. The court somehow got the impression that this might be an attempt to influence the jury, however, and the jury was locked up. And so, Jimmy Hoffa turned to Joe Louis. . . .

On the day before the trial ended, Joe appeared in the courtroom. When the court recessed, Jimmy came back to shake his hand, and the two men then stood around for a while, chatting amiably. Any other spectator who wanted to observe this display of friendship—even, for that matter, the jury—was perfectly entitled to.

Whether this touching tableau had anything to do with it or not, Jimmy Hoffa was found not guilty and allowed to go on to other troubles and other courtrooms.

When first questioned about it, Joe maintained that he had just happened to be in Washington, checking to see whether the Bureau of Internal Revenue was still there. It was only natural, he said, that he should drop in at the courthouse to see how good old Jimmy was making out. A few days later, however, Drew Pearson—upon whose spies the sun never sets—revealed that Joe's hotel bill (\$21.66) had been charged to a Chicago local of the union—none of Hoffa's crew having had the decency to pay it out of their own pocket or the sense to phony up the expense sheet.

Since this bit of information came out while a Senate investigating committee was hearing how car-washing companies with Teamster contracts were being allowed to pay their Negro workers a few cents an hour, Senator Goldwater of Arizona was able to sug-

gest that Joe talk to his good friend Hoffa about the matter.

Joe got mixed up in it this way: He was contacted by a friend of Hoffa's and asked to make an appearance as a favor to Jimmy. One of Joe's friends advised him not to do it, on the most practical of all grounds: "You've got to get bad publicity for yourself and you're not even getting paid for it."

To which Joe replied: "There are a lot of people who help their friends by pulling strings undercover. What I'll do, I'll do in the open where everybody can see. If they want to cut me down for looking out for my friends, let them."

Joe's appearance in court, far from helping him financially, has actually hurt him. The New York public relations firm he heads with Billy Rowe (a onetime deputy police commissioner) was offered the Teamsters Union account a short time afterwards, but both Louis and Rowe felt they had to turn it down, lest they be accused of taking a payoff.

In these matters, Joe is very careful to protect his name and all that it stands for. The Trujillo dictatorship offered Louis-Rowe \$15,000 a month

ever heard of the Actor's Studio. Joe's answer to all such queries was: "If anybody decided who was going to win, they never told me about it."

There can not be much doubt that the decision to become a wrestler came out of the income-tax mess. Whether it was a last effort to show the Bureau that he was trying his best to raise what money he could, or whether it was a way of pressuring them into a settlement by building up sympathy for himself, is anybody's guess.

At any rate, Joe said: "It ain't stealing." And it ain't. While everyone else was shedding tears for him, authentic and crocodile, Joe—who is, after all, a man who enjoys physical activity—had himself a fine time, a consideration of little importance to the landlords of the legend. He was forced to quit after four months, when a kick to his ribs injured a muscle in his heart. "I was," he says, with regret, "getting to be a pretty good wrestler, too."

On the record, the thing started while he was refereeing a bout between Buddy Rogers and Cowboy Rocky Lee. Lee, through some horrible mischance, belted Joe for interfering with his work; Joe, more angered than the prophets of old, challenged him to a fight. The 330-pound Lee, no fool he, responded with a challenge to wrestle. Joe accepted, and, since it was thought the public might be interested in the outcome, the match was held in an open arena, complete with seats and box-office.

Joe KO'd Lee and was soon touring the Southland. The New York Post, a newspaper always poised to strike a blow at racial injustice, sent a sportswriter down to weep over Joe's body, it being obvious enough to them that he was suffering a fate second only to that of the Scottsboro boys. Happily for the Post, the St. Petersburg arena at which Joe was appearing was selling tickets only to certified members of the "master race," a situation Joe discovered just before he was scheduled to go on. Joe yielded to pressure and went on with the show, though he did announce he was sending his purse to the NAACP and would never again appear under such circumstances.

It was no great surprise that Louis went on. Joe was conditioned from the beginning to roll with racial punches, to avoid incidents, to hold himself in. His job was not only to win the championship, it was to break ground for the Negroes who would come after. He was told to conduct himself in a manner that would give the average man no cause for pause, give the prejudiced man no opportunity to raise his voice.

It is not so easy today to remember how it was in 1934 when Joe Louis, a 20-year-old boy with fantastic ability, was set on the road toward the championship. As far as the Negro in America is concerned—particularly in sports—it was a wholly different era. Even Joe's nickname, "The Brown Bomber," is not a name he would be given today, since the accent fell at least as heavily upon the adjective as upon the noun.

Negroes were not supposed to become heavyweight champions in those days. As a matter of fact, Jack Blackburn agreed to become his trainer only because the people he had been working for previously told him: "What do you want to tie yourself



to handle its public relations in New York. As part of the deal, Louis was to come down to the Dominican Republic for six months to instruct at the Military Academy. A public relations firm offers professional services, just as a lawyer and a doctor, and is not necessarily supposed to pass moral judgments on its clients, but Louis and Rowe, upon learning that Trujillo was not only a dictator but a particularly oppressive one, turned down that account, too.

If he is so anxious to protect his name, you may ask, how did Joe ever get involved with that brief fling (apt word, that) at wrestling? The answer seems to be that Joe saw nothing wrong with it. He had been refereeing wrestling bouts for years and had come to like the wrestlers, possibly because they treated him as a human being, not as a national shrine.

All wrestlers apparently take a blood-oath that they will publicly shudder at any suggestion that they work by script, which is something like Marlon Brando denying that he

up with a colored heavyweight for? You know a Negro heavyweight can't go anywhere."

When Joe came to New York, with a string of KO's behind him, Mike Jacobs sent him and Blackburn to see Arthur Brisbane, the leading editorial figure in the country. "A Negro heavyweight," Brisbane told him "starts out with two strikes against him . . ."

"Come on, Chappie," Blackburn said coldly. "Let's me and you go out and see how much fun we can have with that third strike."

And so the young Louis was told over and over that the road was narrow and the journey hazardous; and that one misstep could lead to disaster. And the young Joe Louis was told again and again that the future of the Negro lay, in no small part, upon the impression he made on the American public. He had to be, in the phrase of the day, "a credit to his race," as if any man should ever have to be anything more than a credit to himself and his family. (Boxing, quick to get on the bandwagon, decided he was also "a credit to the game," as meaningless a statement as has ever been coined.)

Joe was told about Jack Johnson, the old Negro champion whose wild and gaudy behavior had been used as an excuse to keep all subsequent Negro fighters at a safe distance from the championship. And so, the young Louis hated Jack Johnson and refused to permit him to enter his training camps. (We wonder, though, whether Joe doesn't now see Johnson in a somewhat different light. There was something wildly glorious about Jack Johnson, who, against all pressures, said, in effect, "Nuts to you, Jack. I'm who I am and what I am, and I'm going to live my life the way I want to. If you don't like it, that's too bad.")

They called Jack Johnson many things as he roared through those wild years of his, but nobody ever called him Uncle Tom.

It fell to Joe Louis to do it the other way: the quiet, restricted way. It fell to him to set up an image, at whatever the cost to his own personality and his own growth. He was polite and sportsmanlike, always ready to oblige but never pushy. John Roxborough, his patron and co-manager, was "like a father to me," as Mike Jacobs was also to become "like a father to me." He had been set down in a bewildering world and he was happy to have these fathers around to tell him what to do.

He appeared to be naturally gaited for that course, though; he was placid and shy and happy to defer to the writers who came to talk to him. He was a man without an enemy. At least, that is the way he appeared.

But he was a man who was holding himself in. Think back on Joe Louis and you see the portrait of a man holding himself in. He was the poker-faced, unemotional Joe Louis . . . which meant only that he permitted no emotion to cross his features (out of fear of what those emotions might reveal if he loosed the reins even a little, if he gave the viewer the slightest clue?). He held himself in when he spoke, mumbling and stuttering (out of fear of what he might say if he let himself speak out clearly?). Even in the ring he held himself in, shuffling slowly toward his opponent, displaying no eagerness to get at him, to rip him apart . . . Until at last he got close enough to let it all explode.

Outside the ring, he exploded in what directions were open, too. Money was one thing he did not have to hold inside him and he threw it to the

breezes. Even at the peak of his tax troubles, he would come to New York to pick up a fast \$5,000 for a TV appearance, hire a hotel suite, throw a party and go back to Chicago with nothing but another tax deficit to make up.

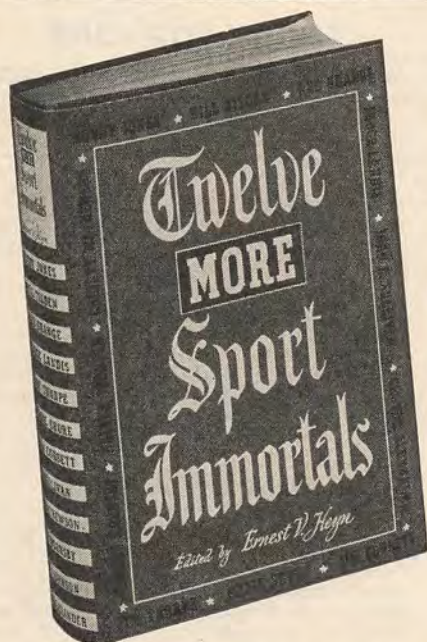
The sportswriters took him at face value, though. They were only too happy to help his managers build the image. Most of them even came to believe it, for the New York sportswriters are the greatest hero-worshippers in the business. Anyway, compared with some of the bums they had built up, Joe was pretty close to a god.

And so the image was built. When Joe arose at a Madison Square Garden banquet during the war, he said simply: "We are going to win because we are on God's side." And the cheers came bouncing off the rafters. (No matter that Wendell Willkie had said it only a few weeks earlier—and somebody else, in all probability, had said it in every war ever fought. We ignore all that when we are making myths.)

When he was training to fight Abe Simon for Army Relief, they asked him how he felt about fighting for nothing and he answered: "I'm not fighting for nothing, I'm fighting for my country." Never mind that he had to be asked three times before he said it; he said it and it was right that he had said it.

What upsets the writers now is that Joe is failing to live up to the image they so generously and admiringly created for him. It's almost as though he has turned against them.

Do you remember how some baseball writers and fans suddenly turned on Jackie Robinson when he began to argue with the umpires? *After all we have done for you*, they seemed to



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THE .300 HITTERS DID IT IN THE MINORS, TOO

They all hit well before making it to the big time, but only three—led by Ted Williams, naturally—have improved on their minor-league averages

By ALLAN ROTH

OF THE 17 card-holding members of baseball's exclusive .300 club who will be starting the 1958 season this month, 16 of them turned in substantial batting records when they were in the minor leagues. (The exception is Al Kaline, who moved directly from high school to the majors.) Fourteen of them hit .320 or better in the minors, and only one, Duke Snider, failed to reach the magical .300 mark. The Duke of Los Angeles batted .297 in four seasons in the minors. And, as you might expect, none of this group lingered very long in the minors, the average player requiring about three seasons, or 300 games, to climb into the big time.

However, only three of them have managed to improve on their minor-league averages, with Ted Williams (who else?) showing a substantial increase, and Stan Musial and Snider showing moderate ones. Williams' combined three-year minor-league record shows an average of .325, while in his 16 years in the majors, he has hit 25 points higher. His American League lifetime mark of .350 ranks as the best among active players. Musial, who is second in lifetime batting with a .340 average for his 16 seasons with the Cardinals, hit .335 in his four minor-league seasons as a pitcher-outfielder. Snider's 11-year mark in the majors is .303, six points better than he did in the minors. His teammate, Carl Furillo, shows the smallest difference between his minor- and major-league figures among members of the .300 club, with a .304 average in the minors and an even .300 in the National League. Snider and Furillo are also the only two members of the .300 club who have failed to hit at least .320 in the minors. The other minor-league averages range from Frank Robinson's .320 up to Willie Mays' .393—but Willie, shame on him, has only a meager .311 batting average to show for his six major-league seasons.

be saying, you should be properly grateful and submissive. But here you are, arguing with umpires just as if you thought you had the same rights as anybody else. And so, their real complaint was: You don't appreciate what we did for you! I'll bet you never appreciated it!

And that's what the real beef is against Louis today. You don't appreciate what we did for you! I'll bet you never appreciated it!

The first foreshadowing of this attitude came back in 1952 when Joe was barred from a PGA tournament, in accordance with the racial clause in the PGA by-laws. Joe was quoted as saying: "The PGA is another Hitler. Horton Smith believes in the white race like Hitler believed in a super race."

This was not the Joe Louis, the uncomplaining Joe Louis whom the sports world had come to know and love.

Bill Corum, for instance, did not question the accuracy of the quote, but he did feel it necessary "to point out . . . that these are somebody else's words coming from Louis' mouth. He sounded better when he used his own. Or, at any rate, words that fit his character as a man, and that he used sparingly, simply and effectively."

Today, Joe is a little more aggressive than he used to be. He worked for a time as an artist's agent, and found—as many others have found—that it is much easier to speak up for somebody else than it is to speak up for yourself. It is not easy to find out who you are and what you want when you reach Joe Louis' age, and, if he deserves nothing else, he deserves the right to work it out for himself without any tongue-cluckings from the sidelines.

SPORT FOR JUNE

WILL BE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

APRIL 29

He was being true to himself, we submit, when he went into wrestling, simply because he thought he might like it, and when he went down to do his bit for Hoffa, simply because Jimmy was his friend.

Still, Joe goes home to Chicago, every once in a while, locks himself in his apartment, takes the phone off the hook, and broods. If a close friend wants to reach him with an important message, he has to call a neighbor to go bang on Joe's door. It is possible that, as Joe lies there, working things out, he is asking himself how he got caught in so many traps; how, out of so much success, came so much failure.

But when he falls to brooding, Joe should remember what he has accomplished. During Jackie Robinson's last year in baseball, we wrote, in this magazine, that as he looked upon Willie Mays and Ernie Banks and Hank Aaron, he was looking, in a very real sense, upon his own children.

On a broader scale, Joe Louis has spawned a whole generation of grandchildren. No matter how bad Joe's troubles become, he can take in the whole wide world of sports and comfort himself with what he finds. This is not a bad monument for any man to have built himself.

— ■ —

THE ACTIVE .300 HITTERS IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES	IN MINORS				IN MAJORS				Majors over Minors
	Years	Games	Batting Titles	Batting Average	Years	Games	Batting Titles	Batting Average	
AMERICAN LEAGUE									
Ted Williams, Red Sox	3	328	1	.325	16	1947	5	.350	+25
Mickey Mantle, Yankees	3	266	1	.357	7	952	1	.316	-41
Bill Skowron, Yankees	3	397	1	.328	4	451	0	.314	-14
Al Kaline, Tigers	No Minor League experience				5	622	1	.307	
Minnie Minoso, Indians	3	317	0	.326	8	1049	0	.307	-19
Billy Goodman, White Sox	3	317	0	.351	11	1250	1	.306	-45
Harvey Kuenn, Tigers	1	63	0	.340	6	771	0	.306	-34
Enos Slaughter, Yankees	3	414	1	.334	17	2218	0	.302	-32
Bob Boyd, Orioles	6	685	1	.325	5	307	0	.301	-24
NATIONAL LEAGUE									
Stan Musial, Cardinals	4	303	0	.335	16	2278	7	.340	+ 5
Hank Aaron, Braves	2	224	1	.353	4	579	1	.313	-40
Richie Ashburn, Phillies	2	243	0	.342	10	1489	1	.312	-30
Willie Mays, Giants	2	116	0	.393	6	762	1	.311	-82
Frank Robinson, Reds	3	292	0	.320	2	302	0	.307	-13
Duke Snider, Dodgers	4	344	0	.297	11	1425	0	.303	+ 6
Ted Kluszewski, Pirates	2	205	2	.366	11	1339	0	.302	-64
Carl Furillo, Dodgers	3	333	0	.304	12	1626	1	.300	- 4

Is Basketball Heading for Another Scandal?

(Continued from page 14)

you, sort of. So I'm in the second group and they get me up, and the guy out in the seats says, 'Do we have a mug shot of him?' and I hear this inspector I know say, 'Do we have a picture of him! Hell, we got a portrait of this guy.' Anyway, they leave me go and that's what I remember most about basketball. Well, I mean, I know some stuff about today, too. The game has grewed up big. It's national. Everybody bets even in their own bailiwhack. Not just in the big towns any more. The colleges is spread out now. And you know that wherever they play basketball, they bet. There's only two kinds of fans in this game, players and layers."

ON COLLEGE RECRUITING—"He'll be a big star next year. He'll make a great pro, too. That's if he can stand taking the cut in pay. If you knew how much cash it took to get that kid, you could make a big man out of yourself."

"The business has been put on a level now that nobody even dreamed of ten years ago. In the old days, if I had a ballplayer, he would get an offer for a scholarship and maybe a few dollars, and he would take it. Today, they fly the kid to the campus and butter him up and set up a deal that takes him through post-graduate school, give him cash right off the bat and then set up an endowment fund for him, or something along that order. It's gotten to be a business of its own, a big one, this recruiting. Bigger than in 1951? There's no comparison. Today it's done the right way, if that's what you consider the right way."

OVER-EMPHASIS BY SCHOOL ADMINISTRATIONS—"After Robertson scored 56 points in Madison Square Garden, we checked the school a day or so later and found out that Cincinnati had sold \$2,000 worth of tickets to its next game already. Altogether, Robertson's scoring came out to something like \$13,000 worth of tickets bought in two weeks. At that rate, they'll make a bundle with him."

"Indiana grossed \$67,000 for its home games last year and could have done a whole lot better if the facilities were there. So the school is talking about a new arena. They want to be able to seat 17,500. You know, since 1947 there have been 24 new arenas built by colleges, and plenty more are on drawing boards right now."

"These admission deans, I wonder if they sleep at night. Take this kid. He's a great ballplayer, wait until you see him when he comes up on the varsity next year. But if you put his high school scoring average and his classroom average together, you still wouldn't get a passing mark. I guess they don't care, but it's a big school and I wonder why they allow it. I thought this was the type of thing they were supposed to have stopped."

These are surface facts picked up over a short period. A longer, more detailed search of the situation—which will be put down as starkly as possible—didn't change the tone at all, except to make it a bit harsher. With this, you were led to a simple

conclusion: The sport of basketball, on almost every level, hasn't learned a thing in the past seven years. Nor is it about to learn on its own.

There were, to go back a bit, two ways to accept the fix scandals. If you were an average fan, the headlines, no matter how bold and big, sickened you and were hard to believe. If it was your business to know more than most, you had to wonder why it was so long in coming out and why so many got away clean.

But there was more to 1951 than point-shaving and kids selling out. This was merely the end result—the inevitable result—of a situation which had been put together and helped along by everybody concerned with the sport, from the president of a school down to the assistant coach. It took in the academic area, with its grade fixing and lowering of standards. It also included the financial part of schooling, with its gate receipts and payoffs to ballplayers. It was from these sections that the foundation for the scandal was formed. The gamblers came on the scene only after the spadework was done. They were the logical—and inevitable—next step to the payoffs the kids received to go to school.

What follows here is not a police department work sheet. It is, instead, as cold and appraising a look as possible at what is still the most dangerous juggernaut in the world of sports—loosely-run basketball, whether it be college or pro.

Seven years ago, there were some bona-fide scapegoats who were generally given all the credit—or as much of it as other guilty parties could unload—for the mess. The colleges themselves rated a big hand. From presidents down to deans, school administrators had cultivated a taste for the kind of publicity and gate receipts a school could get playing a big-time schedule. Nobody plays a big schedule without big ballplayers, so a hot-handed recruiting program was winked at as the coach made sure he had the horses.

Next in line came Ned Irish, New York and Madison Square Garden. "They had to come to New York and learn it," was the anguished howl of out-of-town schools caught in the mess. Irish and the Garden, they charged, let gamblers run rampant. There was a logical sound to the argument, and hysteria carried it along to a point where most considered it a fact. In the light of what is happening today, the argument falls considerably short of truthfulness.

Back in '51, the newspapers were willing to admit openly that they had been at fault. They carried the gambling line faithfully on sports pages. They failed to nose into the situation until it became so hot you had to be asleep not to know it existed. The laws of libel were one roadblock for the papers, but most members of the profession felt a better job could have been done.

The players involved were taken either with opened arms, as good kids who'd gone wrong and got into trouble, or with handcuffs, as outright criminals. The fixers, the book-makers and other members of the

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gambling industry were scorned as threats to everything this side of freedom of worship; every politician looking for an easy headline came out four-square against them. They were the rotten core of the mess and should be eliminated quickly, it said in all the speeches.

That's how it was in 1951. Let's take a look at the way it is now.

The lobby of Madison Square Garden used to be packed with cigar-smoking guys who talked about the point spread between the halves of the college games. The lobby is broken up with escalators now, and inside, on college basketball nights, a couple of thousand people, at the most, rattle around the big place that once contained an automatic 18,000-plus for a doubleheader.

Nat Holman, when he isn't overseas conducting a clinic, may be in a last-row seat in the side loge, where the coaches always sit. Otherwise, you may find him in the small gym where City College plays its games these days. Holman, the perfectionist, will sit and watch a City club which is pure amateur, compared to his power-houses, and he'll talk of practicing foul shooting and other things the kids need, but it doesn't really matter because CCNY as a big-shot basketball power belongs to the past.

New York University still plays a major schedule in the Garden, but its huge alumni group doesn't turn out any more, and a squabble between the coach and a substitute player attracted as much comment this year as any of the scoring feats by NYU greats in the past.

Dick Esau, the straight-faced house detective who presides over the Garden lobby, was standing off to one side and talking about his job these days. "A fight or two breaks out. Maybe a guy comes in with the wrong ticket. Somebody gets sick. But no gamblers. I doubt you could get a bookmaker or a KG (known gambler) in here with a Hollywood disguise. There's not many of them around with the colleges anyway."

College basketball in New York, you see, is quite close to being a dead issue. But this doesn't mean anything more than a belated pardon of sorts for Irish, his arena and the city. A visit to Cincinnati two days later showed this.

Oscar Robertson was off to one

side of the office. He had on a tan jacket, khaki pants, buckskin shoes and a white shirt open at the neck. He seemed uncomfortable as the big business of college athletics went on about him.

Tom Eicher, the University of Cincinnati publicity man, was on the telephone. "Tickets for tonight?" he said. "I don't know what's left."

"Behind the baskets, and they're about gone," a guy standing behind him said.

A television crew from Indianapolis wrestled with wires and cameras, and a sportscaster asked Oscar if he was ready for the interview they wanted to film.

Through an open door leading to the next office, Robertson could hear George Smith, his coach, talking to out-of-town writers. Smith was running off a film clip on Robertson. "He can do anything," Smith was saying. "Look at him, he either goes straight up or down or falls away. Makes no difference to him. How'd we get him? Everybody helped. Alumni, friends, George Crowe—he plays for the Reds—might have helped, too. George's brother, Ray, coached Oscar in high school at Indianapolis. You know, we have a good chance to get Jerry Lucas, too."

"I need prints, a flock more of 'em, on picture No. 100 of Oscar Robertson," Eicher was saying into the phone. "No, we won't be here then. We're flying out in the morning."

"I wanted Oscar to get ahead of Wilt Chamberlain in the scoring race," Smith droned on. "So I moved him outside to shoot. He had only 17 at the half."

This was on Cincinnati's campus, which is a short cab ride from the downtown hotels. The offices were on the second story of the glass, brick and aluminum fieldhouse the school erected two years ago. It seats 6,200 and with the "Big O," as they call him, playing, tickets are hard to get.

This scene was on the University of Cincinnati property and it was this season, but it might just as well have been at Madison Square Garden seven years ago because the talk was the same and the attitude was the same and the implicit pressure was the same. If the Garden was commercial then, the same must be said for this school and its ideas on basketball today.

This is not to single out Cincinnati as a whipping boy. What takes place there is only a part of a new big-business move in basketball which makes it essential for you to have your own arena and play games there—not because, as they keep claiming, it is a healthy atmosphere for the amateur sport, but rather because you can make more money today with basketball on the campus than you can in the big-city arena.

Your big basketball centers today are diversified. Kansas State has an auditorium seating 13,000. So does the University of Kansas. Maryland has a breath-taking building which holds 15,100. Indiana is dissatisfied with its 10,000-seat plant. It wants one holding 17,500. Ohio State has a big new fieldhouse. The arenas at the University of Kentucky and North Carolina State are not as new, but they are just as massive.

Once a school invests in an arena, it is forced into outright commercialism in basketball. When you look around the college sport today you find that, while the commercialism is not so all-inclusive as it once was, the places that do go in for big-time basketball on the campus do it on an economic and professional plane never seen before.

Plane is as good a word as any, too. A high school star worth his salt today can spend nearly every weekend flying, gratis, to some college campus to see if it meets with his requirements. In the case of Wilt Chamberlain, the seven-foot youngster logged enough flight time during his undergraduate days at Overbrook High in Philadelphia to qualify for the Strategic Air Command. It narrowed down, after a long while, to a fight between Indiana and Kansas for his basketball services. Kansas won and the charges flew. The magazine *Time* was moved by the Chamberlain case to a point where its colon and asterisk-cluttered pages included this little footnote on The Stilt: "Alumni are rumored to have set up a trust fund of not less than \$10,000, to mature upon Chamberlain's graduation."

The Chamberlain case sets the tempo and the turbulence for the recruiting end of the college business. This is undoubtedly the messiest detail of all. From North Carolina State, where offers to Jackie Moreland were apparently exorbitant enough to earn the school a four-year probation by the NCAA and the boy an inglorious awakening to the business facts of life, to Houston, normally thought of as football domain but today a quick-moving, ambitious basketball school which has demonstrated a willingness to handle transfer students and almost anybody else from most any place who can put a ball in a basket. The raw recruitment of young talent is at an all-time high (or low).

"It began to get so rough over Jerry," Paul Walker, coach of Middletown (Ohio) High School, says, "that we decided to do something about it before the season started."

He was talking, of course, about Jerry Lucas, his six-foot, nine-inch, straight-A student, scoring star. Lucas is a senior now, but the hustling began last year. At night, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marc Lucas, would have to put up with phone calls from alumni of nearly every big-time school in the country. By day, the Middletown school halls held a couple of coaches or visiting recruiters ready

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to besiege the tall and talented kid. "To beat it," Walker says, "Jerry Nardiello, the sports editor of the Middletown Herald, Mr. Lucas and I sat down over dinner one night and decided on a course of action. We came up with a plan whereby nobody can speak to Jerry or even enter the school during class hours. If somebody wants to see him, they have to talk to Nardiello or me first. We have to protect the boy."

"If we didn't do it," Nardiello points out, "it would be murder. You name the school, and they've offered to fly him to their campus. Money? There could be all kinds of money, but Jerry's too smart to get involved with that stuff, and we make sure nobody brings it up."

But in other cases, such as that of Kent Bryan, a 6-9 junior at Memphis State, things didn't come out so smoothly. This is a young man who has been around. In order, and because of their ambitions for him, (a) St. Louis University was rapped for giving him more aid than the NCAA allows, which means cash; (b) Wichita was put on the spot when he said he would like to visit the school and a Wichita assistant quickly handed him a railroad ticket; (c) Kansas earned an NCAA scolding when it came out that he didn't have the grades for as much scholarship aid as he needed and an alumnus offered to make up the difference. He also spent some time at Missouri, although he never actually enrolled there.

Bryan wound up at Memphis State, transferring from Wyoming a year ago. The school seems to have an affinity for transfer students. Marvin Seat, a seven-footer who was at Vanderbilt but left when it was found he had a dislike for studying, played at Memphis this season. On the campus, too, was Phil Mulky, a center who also transferred from Wyoming. All three were cited as reasons for Memphis State being rapped on the knuckles by the NCAA.

Elgin Baylor, the 6-5 Seattle big gun, began his career at a place called the College of Idaho, a school with an enrollment of 500. But this didn't limit Idaho's basketball ambitions. Baylor didn't have the marks to attend a larger school, but he entered Idaho easily enough. When the school's too-big program ended abruptly, Elgin found Seattle ready, willing and able to put him up.

Bill Hathaway, a seven-foot youngster from New York, entered North Carolina as part of Frank McGuire's program at Chapel Hill, but could not keep his marks up. He withdrew last February and was supposedly headed for Dayton. He wound up, however, at Houston.

A couple of years back, New York University, particularly coach Howard Cann and his assistant, Ray Lumpp, thought they had two good freshmen in Alex Mantel and Donald Goldstein. So did, apparently, Peck Hickman, the Louisville coach. Mantel and Goldstein registered at NYU, and then were flown to Louisville to look around. Louisville was guilty, as far as the NCAA is concerned, for handing the kids free plane tickets. Both boys enrolled at Louisville and have been playing well there—as does Jerry DuPont, a 6-11 kid who had been placed in a summer job by Dayton's Tommy Blackburn. The idea was, obviously, for DuPont to enroll at Dayton in the fall. Louisville's Hickman



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thought it was a fine idea, too, for DuPont plays for him now, following a Dayton visit by an interested Louisville alumnus.

And as far as can be ascertained, St. John's University of Brooklyn, which is busily constructing a new campus in the Queens section of the city (a plant which will include a 4,500-seat fieldhouse), found some way to do what several other colleges could not do. That was to enroll Tony Jackson, a tremendous basketball prospect out of Thomas Jefferson High in Brooklyn but a youngster who lacked the scholastic average to enter the school. If stated entrance requirements at St. John's and a report from the high school mean anything, Jackson was not even eligible to take the entrance examination at St. John's. But he was the star of the St. John's freshman team this year until February, when he flunked some courses and was declared ineligible.

The Jackie Moreland case, reported in this magazine a year ago, is fairly well known by now. It left Everett Case of North Carolina State in what appeared to be a bad way when it was discovered that State representatives flew down to recruit Moreland at his Louisiana home, and even offered his girl a seven-year scholarship. But Moreland was left in a much worse way. He was ruled ineligible for any competition with the Wolfpack—because of what they had given him—and he went home. This year, he played at Louisiana Tech. Case, as a result of it all, is supposed to stay clear of talking to any high school prospects and cannot enter the NCAA tournament, both for three more

years. The fact his freshman team is a big, deep and talented one is merely incidental here.

These are cases which can be dug up easily. Add them to the existing fact that colleges still look for the commercial values of basketball on a big scale and you find that, no matter what the calendar says, it is 1951 all over again, with transfers and school-jumping, players who are not fit scholastically, and wild recruiting.

It is, perhaps, the worst indictment ever made of the entire structure of college athletics. Here, seven short years ago, we were treated to college basketball players sitting in a police station, heavy-eyed after a night's questioning, while photographers snapped their pictures and a big detective was telling reporters that, yes, the kid said he did business on the following games.

Or, we had those who weren't caught, but who wound up going through a frightful string of sleepless nights, almost crying for a cop to show up and for the tension to break. And when they think of it today, they still shake.

All this was originally produced by the colleges. Their notions on recruiting and financial aid and academic standards for ballplayers led to the point-shaving scandals. This isn't wild-eyed theory. This is hard, brutal fact. Look it up, it's all in the files. Every arrest and charge and broken life the dangerous system produced. Now it's 1958 and few of the evils have changed. Some have become worse than ever.

Only in a couple of areas can you say safely that a lesson was learned

from what happened. Surprisingly to most, one would be the University of Kentucky. "Used to be," a guy was saying, "that we'd help a boy down here. I remember Ralph Beard came around here and he needed money badly. His mother was sick. She needed \$50 a month to get by on. It was legitimate. So I called a couple of horse people and raised it in a minute. But now, heck, we wouldn't give an athlete the right time down here. And don't say I mentioned this. If Adolph ever heard me, he'd ruin me."

Here and there, some coaches come up to the iron-handed standards that could protect the game and the kids. But by and large, it is ridiculous to feel there are enough of them to control a system of college athletics which is crazily going out of bounds.

From a college-born mess, history shows us, it was quite simple to walk across the street and get into the business of gambling. And gambling, big-time and coast-to-coast, most certainly exists in college basketball. The lay-off centers in Miami, Washington, Newport, Ky., and Las Vegas hum with daily action. The newspapers don't publish the prices anymore, but a reliable line is in every bookmaker's pocket, and publications such as *The Sporting News* give you Cagey Charlie's line, plus advertisements telling you that "The Atomic Cage Service out-picks the handicappers," that "Hoosier Basketball Guide," for \$25 a week, will give you phone service with its selections; that the *Sports-casters Weekly* can whip the points.

"They're right across the river," the guy in a Cincinnati bar was saying. "But you can't see them now. You got to meet them in the morning and have breakfast. They're too busy now. If I call them now, the guy wouldn't even say hello to me. They got 15 or 16 of them, and they sit around a table and the orders come in from all over and they say, 'Well, I'll take \$1,500 of it' and so on until they get it cut up."

"Across the river" means Newport, Ky., a bar and cabaret town which has wide-open gambling at night clubs—a Las Vegas on the Ohio—plus a good-sized layoff center for betting around the country. Bookmakers today give you a straight point spread—one team is nine over another—and then allow you to take your pick. But you must lay 6-5 on each bet. The old method, played up during 1951, consisted of a two-point spread which made for a lot of "middies" and bookmakers winning from everybody.

Newport handles much of this action and also has a price-making section. "We take a game off the board," one of the handicappers said over a beer, "for a lot of reasons. If money shows too big on one team, of course. But if say a guy like Maurice Stokes of the Cincinnati Royals gets hurt, then we take the club off the boards. Why? Because sometimes a team plays better than they should without a star. That could be human nature. We don't deal with human nature. We deal with figures and I can't draw a line on a club if the star, a star like that, is out. Is there much demand for the line? Why do you think I come to work every day?"

A Congressional committee that has been investigating gambling in sports estimates that \$10,000,000,000 a year is bet illegally on basketball, football and baseball, and that the bookies clear \$2,000,000,000 a year from the business. One gambling expert claims

THE CASE OF PLAYER X

THIS IS what happened to one boy who played basketball well. We vouch for the boy, his existence and the accuracy of his story. But we will not make known his identity. What the business of basketball did to him has made him sick and unhappy. Revealing his name would make him more embarrassed and unhappy. The value of his story is in its damning documentation of the evils of the system, not in the identity of the teller. We are concerned here with the octopus, not the kid who got squeezed by it.

Player X was good. Twice he made all-city. He had good height, good hands, an instinct for the game and a B average. He could go to any college. In his last year in high school, scouts were present at every game he played, often sitting alongside his mother in the stands. They, and alumni, button-holed him as he came out of his locker room after a game. Schools called him at home. His father had recruiters call on him at work. His brother, a student at an eastern university, was pressured by his basketball coach.

To most, Player X gave a definite "no." He wanted to go to a tuition-free local school and live at home. But too few people believed him—or listened. The bush-beaters put on his trail did not let up. Friends lobbied for one school or another. Members of his family gave persistent advice. They all argued about the "offer," not the kid.

The offers made through scouts or influential local alumni were, at a minimum, for a full ride—room, board, tuition, books, laundry and guaranteed part-time employment for pocket money. One Ivy League school offered to subsidize him through two years of post-graduate work. Another Ivy school took the entire family to dinner and a Broadway musical for the purpose of introducing them to the athletic director. A Midwest school had two alumni, both current NBA stars, visit him at home to help "sell" the school. One coach gave him leads for profitable summer jobs in resort areas.

"I don't want anything for nothing," Player X said to them. "Just leave me alone." But the assault continued. As graduation neared, the pressure and people increased. And Player X finally conceded that if he wanted to continue playing basketball, it would have to be at a basketball-minded school. "Otherwise, there'd be no peace," he said. He considered the offers. He did have a preference for a coach at one southern school. So, although the offer was one of the more modest ones, Player X told the school's scout, who had been part of the encampment on his doorstep, that he would go there. The family met the coach for dinner. The coach assured them the boy would be an All-America before he was through. The deal was set.

Player X was to have a full ride (as defined), plus round-trip transportation expenses for all vacations and holidays. The coach arranged for a basketball-playing job at a summer resort. When the boy arrived at the school in September, he was given "star" treatment—best accommodations, good food, speedy registration, etc. But there was the "big-time" treatment, too. He was told he had to conform to certain patterns—like dressing up to top campus fashions, since the basketball team set the style. He was forced to "eat, think and sleep" basketball. One night, he led the freshman squad to a win over the varsity. The next day, at a practice, the assistant coach dressed him down in front of the team for "talking it up too much" and being too spirited on the court. The coach slurred the kid's background. Hurt and mad, Player X left the gym and the school.

The varsity coach came after him, apologizing, urging him to return. But the kid refused. He had had enough.

The next semester he enrolled at a school in his home town. He was given an academic scholarship. "From the day I entered there until I left, they never left me alone about basketball. Always hounding me to work in the gym. It was enough to drive you batty." As a transfer student, he had to sit out the year, but the coach wanted him to practice with and scrimmage against the varsity. Once, in an English class, Player X turned in an assigned paper. The instructor thought it was good enough to read to the class. Afterwards, he asked the author to raise his hand. The instructor recognized the kid from photos of him that had appeared in the student newspaper, and said, "Who wrote this for you? You didn't!" Player X left the classroom and the school.

He decided to get his military service obligation out of the way before going to another school. It was the same story in service. They tried to force him to play ball. When he refused, he was given all the rough details.

After service, he went to work. A sportswriter's item revealed that he was back in circulation, and the offers started again. He accepted one, enrolled at the school, found the pressure was still the same, and quit again. He returned home and entered a local school without telling anyone. He did not intend to play basketball. But the athletic department heard he was a student and tried to get him to come out for the team. They tried hard, and the kid quit school.

Now he is utterly confused. He wants to stay at home and be forgotten. He wants to return to school and get an education. But he's waiting until people forget he used to be a great basketball player. He isn't sure this will ever happen. He's beat.

that close to 1,000,000 Americans bet at least \$5 a day during the basketball season. All this, you've got to say, means a big and lucrative and dangerous industry is having a field day. And that has to mean trouble.

Gambling did reach such a point where last year a Missouri Valley Conference referee, John K. Fraser, was let out of his whistle-blowing job when a series of fix rumors were brought to Dr. Harry Corbin, president of the University of Wichita. He, in turn, turned them over to the conference and Fraser did not referee any more.

There are reports in the files of the Congressional committee of big-time gamblers invading the college campus to do their business. This is a system that was handled clumsily in 1951, and before. But today, the indications all point to a slicker, more subtle method. The gamblers establish a contact on the campus. It would be a coach, a trainer, a team manager, a well-informed student or even a player. Most often, apparently, the "contact" doesn't know that he is dealing with a gambler; he is only telling "a new friend" how things are with his team.

But this boring-from-within technique is perilously close to what produced the bribes and the dumps of seven years ago. Some of the "contacts" may know they are dealing with gamblers. And some of the gamblers may want to hit one sure score. It doesn't take an army of crooks to create a scandal. Just an inconspicuous few, reaching a few boys, will put some games "in the bag."

Put these things together. Mull them over, think back to 1951, and there is only one thought left. "Is basketball headed for another scandal?" you ask. The answer must be: If it isn't, they're trying awfully hard to come close.

What makes it even more urgent this time is the fact that basketball now has a major league. The National Basketball Association was not big-time in 1951. It was a growing baby. Now it is a man-sized operation which depends on the colleges for its talent. The worry over the NBA is strictly gambling. Four years ago, the lone blemish on this point came out when Jack Molinas was barred after wire taps showed he was betting on his own team, the Fort Wayne Pistons. Molinas, a lawyer now, recently began a campaign for reinstatement in the NBA.

But there have been recurring rumors about the NBA. Many are, of course, the product of somebody's imagination. Others are not. President Maurice Podoloff has, from time to time, hired investigators to watch players who had been pointed out to him as suspicious. And Podoloff has been known to tell one of his league's stars, "If I had my way, I'd make everybody in this league take a lie detector test. Going back to college days, too."

When a newspaper, the New York World Telegram and Sun, published a page one story, written by Gene Gleason and Fred Cook, in which bookmakers from around Pittston and Scranton, Pa., charged outright that the machinations of one professional team last year hurt them badly and they claimed a fix had been put in by tough gamblers from the area, Podoloff calmly sent the clippings to his owners. He also assigned an investigation of the charges.



MY CLOSEST SHAVE by Barnaby Conrad Bullfighter and Author



"My closest shave was in Mexico when I was 18," says Barnaby Conrad, author of the best selling books *Matador* and *Gates of Fear*. "I went to a bullfight, thought it looked easy, and jumped into the ring with a fighting bull. It charged . . . and if it hadn't been for the quick work of the professionals, I'd have been a goner. Later I went to Spain and really studied the dangerous art, but I never had a closer call than when I thought 'la fiesta brava' was easy!"

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But Podoloff's situation is shaky on this point because it is known that he maintains no full-time policing power. "I can't conceive," the chubby little man says, "that a player in these days of television, where everybody gets to know his face, would endeavor to fix points or games. It would ruin him for life. Back in 1951, the players were not known as well. Today they are on national television. These are college boys. I can't think they are that stupid to ruin their lives."

There is, however, a substantial volume of gambling being done on NBA games. To some people, there is no such thing as a sport unless there is gambling. And basketball always was a game made to order for betting—and fixing, too.

"We hear things," a New York bookmaker was saying, "about this game or that game. Just enough to make us real cute about it. They're not going to catch this office with a set-up. But don't believe all that stuff when a club is taken off the boards. That's right, the price-makers have a reason for it. We do hear things, like a referee, for example. Everybody was talking about one of those fellows. You know, they can do a good job on a game if they want to."

In fact, the frequency of fix rumors, alone, is enough to cause concern. One reason for initiating the research that finally produced this story was the numerous rumors of "dumps" that came into the office of *SPORT Magazine* and elsewhere. A gambling gentleman called the office one day and swore that he knew of a fix in the NBA. Could he prove it? No, he couldn't but he knew it just the same.

Another time, a betting man who

traveled the fringe of the circle of small-time gamblers who were caught in the aftermath of the '51 scandal called one of the editors and asked how much it was worth for him to tell about a fix. He had heard part of the transaction, and he was willing to talk, but it would cost. The editor said, "Okay, talk." Suddenly, the fellow turned scared, said he had better not, and hung up.

A Long Island newspaper sports editor ran a column one day this winter saying that the word was out on fixes in several sections of the country. And he warned that those with police powers had better get to work. We called him to check his story, and all he would say was that he had obtained his information from local bookies and gamblers, that he felt sure it was accurate, but that he could give us no more details.

It is not only these rumors that worry us. Every place you go to look for the signs that were there so unmistakably in the pre-1951 disclosure era, you find them. All too easily. Perhaps the most serious matter is the creed of all those connected with the game. You are not to talk of it, nor even to kid about it or think about it. It is gone, this scandal business. We will just go about our business and it never will return, and anybody who says it will should be classified as a knocker.

You are to be an ostrich.

Do not, under any circumstances, say that basketball has nearly all the conditions—and, in many cases, worse—that were around in 1951. Don't say it, even though it is so true it scares you.

The Making of Wes Covington

(Continued from page 42)

Covington's entire career. Wichita isn't what could be called the baseball equivalent of Siberia, but it sounded almost that bad to the ambitious Covington. The fine rookie of the previous year, the man who two months earlier had started spring training as the Braves' No. 1 leftfielder, was suddenly a minor-leaguer again. He didn't like it and he made no attempt to mask his bitterness. "First they said I couldn't field," he complained. "Now they say I've improved in the field, but that I can't hit. But they haven't given me a chance. There's never been any doubt about my hitting. They tell other players to have their families stay in Milwaukee—they promise them they'll be back in 30 days. They don't tell me whether it's Wichita for 30 days or all year or for good."

A reporter did his best to counsel Covington. "Look, Wes," he said, "you'll be back and when you do, it will be to stay. You won't do yourself any good acting this way."

Teammate Billy Bruton offered him similar advice. "That's right, Buddy," he said. "In this game, you have to learn to take things in stride. Keep your mouth shut. Go down there and play your heart out. It's got to be just a matter of time because you're too good for the minors. You know it and I know it."

Covington remembered these words, and by the end of the season he was ready to admit that his biggest disappointment had become his biggest break. When he rejoined the Braves he was a changed man. His brief experience in minor-league oblivion had affected a maturity that he might

never have acquired in years of play in the majors. Gone was the unbecoming cockiness that he had brought to the Braves his first time up, and in its place was an unwavering confidence in his ability to hit big-league pitching.

Covington's development into a capable fielder, and becoming the defensive hero in the World Series, was almost incredible to those who had seen him when he broke into the major leagues. He always had a strong throwing arm, but until last year he didn't always aim his throws at the right base. He always could run, but his inability to get a jump on the ball, at least in the proper direction, nullified much of his natural speed. And if that were not enough, his judgment on fly balls and his handling of grounders were erratic at best. But, being the conscientious athlete that he is, Covington worked overtime to improve his defensive work.

"Bruton coached me a lot," he recalls. "He told me to wait momentarily to judge a ball before going after it. He also taught me how to play those sinking liners that used to give me so much trouble. 'You know, a guy learns a lot more about fielding in the majors than he does in the minors, even playing part time. They don't give a hoot about fielding in the minors.'"

About his hitting, Covington says, "Paul Waner (Hall of Famer and now a Brave batting instructor) corrected a couple of faults, like moving my hands on certain kinds of pitches. Schoendienst showed me a sort of interlocking grip that worked for me even better than it did for him. But I've

still got a lot to learn and I'm going to work on a few things this year."

It was pretty much of an accident that Covington became a baseball player at all. He played almost everything but baseball in high school back in Durham, N. C. In track, for example, he ran 100 yards in 9.9 seconds—on bowed legs that earned him the nickname (against his will) of Tex. In football, he was so good a 195-pound wingback that he was considered as good a pro prospect as his fullback teammate, Tom Wilson, who later went on to stardom with the Los Angeles Rams. Wilson himself said recently, "Covington was one of the best high school football players I ever saw. He was very fast, and could run and pass with the best of them. He could have made almost any pro team, even without going to college."

Covington almost did go to college—he had plenty of offers to play football—and probably would have but for a chance happening in the summer of 1951. "They have this annual all-star high school baseball game in Carolina every year and they asked me to play," he explains. "If I hadn't happened to get into that game, I guess I would've taken a whirl at football."

Instead he signed with the Braves, served the usual minor-league apprenticeship and settled down to what figures to be a long career in baseball.

Low Burdette, who owes big assists to Covington for two of the three victories that made him the hero extraordinary of the 1957 World Series, says he carries Wes along "as my personal outfield insurance."

That's quite a mouthful about a guy who couldn't make the club last May. And remember, Covington is a mere kid of 26. He still has plenty of time to grow into his full potential.

— ■ —

SPORTalk

(Continued from page 10)

has never developed as it should in the North because the miserable spring weather gives the teams little chance to practice and even wipes out a part of their schedules. Bedenk, one of the country's most imaginative and successful college coaches, has done his best in the futile battle against the weather since he first came to Penn State in 1931. His perseverance has been rewarded; his teams traditionally win about three out of every four games they play. Last year, Penn State won 21 straight games on the way to the runner-up spot in the College World Series, finally losing to California in the finals, 1-0.

"In my 28 years here," Joe said, "I've found that we only get from five to seven days of practice outdoors before the season opens. Then the players try to loosen up too fast, and they get hurt. Now I even have my infielders and outfielders work out in here. I'm a great believer in batting tees, which I've been using since 1936. The hitters can set the ball up on the tee and hit into those nets over there. It gives them a chance to work on their stance and their swing and strengthen their wrists before they ever get out on the field."

Bedenk, who was one of the founders of the College Baseball Coaches Association, believes that the sport is ready for a resurgence in the schools.

"The big leagues have killed the minors," he says, "and more and more players will be developed in college. The industrial leagues will come back, too. Fans got tired of having big-league clubs pull a kid off a minor-league team just when he started to get hot. In the industrial leagues, the players stay there all year and the fans get to know them."

Bedenk, who used to scout during the summer for Branch Rickey, is now a scout for the Reds. Bill McKechnie, Jr., boss of the Reds' farm system, played first base on one of Joe's teams at Penn State. "I've worked with big-league clubs for years," Bedenk says, "and I'm not antagonistic towards them like a lot of other college coaches are. I think they've gone haywire with these \$100,000 bonuses they're throwing around, but I can't blame the kids for signing for that kind of money. If I had a kid here who had a chance to get \$100,000, I'd break his arm before I'd let him turn it down. In fact, Joe Tepsic, who was one of the early bonus babies, was signed off my team here."

And what are Penn State's prospects for this season? "We'll have a good club. I lost some boys by graduation, but I have enough left to make us tough again this year. Baseball coaches, you know, aren't like football coaches. We're always optimistic."

A Pro Who Turned Amateur

This item may offer some small measure of consolation to Wes Santee

and other misguided athletes who were forcibly turned out of the amateur ranks by pious officials. It seems that there are several sports in which a competitor who slips into professionalism does not necessarily suffer eternal damnation. Everybody knows that Canadian hockey players skate back and forth between the amateurs and the pros without undermining their country's moral structure. In the United States, amateur golf officials do not look with revulsion on their professional brethren, perhaps because they rub (and bend) elbows with them in frequent open tournaments.

And that brings us to the point of our story. Pat O'Sullivan, the personable young lady golfer from West Haven, Conn., was recently saved after having wallowed for several years in the company of Patty Berg, Louise Suggs and other well-known professionals. Under the rules of USGA, a golfer who has spent less than five years as a pro may apply for reinstatement as an amateur. Pat, a former Curtis Cup player and winner of the Augusta Titleholders in 1951, found the pro tour a little more arduous than she had been led to believe.

"It's a great sport," she told us, "but my advice to amateurs is to remember that the expenses on the pro tour are big and the competition is terrific. Give any change a lot of thought. It's much tougher for a woman than it is for a man."

Getting the USGA to approve your

application isn't as easy as it sounds, either. Pat had to wash away the stains of professionalism by staying out of competition for two years. "I didn't even own a set of golf clubs in 1956," she says. "I was just a weekend golfer. Well, I'm following in some noble footsteps. Most people don't realize it but Babe Didrikson was an amateur twice and a pro twice."

Pat returned to amateur competition in the National Mixed Foursome Championship at Jupiter, Fla., last February. Now, if only Pete Rademacher could be permitted to try out for the 1960 Olympics, he might avoid another shellacking from Floyd Patterson.

—And The NFL Let Him Get Away

Kindly consider the dilemma of Gerry McDougall, formerly a star quarterback with UCLA. His last season with the Bruins was 1956, and it was only a half-season at that; Gerry was suspended for the other half for his part in a now-famous panty raid on the UCLA campus. As the National Football League showed no very great enthusiasm about him, Gerry decided to take a fling at Canadian football. He signed a 1957 contract with the Hamilton Tiger-Cats of the Big Four and reported to the club last July.

His chances to make the team dwindled after the first few weeks in camp. Canadian teams are permitted to sign only 12 American "imports" and, as there were at least a dozen Americans in camp who were showing to better advantage than he was, Gerry was beginning to look elsewhere for employment. Then, in the moment of crisis, he had a happy thought. His parents had been born in Nova Scotia, and McDougall, as the son of Canadian parents, was eligible for Canadian citizenship on the spot. He immediately applied for it and, as a "native," had no trouble at all making the team.

That, apparently, was the break he needed. Once on the team, he became one of the greatest stars in the league and led the Tiger-Cats to the Grey Cup, symbol of the national football championship of Canada. He also was a standout for the East squad as it defeated the West in the Annual Shrine Game at Montreal.

NFL clubs, knowing that American players such as Alex Webster, John Henry Johnson and J.C. Caroline, had made good in Canada before becoming stars in their leagues, were intensely interested in the sudden rise of McDougall. Right after the all-star game, he began to receive offers from American teams; the Giants, Packers, Rams and 49ers all entered bids for his services. At this writing Gerry hasn't yet made up his mind which offer to accept, and, in fact, doesn't know whether he wants to play in the NFL at all. After all, he's a big man now in Canada.

He also has one other problem. If he returns to the United States, will it be as an American or a Canadian? Who knows? Gerry McDougall, a native of Long Beach, Calif., may become the first "Canadian" ever to make good in the NFL.

News From The Fan Clubs

Mary Woodland, 5553 Harrison Ave., Philadelphia 24, Pa., is looking for members for her Bob Bowman Fan Club. . . . There is a new club for Ted

"When you play baseball, wear a good supporter"

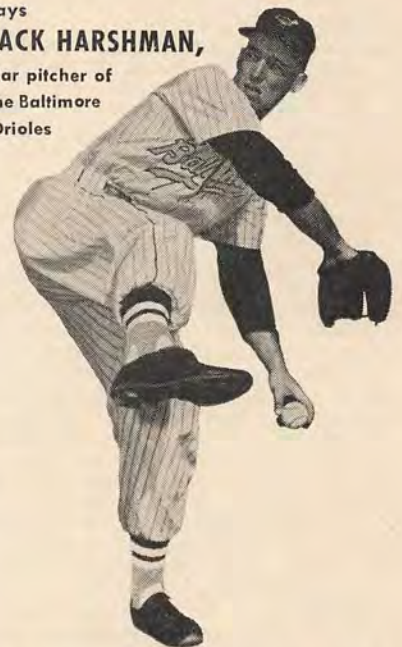
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Williams in Hialeah, Fla. Write to Russell W. Samuel, 60 E. 36th St., Hialeah, for details. . . . Mike Wallach, 6003 Hewlett St., Little Neck, N. Y., has a club for Richie Guerin of the Knicks. . . . Carolyn Opolony, 1543 N. Monticello, Chicago, Ill., has started a club honoring Dale Long. . . . You don't have to be a big-leaguer to have a fan club. Ivan Walmsley, the goalie of the Ramblers in the Eastern Hockey League, has a club whose president is Steve Dozor, 44 Rodmor Rd., Havertown, Pa. . . . Cynthia Freeman, 2219 N. Chrysler Dr., Tucson, Ariz., became a fan of Dick Tomanek when that young pitcher first began working out with the Indians in spring training at Tucson, and now she has a club in his honor. . . . Paula McPhelin, 2903 Kling Ave., Cincinnati 11, Ohio, is president of the Gus Bell Fan Club. . . . Carol Karnitsky reports that the Paul LaPalme Fan Club has many activities planned for this summer, and would like to hear from others interested in joining. Write to Carol at 3219 W. 53rd St., Chicago 32, Ill. . . . Richard Tozzi, 224 Hillcrest Ave., Plainfield, N. J., has a club honoring Del Rice and Bob Buhl. . . . Roger Hendler, 217 Flintlock Rd., Drexel Hills, Pa. has a fan club for Lennie Rosenbluth and Pat Dunn of the Philadelphia Warriors. Roger would also like to hear from anyone who has a fan club for players on the Phils.

The Cubs' All-Time Best

Here is another of the all-time all-star teams picked for us by the big-league clubs. This month it's the turn of the Chicago Cubs to look back and

pick their immortals. Cub fans need the occasional warmth generated by their past days of glory to comfort them through their current chilling status in the second division.

First Base: Charley Grimm, the celebrated banjo player and itinerant manager who played with the Cubs from 1925 through 1936.

Second Base: Billy Herman, who worked his hit-and-run magic there from 1931 until 1941.

Shortstop: Billy Jurgens, a brilliant defensive man who sparked the Cubs to three pennants during his years (1931-38) at Wrigley Field.

Third Base: Stan Hack, who spent his entire big-league career (1932-47) with the Cubs, and was one of the most underrated players of his time.

Left Field: Riggs Stephenson, who came to the Cubs from Cleveland in 1926. When he had finished his career there in 1934, he had a lifetime batting average of .336.

Center Field: Hack Wilson, who played at Wrigley Field from 1926 through 1931 and hit 56 homers in 1929.

Right Field: Kiki Cuyler, who starred for the Cubs from 1928 through 1935. He had a lifetime average of .321.

Catcher: Gabby Hartnett, "Old Tomato Face," who began his career in Chicago way back in 1922 and didn't leave until 1940.

Lefthanded Pitcher: Jim "Hippo" Vaughn, who hurled in Chicago from 1914 through 1921, winning 20 games five times and 19 once.

Righthanded Pitcher: Charlie Root, who won 201 games for the Cubs during the years 1926-1941.

—FRANK GRAHAM, JR.

Gas-House Blasingame

(Continued from page 29)

Alvin Dark is always a leader, but the key man is that kid at second base. As Walt (Alston) said, he's better than we thought."

If Blasingame had to convince the Dodgers last of all, there were enough reasons for it. As a rookie who had started the 1956 season at shortstop (Schoendienst was still with the Cards then), Don played his poorest ball against Brooklyn during the first two months. He didn't seem to have the hands for playing short, and his arm, never powerful at best, was barely adequate on the long throws.

As rookies will, especially when they are asked to play a new position, Blasingame tried too hard all during his freshman season. More than once, Hutchinson worked on him in private, trying to settle him down. And, as so often happens in such cases, it had a reverse effect. Especially against the Dodgers. Against no other club did Blasingame try harder, and against no other club did he play more poorly, stiff-wristing away double-play grounders. It was one such jittery performance at shortstop, in early June, that led to the six-for-four deal, which, essentially, brought Dark from the Giants to St. Louis in exchange for Schoendienst and a promising young outfielder named Jackie Brandt. The trade cleared the way for returning Blasingame to second base, where he belonged, and giving the Cards a first-rate shortstop who could do much in bringing the rookie along, the same way Stanky helped Dark in Boston in 1948.

The wisdom of the trade will be debated for years, probably long after Schoendienst and Dark have hung up their gloves, but not before Blasingame and Brandt are through. It is enough to say that when Frank Lane and Hutchinson gave up Schoendienst to get Dark, they were gambling that Blasingame would come through at second base. He did—and handsomely. "He is," says Schoendienst, the man he replaced, "a kid who grows on you as a ballplayer. He gets better every time you see him. He gets a real quick jump on the ball, covers ground terrifically, and seems to me to pivot as fast as anybody on the double play. Speed, that's his greatest asset. Dark has helped him, no doubt, but"—Red paused for emphasis—"I'm convinced he could have made it at shortstop, too."

Not since Frank Frisch went from his native New York to St. Louis in the memorable 1926 trade for Rogers Hornsby, who had just managed the Cardinals to their first pennant and world championship, has a St. Louis infielder been on the spot more than Blasingame was when, on June 15, 1956, he replaced the popular redhead at second base. Back home in Corinth, Doc Blasingame would have been proud of the way Don unflinchingly accepted the challenge. Right from the start, his fielding picked up, he became surer of himself, and he put a bounce into everything he did that seemed to wake up the rest of the club. The nickname "The Blazer" caught on, and suddenly Don discovered he was a bushier no longer, but an accepted major-leaguer.

When it was all over, Don's freshman season had been more than a mild success. He had hit .261—only the

second time in five professional seasons that he had gone below .300—but as a walk-coaxing leadoff man he had reached base 228 times, a figure topped among his Redbird teammates only by Musial (280) and Wally Moon (241). Defensively, Don had committed only eight errors in 583 chances for a .986 percentage, runner-up to Schoendienst's fabulous .993.

Blasingame also deserves credit for pulling the neatest trick of the off-season by rendering Frank Lane, who was then general manager of the Cards, momentarily speechless in their contract talk. As Lane likes to tell it, Blasingame came into his office brooding and so weighted down by self-criticism that he seemed to be arguing on the side of management, not labor. "Hey, I want to give you a raise, not a cut," Lane told him, explaining later that by design or accident, Don had won himself a pay hike \$500 greater than Lane originally had intended to give him. "It was so refreshing," Lane says, "to run into a player who knew he had things to learn, instead of telling me how good he was, that I hiked the ante. I wonder if the little sonof-a-gun had figured out he had a helluva contractual change-of-pace?"

Whatever Blasingame got from the Cardinals last season, he more than earned it. He played in all 154 games—the Phillies' Richie Ashburn and the Cubs' Ernie Banks were the only other National Leaguers to do it—and, in fact, Don missed only two innings of play, in a late-season loss. Statistically, his performance in his sophomore year is misleading. For more than half the season, lefthand-hitting Blasingame hit over .300. Then, playing with badly bruised and jammed fingers on his throwing hand, he couldn't swing a bat properly for a while in July when the Redbirds were hanging onto the league lead. Inevitably, too, when you hustle and holler, run, dive and slide as hard as this 25-year-old gamecock did, you're bound to tire. "I'll admit that after we were eliminated in the pennant fight, had second place clinched and no place to go except home, I finally let down," Blasingame confessed when the season ended. He had gone only three for 20 after the rugged race officially was over.

Climbing ten points, to .271, from the year before, Blasingame made his biggest improvement in the authority with which he swung his bat. Never a power hitter and, in fact, a player who had gone 150 games without hitting a home run his first year up, Don belted eight homers last season. He boosted his doubles from 22 to 25, equalled his output in triples at seven and more than doubled his runs-batted-in, from 27 to 58. The fact is, he collected more RBIs than any other National Leaguer who batted exclusively in the leadoff spot. He stole 21 bases, third high in the league, out of 30 attempts.

In the judgment of such well-recognized, if not unbiased, observers as Hutchinson, second-base sidekick Dark and elder statesman Musial, Blasingame is only a season away, at most, from becoming a standout. Last summer, while Don's average was still up, Dark observed a bit sadly, "It seems a player has to be around five or six years, being great every year, before the press gives him credit. It

was a couple of years before anyone began listening to Leo Durocher and believing Willie Mays was the best centerfielder to come up in years."

According to Alvin, Blasingame is an alert student as well as a winning ballplayer, one who will put the ball club ahead of himself, as Doc Blasingame had told him to do. Dark thinks the kid who plays alongside of him was "done an injustice" when he wasn't in the starting lineup for the 1957 All-Star game.

"There's nobody close to him in all-around play among second-basemen—hitting, fielding and running, putting 'em all together—and with experience, he's becoming a take-charge player," Dark said.

Hutchinson, agreeing recently, noted that the National League had what he termed "a strong crop" of second-basemen, and he listed Schoendienst, Johnny Temple of Cincinnati and Bill Mazeroski of Pittsburgh. "Red can out-hit Don, but no longer can out-field him," Hutch says, "and none of them can out-run the kid or get on base more often."

It was Musial who pointed out that Don reached base even more times than The Man himself, or any other Redbird last season, getting 176 hits, 71 walks and being hit by a pitch once for a total of 248 times on base. Subsequently, Don became one of five National Leaguers to score 100 or more runs (108). "He is the best leadoff man the Cardinals have had in my time," says Stan, who is now in his 16th full season with the Redbirds, "and when he learns to slice outside pitches to left field better, and to slash the ball past those third-basemen who have to play up close, he'll hit .300, too. Don has learned to drag-bunt pretty good. If he can make the shortstop go to his right in the hole to handle the ball, the other clubs never will throw him out on the close ones. To me, he's the fastest man in the league right now."

If The Blazer is the fastest, or even just a rapid runner-up, it's astonishing because of the injuries he suffered hustling his way into the big leagues and into the hearts of the St. Louis baseball fans, whom he credits with having "real understanding" of a young player's problems. Don grew up in a baseball atmosphere in Corinth, located in northeast Mississippi, in a community which now has 12,000 residents but once was where Beauregard retreated from the battlefield at Shiloh. His parents came from the hills of Tennessee. No one has ever called Chester Blasingame anything except "Doc" since he was a roly-poly kid who resembled the country doctor. Now, like Don, the senior Blasingame is a trim little man.

Don's older brothers, Roland, at present a Railway Express employee, and Elmo, who operates a dry cleaning establishment in Corinth, also acquired the baseball bug from their father, who had been a semi-pro player. Don himself was so skillful that when he was in the eighth grade, he already was playing with a high school team. Playing shortstop then, and already capable of the clutch-hitting he has demonstrated with the Cardinals, Blasingame led Corinth to a state high school baseball title in 1949. He starred in basketball, too, and helped his community team to the Mississippi junior American Legion title; they had to relinquish it when

Don and a teammate were ruled ineligible for having played with and against semi-professionals.

A week before Corinth High School's opening game in 1950, Blasingame stole home in an intra-squad game. The spike on his right shoe hooked the plate and he came up with a broken ankle. Three weeks later, he was grimly taking batting practice with a cast on his ankle, and in another week he was playing first base. Despite the limp from his ankle, Blasingame was signed by Cardinal scout W. H. (Buddy) Lewis for a \$2,500 bonus.

After two years in the Air Force—and one off-season at David Lipscomb College in Nashville—Blasingame went from Winston-Salem, where he hit .290, to Houston (.315) and then to Omaha (.302). In successive seasons he suffered a shoulder separation in a base-line collision, a back injury that required a brace, and a pulled groin muscle which worsened his chances of making the Cardinals in '55. Those same three years, though, he also won all-star team and Rookie-of-the-Year recognition in three leagues.

By the time Blasingame reached Omaha, the American Association outpost which is just one classification from the majors, Cardinal organization minds had decided that a pretty good shortstop could become a better second-baseman, mainly due to his limited arm. Besides, hadn't the Redbirds given a \$35,000 bonus to shortstop Dick Schofield? So Don was asked to take a winter-league course at second base under Mike Gonzales, former Cardinal coach who owns the Havana Reds, in Cuba. In his broken English, Gonzales observed, "She smart kid, but she no make him at second base. She throw better overhand, not so good sidearm. You see." For once, good-field, no-hit Mike was to prove a poor prophet.

That spring, Blasingame went to Omaha and teamed with Schofield, another little jack-rabbit, to form a splendid second-base combination. The following spring, at St. Petersburg, in Lane and Hutchinson's first year, with Schoendienst still firmly entrenched at second base, Blasingame—free of injuries—beat out both Schofield and the incumbent, Alex Grammas, for shortstop. Hutch opened the season with Grammas at short, just to keep as much pressure as possible off the intense rookie. But four days later, Don went to shortstop. He has crossed to the other side of the bag, but he hasn't been out of the lineup since.

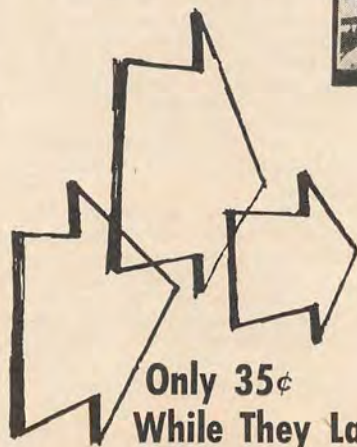
A shrill-whistled, deep-throated holler guy in action, Don is soft-spoken and self-effacing off the field. His even features, with olive skin, grey eyes and light brown hair which he wears short, make him a favorite with the female fans (Don's still a bachelor.)

When he was still learning how to play the game back in Corinth, Don used to tune in on the radio broadcasts of Cardinal games. He was fond of the Redbirds, but he idolized no one player. To him, then, Red Schoendienst was just another member of the Cardinals. His personal admiration for the redhead traces back only to the days they spent together as teammates, when Schoendienst ungrudgingly helped him along and gave him tips on how to improve on his fielding. He's grateful to Red, even though he wound up taking his job.



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Johnny Antonelli

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Ernie Banks

September 19, 1955

Yogi Berra

October 10, 1956

Lew Burdette

October 10, 1957

Alvin Dark

October 2, 1954

Whitey Ford

October 2, 1957

Nelson Fox

July 13, 1954

Gil Hodges

August 31, 1950

Al Kaline

April 17, 1955

George Kell

October 2, 1949

Don Larsen

October 8, 1956

Dale Long

May 28, 1956

Sal Maglie

September 25, 1956

Mickey Mantle

April 17, 1953

Billy Martin

October 5, 1953

Eddie Mathews

October 6, 1957

Willie Mays

August 15, 1951

Von McDaniel

June 21, 1957

Stan Musial

May 2, 1954

Don Newcombe

September 6, 1950

Billy Pierce

June 14, 1953

Johnny Podres

October 4, 1955

Robin Roberts

October 1, 1950

Frank Robinson

September 11, 1956

R. Schoendienst

July 11, 1950

Herb Score

May 1, 1955

Roy Sievers

September 23, 1957

Duke Snider

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Bear Bryant—Football's Super-Salesman

(Continued from page 35)

for him. Maryland students demonstrated in protest and demanded that the college president, Dr. Curly Byrd, himself a forceful man with an athletic background—he had been head football coach at Maryland for years—do something to save them from this awful fate. Bryant made it plain there was nothing Byrd nor anybody else could do.

"Kentucky offered me more money," he said. "I've got a family to support and children to raise. You'd do the same thing I'm doing."

Besides, Bryant wanted to mix in the Southeastern Conference, where he would be the rabbit in the briar patch. It was at Kentucky that he actually grew into giant stature as a coach. He was a success right off. He took the remnants of a miserable football team, worked in a batch of his own freshman importations, for they were varsity eligibles in those early post-war years, and won seven games out of ten in 1946.

His team repeated that record the next season, at the end of which the valiant athletes were dubiously rewarded with a trip to scenic Cleveland, Ohio, where they played and defeated Villanova in the one and only Great Lakes Bowl, played on an ice pack.

As the seasons passed and Bryant gained manhood among the coaches of the day, it became evident that one of his most highly developed talents was that of persuading high school seniors particularly advanced in their behavior on a football field to attend the school where he coached. For this, he became known as the most intrepid recruiter of material in the entire South.

It is said that this peculiar ability did not occur to Bryant overnight, but that he had pulled off a coup or two in his days as an assistant. One of the more famous tales, however, he disclaims. It happened on native soil in Benton, Ark., when Bryant was a new member of Red Sanders' staff at Vanderbilt.

There was a halfback at Benton named J. P. Moore who was coveted by almost every college in the South

and Southwest, major and minor. Graduation day arrived and J. P. still was unpledged to any institution. A covey of coaches, showing uncommon interest in the boy's scholastic side, were present for graduation exercises at Benton High.

They sat in the audience and cheered the graduates on, and when J. P. came out for his certificate, they put a little more into it. Strangely enough, Bryant was not in the audience, an event which the other recruiters considered of no great consequence. However, when the exercises were over and they rushed with as little obvious haste as possible for the stage, they discovered to their dismay why Bryant had not been among them.

He had been in the wings watching them applaud the palms of their hands thin, and when J. P. came off, Bryant grabbed him and hustled him out the back door and on his way to Vanderbilt.

"Shucks," Bryant said modestly in Tuscaloosa, "that wasn't me. They give me the credit, but that was nobody else but Red Sanders that pulled that one off."

Later, however, positive evidence was discovered, substantiated and presented in behalf of Bryant's superior ability in the field of football recruitment. One piece of evidence cost the University of Kentucky a small sum, paid in the form of a fine to the SEC treasury, and cost a Kentucky guard from East Chicago, Ill., named Gene Donaldson, his last year of eligibility just when he was about to become an All-America.

Donaldson came from a particularly devout Catholic family, whose natural leaning, it seemed to Frank Leahy, should be toward Notre Dame. To offset this religious disadvantage, Notre Dame sources charged, Bryant dispatched two bogus priests to assure the Donaldsons that a Catholic could worship within a few blocks of the Kentucky campus. There was also the charge that Donaldson received the sum of \$5,000 from some generous but unidentified benefactor. At any rate, Donaldson wound up first at Kentucky, and later among the unemployed of football. Neither of the more

heinous charges was ever proved, but the SEC did nail Donaldson on a minor count concerned with summer employment, and docked all parties.

Later, Kentucky did wind up on the NCAA carpet, but because of basketball, not Bryant. Members of the greatest team in the University's history, the boys Adolph Rupp claimed "can't be touched with a ten-foot pole," were caught in a point-shaving racket and shamed into oblivion. The situation did nothing to improve relations between the two head-strong head coaches, which, to say the least, were never cozy.

In 1949 Bryant took Kentucky to the Orange Bowl. In 1950 he delivered the first conference football championship in history to Kentucky's doorstep, then took his team to the Sugar Bowl and won one of his greatest victories, beating Oklahoma, 13-7. In 1951 he took Kentucky to the Cotton Bowl, and in 1953, after many seasons of frustration and ties, he finally defeated the hated rival from Tennessee, 27-21.

But football was still the stepchild at Kentucky. Rupp was still Rupp and Bryant was still second, a position to which he never yet has become accustomed. When devoted Rupp ward-healers presented their hero a Cadillac one evening, Bryant, the wallflower, looked on with some bitterness.

"Kentucky wins a basketball game and he gets a Cadillac," he said. "We win the Cotton Bowl game and I get a watch."

This appeared to be the measure of the situation, and so when Texas A&M whistled for him in 1954, he went running. To his closest friends and to the Southeastern Conference, it came as a walloping surprise. Bryant had seemed firmly riveted at Kentucky. He had made football a major sport and had given the old grads such a long swig of glory on the gridiron that he had been rewarded with a ten-year contract. His pretty brunette wife, Mary Harmon, was socially attached to Lexington.

"This is the one town I never want to leave," she once said. But she left. She packed up and moved to College Station, Tex., where "All I did the first year was look for somebody to ride to Houston with me. Then I began to stay at home more and came to love the place."

"Alabama is the only place Paul could have taken me to get me away from there. But let me assure you of one thing: That had nothing to do with his decision. Paul never listens to me. When he gets ready to go, he goes, and I go along."

The parting of Bryant and Kentucky did not take place without some ripping and tearing of dispositions. Once before, University officials had called his hand when he attempted to leave, with seven years still on his contract, for an offer to coach the professional Washington Redskins.

When he left for Texas A&M, the break was blunt and he left a line of scowls behind in Lexington. It is said that Kentucky was so disturbed that it threatened to petition the NCAA to pass a rule forbidding member schools to tamper with a coach under contract to another. Apparently the petition was never filed, for nothing ever came out of NCAA sessions about it.

At A&M, Bryant spent most of his first year trimming the squad and

HOW A&M SCRAMBLED FOR ANOTHER "BEAR"

The scramble at College Station, Tex., when Bryant left before New Year's Day, was remarkable. A socially conscious selection committee, a part of the board of directors, first wanted to get Jim Tatum of North Carolina, made a pass and failed. Then, in order, the names of Red Sanders of UCLA, Frank Leahy, formerly of Notre Dame, Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State, Jim Myers of Iowa State, Eddie Erdelatz of Navy, and Myers again marched through the disheveled scene. College officials, spearheaded by President M. T. Harrington, wound up at odds with the selection committee, which wound up at odds with the athletic committee. Finally, after two months of frenetic and often foolish behavior at the school, Myers got the job.

But A&M was left to look shabby to the public because of the helter-skelter,

few-holds-barred rush for the nearest "name" coach. The fact is that Leahy's appointment was announced before he had been given permission to accept by his physician, who later declared him physically unfit to tackle such a job. Myers had turned down the job the first time, because after being informed that he was acceptable, it was suggested that he wait in the wings while A&M people go shopping to see if they could do better.

When Erdelatz flew to College Station, and immediately flew back home after seeing what was going on, he said of the scene: "It scared me." At the end of January, with the college looking very bad, and school committees squabbling, Myers was hoisted back into the picture and into the coach's chair on a mighty wave of Aggie student sentiment.

losing games. The Aggies won only one out of ten. The next year they won seven and weren't eliminated from championship contention in the scramble some Southwest Conference until upset on Thanksgiving Day by Texas. But by this time, the Aggies were already on probation and had been legislated out of the Cotton Bowl.

Bryant's vast reputation for success at recruitment had followed him to Texas, where he had been watched like a hawk. His arrival at A&M, incidentally, had set off a loud lament among veteran Texas authors, who warned all mothers to get their children off the street. It was as if a boot-legger had moved into the high society district.

"He'll give us all a bad name," one columnist complained.

By the time A&M was thrown into the brig, the evangelistic Bryant had converted a whole herd of Texas sportswriters. They viewed his penalty with indignation, pointing out the number of advantages he had introduced to football in the Southwest. That's the kind of salesman Bryant is.

A&M's sins were inconsequential, as usual, having to do with transportation costs illegally refunded and fishing trips with wealthy alumni. The coast would have been clear in a year, but for the ugly intrusion of basketball again.

At A&M, Bryant was breaking in as athletic director, and he decided early that the basketball program needed pumping up. He went out for a big name coach and landed one of the largest, Ken Loeffler, who had coached at Yale, the St. Louis Hawks, and who had won a national championship at LaSalle College in Philadelphia. This was a mistake.

The state of Texas is a large state and it might have been large enough for both Bryant and Loeffler, but College Station is a small town and it wasn't. Both are self-made men, strong-willed individualists, drivers, aggressors, success-hunters.

Two weeks after Loeffler reached College Station, A&M landed on probation, provoked by the football violations. Loeffler felt that he had been dealt with unjustly by the fate that led him into such a situation, and from that time forward his relations with Bryant degenerated into a near Bryant-Rupp feud, except that in this case, Bryant was dealing the cards.

By the time the school might have been excused from the sinful list, it was in trouble about basketball. Loeffler and friends were accused of dealing under the table with the widely traveled Jackie Moreland, who later enrolled at North Carolina State and cost that school four years in hock. The Aggies were caught red-handed advancing travel funds to a prospect from the East. The probation period was extended and wasn't lifted until Loeffler resigned with explosive bitterness last summer.

The evidence incriminated Loeffler, who screamed that he was innocent but that he had enough goods on Bryant to hang him. He threatened to throw the book at Bryant, but later thought better of it and went off to Monmouth College in New Jersey to be an instructor of business administration.

"I've got a wife and a son to think about," he said. "I've got friends at Texas A&M who would be caught in the crossfire. I'll save it for a magazine story some day. But if the NCAA



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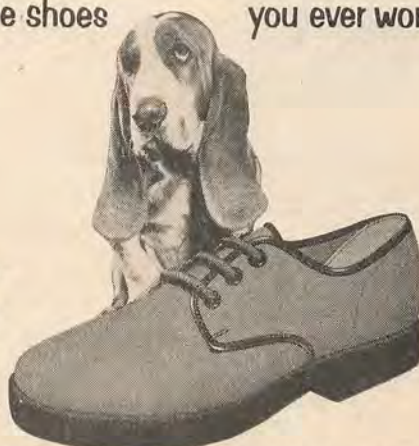
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really wants to put the blast on the Aggies, it ought to look under the football table. It's enough to sicken the strongest stomach."

Still, Loeffler said, furious as he was at his fate, he could feel no strong hate for Bryant. "You've got to respect a man who knows what he wants and is forceful enough to go out and get it," he said. "That's Bryant. If he walked in here now, he would put his arm around me and he would say, 'Ken, I wanted to hep (cq) you, but you were talking when you should have been listening.' He'd say it real southern. A big, impressive fellow like that, you've got to respect him."

The Bryant who sat on the other side of the desk in Tuscaloosa that morning in January is a man of complexities. He can be moody, friendly, effusive, reserved, mean, crafty, sweet, politic, mule-headed, dramatic, innocent or pseudo-naive. His range of emotions is as vast as an artist's. He is never overt in employing any of them, but they are all filed away in his mental index and are called upon for meeting whatever situation may arise.

"That Bear," explained a former coaching contemporary, "is a strange and mysterious man."

"As soon as Bear started coaching," another coach said, "you could tell that he had to be the head man some day. And then when he got to be head coach, he'd have to be the athletic director. It wouldn't surprise me to see him become president next—of a college, I mean."

"Now that he's at Alabama," a rival said, "I'd say that if he gets Georgia, Georgia Tech and Auburn recruiting on the same level in that area, he'll get the best boys."

"Everybody respects Bear's defenses," another SEC coach said in an evaluation of his professional side, "but he's a damn poor quarterback on the field the day of a game."

General Bob Neyland of Tennessee is the one coach who consistently buffaloed Bryant. From the time Neyland became head coach at Tennessee in 1926 until his retirement after the 1952 season, he held Kentucky under hypnosis. The Wildcats never beat him. Not even Bryant, with all of his cunning and all of his success, could break the spell. The truth is, in the seven years they fought it out, Bryant's teams scored only three times on Neyland's, twice in a remarkable comeback that gained a tie the last time they met, in 1952. This was a moral victory for Bryant, whose jubilant players picked him up and carried him off the field.

Once, however, Bryant did leave Neyland tongue-tied. In one of Bryant's early seasons at Kentucky, they had agreed not to scout each other by films. Someone at Tennessee felt that it wouldn't be too sneaky to request of Marquette University a peek at the movie of its game with the Wildcats, and a secretary was instructed to get a letter off to Milwaukee. Marquette was accommodating and got the film in return mail.

Somewhere a blunder was made. The film was addressed to "Athletic Dept., University of Tennessee, Knoxville, KY." By a circuitous route unknown to anyone, the film was delivered to the athletic offices at Kentucky.

On the day of the game, Bryant strode into Neyland's office in Knoxville, threw a package on the General's

desk and said: "Here's that movie you ordered on the Marquette game, General."

At the end of his tenure at Texas A&M, Bryant found Tennessee in his tousled hair again, re-inducting him, as it were, into the SEC. The Aggies, relying mostly on the great John Crow, an All-America halfback, Charlie Krueger, an All-America tackle, Roddy Osborne, the quarterback, and 12 other guys, had scrambled into the last half of November rated as the No. 1 team in the nation. They fell from grace before Rice and Texas, however, missed the Cotton Bowl, but won invitation to the Gator Bowl in Jacksonville, Fla., to play Tennessee.

Neyland had retired to the athletic director's office, but Bowden Wyatt, his successor, is the perfect disciple. His Tennessee team shut out Texas A&M in the Gator Bowl and won the game on a field goal in the last six minutes. This gave Bryant something to look forward to at his new station, for part of the requirement of a successful coach at Alabama is that he win occasionally from Tennessee.

Once upon a time these two schools managed the most violent football series in the South, but when the rust set in at Alabama, it lost its charm and the element of suspense. Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn has since replaced Tennessee as Alabama's most important foe, and as such, presents a formidable problem to Bryant. Last season Auburn was rated the No. 1 team in the nation by the Associated Press.

Ralph (Shug) Jordan, head coach at Auburn, had built up a reputation while Bryant was away in the Southwest that is second to no one's in the league in the matter of talent pursuit. He, like Bryant, has probation papers presented by the NCAA in recognition of this ability. Jordan hasn't yet matched Bryant's elasticity, though. Bryant was once on the NCAA's probation list and on the National Coaches Association's ethics committee at the same time.

While the rest of the Southeastern Conference reportedly quaked in its saddle oxfords at the news of Bryant's return to Alabama, he was most self-effacing about himself. "Is it true, Bear, that you have justly earned this awful reputation you have as a go-getter of talent?" I asked him.

"Aw, shucks," he said, wrinkling his brow and grinning boyishly, "I probably get more credit for doing less recruiting than any coach in the country. Once in a while, I'll go see a special boy of some kind, but I don't make over five or six visits a year. I don't do as much recruiting as Bobby Dodd."

"But haven't you washed a few dishes, or milked a few cows, or drawn a few buckets of well water for mothers of excellent football players?"

"Oh, I've done a little of that in my time, but not lately," Bryant said. "Recruiting times have changed, just like everything else."

In the days when Hank Crisp drove to Arkansas to pick up Bryant and bring him back to Alabama, the recruiting process was as advanced as hog-killing on a tenant farm. Crisp had never seen Bryant play. He had heard of him by letter. Several boys had gone to Alabama from that section of Arkansas, notably a lithe end named Don Hutson of Pine Bluff, who

was a year ahead of Bryant, and the area was known to be rich in the raw material necessary for championship teams.

Crisp's approach was simple and to the point. He walked up to Bryant and said: "Would you like to go to Alabama?"

Bryant replied: "I sure would."

Bryant laughed behind that desk in Tuscaloosa. "It was as quick as that," he said. "Ever since I was a boy, I'd dreamed of going to Alabama and playing in a Rose Bowl game."

Sure enough, he got his wish. He went to Alabama, where, as he puts it, "Don Hutson played right end and I played wrong end." And in 1935 a great Alabama team won ten games and defeated Stanford in the Rose Bowl, 29-13, with Bryant in the lineup.

In his athletic days, Bryant was never better than a second-team end in All-Conference selections. But as the years passed, his playing value increased. In a Birmingham newspaper poll of 1943, he was elected to Alabama's all-time second team behind Hutson and Holt Rast, both All-Americans. Hutson later became the champion of all ends as a pro with the Green Bay Packers.

Bryant came from Fordyce, Ark., or rather from the Morro Creek section seven miles north of Fordyce, a town of 3,200. ("It's grown since then," Bryant said. "It's 3,202 now.") He was one of 12 children in a family that scratched a living out of the ground, and the opportunities for advancement were scarce.

He earned his nickname at the age of 11, 12 or 13—choose one—by wrestling a bear in a carnival that came to town—and losing. When he reached Alabama, it was found he wasn't quite yet ready for university studies, and he spent a year boning up at Tuscaloosa High School.

He met a university coed from Troy, Ala., named Mary Harmon Black and they were married before his senior year. Now approaching his 44th birthday, Bryant is the father of a daughter, Mae Martin, who teaches school in Birmingham, and Paul Jr., who is in high school at Tuscaloosa.

In his movements as a coach, Bryant has shown consistent disrespect for contracts. He left several years on a ten-year contract at Kentucky. He was also under long-term contract to A&M when he left Texas, but in each case there were extenuating circumstances. He was driven from Kentucky by unhappiness and dissatisfaction with a situation. He was drawn from A&M by a strong sense of loyalty.

"It's like hearing your mother call," Bryant explained. "Nobody gives me any credit for sentiment, but I owe a lot to Alabama. They gave me every chance I ever had here. I had to come back."

Bryant had developed binding financial ties in Texas. In the first place, he was said to be making a salary of \$40,000 a year at A&M, directly traceable to coaching. He had oil interests, owned three small apartment buildings in Bryan, of which College Station is a suburb, and had a paying investment in a company that raises mice for research purposes.

"Bryant didn't go back to Alabama for an increase in pay," a close friend assured me. "He'd gotten so many letters that said, 'You've got to come back. You're the only man who can

do it. Alabama needs you.' Letters from close friends. He had to go back."

There are skeptics who charge that Bryant was moved by more than strong tugs of sentiment, like the "It's like hearing your mother calling" bit, or an innate homing instinct on his switch to Alabama.

"For one thing," explained a Texan knowledgeable in A&M affairs, "the Texas A&M administration has returned to the compulsory military training policy. Every Aggie wears a uniform and plays soldier." That reduces the attractiveness of A&M, located in unpopular College Station, to the football athlete.

"Bryant had been down here long enough to find out just how big a football machine he could build. He did, I think, what he thought was his level best last season, and finished third. There is a lean year or two coming up now and I think he saw the handwriting on the wall."

In other words, Bryant knew when to get out. A&M recruits at a disadvantage in the Southwest. Local attractions are limited. There is no tradition of extended football success at the school. Alabama, on the other hand, is one of only two major institutions drawing on a fertile football area and is rich in tradition. Only recently did the school come upon evil times.

There are stories of slush funds and a fabulous salary that go with Bryant's return to the old campus. The actual terms of his deal are one of the best kept secrets in the Southeast. Alabama has the wherewithal to go to the football market. This has never been a problem. As for salary, Bryant appears to have been guaranteed an income of \$40,000 a year, exclusive of his stock and investment holdings. It is suspected also, based on gossip, that he was given an out-and-out bounty of \$50,000 to \$55,000 to come back. At any rate, as he has pointed out, he made no great sacrifice to come back, though it does gall him that he is given little or no credit for having a sentimental attachment to the old school.

In exhibition of his sentimental side, before he finally accepted at Alabama, Bryant made sure that he wasn't stepping on Crisp's toes. His old coach flew out to Texas to assure him that he wanted to resign as athletic director. "I wouldn't come until he did," Bryant said. Crisp will stay on as director of intramural sports at Alabama.

The 5:30 a.m. office hour will become a custom at Alabama. So will 7 a.m. staff meetings, and long movie sessions, and 15-minute lunch periods, and two hours of solid hitting on the practice field—first and foremost, Bryant is a conditioner—and 7 p.m. staff meetings, and 11 p.m. bedtimes, and winning again.

And in the end, provided he stays off probation again, Bryant will become Alabama's lower-case god of football. (The A&M school paper, in saying goodbye to Bear, wrote, "with his resignation, Texas A&M is no doubt losing the greatest coach in America today.") Even if he does, though, the rigors of modern day coaching being what they are, Bryant can apply a line spoken by De Lawd in *The Green Pastures* to his own exalted position: "Dis heah business uv being God ain't no bed uh roses."

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The Risky Business of Stirling Moss

(Continued from page 51)

for a race car, and a great capacity to endure the tension of racing one.

On the physical side, Moss has a slight, sturdy, athletic body which he never abuses. He is five feet, seven inches tall, and weighs 150 pounds. Fully dressed, when the only visible evidences of his powerful, flexible, long-muscled physique are his well-molded hands and strong wrists, he resembles a jockey. (He was, as a matter of fact, a remarkable horseman and won literally hundreds of trophies and prizes showing and jumping horses between the ages of six and 16, before racing cars became his total preoccupation.) He never drinks, keeps as regular hours as his travel-heavy schedule will permit, participates noisily and vehemently in occasional parties, but likely as not will decide to go home to bed in the middle of one. He water-skis and swims as often as possible, and feels that the maintenance of top physical fitness is an absolute prerequisite to top driving. "Racing is really hard work," he says. "You have to stay fit all the time. Particularly before a race, I make certain that I get enough sleep and eat regularly. On race days I eat a small breakfast and no lunch, dress as lightly as possible, and even so, I often lose two or three pounds during a long go."

With his athlete's body, Moss can react quickly, sense the unbelievably delicate balance of a machine at great speed, and with his meticulous mastery of his own movements, has almost unerring control of the car. He says today that his years of horse show competition were invaluable training, for in them he acquired his basic feel for balance, understood the necessity for mental and physical coordination, learned how to relax and how to win the battle against "competition nerves." (Though he confesses to suffering from a keyed-up, slightly suffocating feeling of tension in the last few minutes before the start of a race, even then he is incredibly calm and quiet in demeanor).

With all of these things, a man might be a "natural" race driver, but he would never be a great one without a great deal more. For example, ambition—the stubborn-determination kind which Moss' parents got a taste of as early as 1945 when Stirling was 15 and told them that he wanted to become a professional driver. They were no strangers to the sport themselves; Alfred Moss pulled all sorts of strings to get himself to America and behind the wheel of one of Louie Chevrolet's Frontenac Fords in the Indianapolis race of 1924, and Stirling's mother, Aileen, was a well-known driver shortly after he was born. With some of his earliest memories molded by the roar of racing engines and the sight of his father's car high up on the banking at the famous British Brooklands track, it's no wonder Stirling caught the bug. But because of the immense amount of experience his parents had with the sport, they felt that they knew what they were talking about when they said it was impossible to make a living at it. ("Why, it wasn't even possible 20 years ago, when I tried!" Moss, Sr. said.)

But Stirling was totally single-

purposed—and still is. Long before his parents knew of his ambition, he had wangled an old car out of his father to drive around their farm not far from London (where Alfred, by this time an immensely successful dentist, owned a chain of dental surgeries). The car cost \$75, and Moss, 11 years old at the time, discovered that the estate's lanes, paths and roads, including a bumpy, dirt banking at the end of one field, could be utilized most effectively as a driver's training course. And being single-purposed, he became increasingly ingenious; during the next several years he cajoled his father into an incredible series of swaps for ever-better cars until he had owned successively an old Austin, a Morgan three-wheeler, and a pre-war MG. Stirling remembers the swap for the MG as involving everything valuable he owned—the Morgan, his bicycle, radio, etc. His father said some years later, "A bigger collection of rubbish you never saw!" Moss sold the MG at a profit in order to acquire a B.M.W. which was good enough to compete in a few trials and rallies on which his father reluctantly agreed to accompany him—mostly in the hope that Stirling would prove to be a mediocre driver.

When Moss was 17, he volunteered for the Royal Air Force, and, to his terrible disappointment, was turned down because of a kidney ailment which had caused him to lose two years of school. He graduated from the British equivalent of junior high school without any particular distinction, and although today he very much regrets his lack of formal technical knowledge about cars, he was too preoccupied with racing then to be interested in further education.

He worked for a year and a half as a hotel manager trainee. The year he was 18, he quit the job, sold the B.M.W., announced firmly that he was going to buy one of the first models of the tiny, one-cylinder Formula III Coopers, and precipitated what must have been a dandy family crisis. Finally, probably going on the "if you can't lick 'em, join 'em," theory, Mr. Moss decided to help, hoping that his son would learn, once he had a fair crack at it, that racing was not a practical career. He chipped in for the cost of the Cooper, and gave Stirling an old converted horse trailer suitable for trucking the car to and from weekend club-racing events. (Formula III machines are miniature but true racing cars, and like our own Indianapolis-type cars, their lack of self-starters, lights, doors, roofs, etc., make them unsuitable for normal driving.)

Moss entered his first hill-climbing event early in 1948. He competed in 15 events that season, won 11, placed third two times, fourth once. Nourished by Stirling's meticulous care, the lone piston of the Cooper had lasted the entire season, and Alfred and Aileen Moss found themselves in the awkward position of parents who had indulgently humored a whim of their teen-age offspring only to find they had a budding genius on their hands.

That Stirling was potentially a very good driver, there was no longer any doubt. But Alfred still insisted that he couldn't make a decent living at it. "There's not a single British driver

who can!" he insisted. "They all have garages or incomes or some other profitable business!" But he agreed to help for another year.

So in the spring of 1949, Stirling set out to accumulate the immense quantity of racing experience without which not even a great natural driver with daring, ambition, singleness of purpose and money can become first-class. He acquired a new Cooper, contracts with oil companies and accessory firms—all with his father's help—and entered a number of fully professional events on the continent as well as in British club and pro events. In all of them he either won, placed well or retired with mechanical failure. He was never badly outclassed. He met Juan Manuel Fangio, who was making his own modest European racing debut that year and was later to become successively Moss' teacher, teammate and conqueror. On the tour, Stirling was upset by seeing his first crash; was thrilled with the professional quality of the European meets; was surprised and delighted with the uninhibited reactions of the race-experienced Italian, French and Swiss spectators; saw in action for the first time the great Italian champion, Dr. Giuseppe "Nino" Farina, after whose impeccable style he promptly patterned his own now-famous far-back-from-the-wheel, relaxed driving position; and successfully tried, for the first time, the delicate motor-racing tactic called slip-streaming (following another car so closely that you are in the partial vacuum created by its swift passage through air, thus in effect getting a "tow"—which has its uses in saving engine wear, fuel consumption, or, if the lead car is faster than yours, sharing its speed).

At the end of that season, Moss had attracted sufficient attention to be invited to join the British team racing H.W.M. cars the following season. By now, the entire Moss family, who had traveled with him all season and acted as pit crew, mechanics and charter fans, agreed that he was a great driver.

Moss says that from that time on he had the fullest possible support from his family. Indeed, in a short time, race organizers acquired a hearty dislike of Alfred's shrewd estimate of his son's value. He drove a hard bargain.

Moss, Sr. is an extraordinarily acute businessman. When he came to the U. S. with Stirling in 1956, at which time his son was a long-established international racing star, Alfred was impressed by America's numerous hamburger shops, and immediately saw a new way to invest some of Stirling's income. With Stirling's manager, Ken Gregory, he worked out details for opening the Beefburger Corner, for his son, in London, a city not yet then afflicted with this peculiarly American institution. He helped mightily to make the food business a sound financial proposition, even to the point of subjecting the entire Moss family—and a number of startled house guests—to a liquid diet for the week or so it took him to test his way through innumerable kinds of canned soup to find those most likely to prove popular at the Beefburger Corner.

In 1950, England was still living under a tight austerity program, and while work was progressing on them, there were as yet no British-made Grand Prix championship contenders. The entire H.W.M. organization, when

Stirling joined it, consisted of five hand-built machines, designed and assembled in a small garage by their two owner-designer-director-drivers; two or three full-time mechanics; an ancient slow, double-deck van for transporting the cars; Moss and one other permanent team driver; very little money, fewer spare parts, and a great deal of love for racing. The H.W.M.'s were some 20 m.p.h. slower than the factory-designed and built Maseratis, Ferraris and Alfa-Romeos of that time, but in those post-war years, this was the closest thing England had to a racing team. Moss, just out of his teens, was overjoyed to become a member of it.

That season, driving the hurriedly-built, inadequately-tested H.W.M. (wheels came off with distressing frequency, for example), Moss startled the sophisticated European race fans and a dozen well-established Grand Prix champions by pushing his mediocre Formula II mount with such skill and at such great speed as to provide awe-inspiring competition to the speedier and newer Italian machines. A typical performance was in a race at Bari, Italy, where the usually partisan Italian fans threw hats, programs, and finally Moss himself up in the air as they screamed for "Stair-leeing Moose" as if he were an Italian protege. Stirling didn't win the race but he finished ahead of a sizable and well-driven field of Maseratis and Ferraris, and was beaten only by two Alfa-Romeos.

In June of that year, Moss lost a wheel at high speed at the precise spot which he had recommended to a well-known race photographer as the best photographic vantage point on the circuit at Rome. Again, at Naples in July, he suggested a "best photos" location which turned out to be the exact point of his bad crash into another car which spun suddenly just in front of him. The photographer got superb photos in each case, but Moss has never since obliged with similar recommendations.

The Naples crash, in which he broke a knee and a mouthful of teeth, was Stirling's first serious accident, but it proved to what a fantastic degree he had already developed his mental self-discipline. With the knee broken, only a shock wave away from collapse, Moss stumbled from the crashed car and staggered some yards away, far enough to be safe if it caught fire, before he finally passed out.

Despite his mushrooming success, the big sports car manufacturers were still reluctant to give Moss a ride. Ignoring his splendid performances with the H.W.M., they had all kept saying, "A sports car's a bit different from your little Cooper, don't y'know?" But toward the end of the season, British racer-journalist, Tommy Wisdom, who had the only privately-owned model of the brand-new Jaguar XK120 at the time, generously loaned it to Moss for the revival of the tortuous Irish Tourist Trophy race. Stirling promptly won it, hurtling the open car through road-obscuring mist, torrential rain, and a tremendous gale which demolished the press tent and threatened to blow down the pits. It was not a slow race. While well-known aces skidded in the corners and slid off the road on all sides, Moss, calmly obeying instructions from the Jaguar team manager, set a new record for the race. He had become—and has stayed—one of the few great motor

racing "mudders."

Moss ended up the season winning his first—but by no means his last—British Gold Star, awarded annually to the British driver piling up the most points in any sort of racing any place in the world. Alf Francis, the chief mechanic of H.W.M., who later became Moss' own mechanic, wrote home to his wife that summer: "Everyone is talking about the immaculate way Stirling takes his corners. He gives no apparent impression of speed, but when he has gone through a corner, all the spectators are left wondering how it was possible to go so fast with so little visible effort."

Moss celebrated his 21st birthday when the season was almost over. He had grossed over \$15,000 (\$2,000 of it was pure profit after expenses), and quite adequately proved his point when he started the 1951 season as the only full-time professional race driver in England.

In '51, Moss switched from the Cooper to the newly-designed Kieft for Formula III events, and was made a director of the newly-formed Keift Company as soon as he became legally of age. As a result of his Tourist Trophy victory, he was officially made a Jaguar team member for sports car events. Although he had a string of victories with it, including his second impeccably-driven Tourist Trophy win, perhaps his finest drive for Jaguar that year was at the grueling 24-hour endurance race at LeMans, France. After being sent out as the "sacrifice" car with instructions to force so hot a pace that Jaguar's most formidable competitors would break their machines trying to catch him, Moss exhibited a fantastic display of race tactics, completely clearing the course of all dangerous opposition within two hours and simultaneously setting a wild new lap record—all without once over-extending his own machine one whit. And for the next six hours, he proceeded to hold a good lead until he was retired by an oil pipe fracture, in exactly the same place one had occurred earlier on another of the Jaguar team cars, thus giving the first-place honor to the one remaining Jaguar.

Stirling was again successful in Formula II races that year with a re-designed model of the H.W.M., so much so that he was invited to join the Italian Ferrari racing stable for the coming season, mostly because he had been giving the Ferrari factory cars fits with the far-inferior H.W.M. At a major Italian Grand Prix race, he tucked his car in behind the potent Ferrari of Italian star Gigi Villorresi and, never more than a few feet behind him through the corners and down the straights, got a 100-mile-long slip-stream "tow" from the 20-m.p.h. faster Italian car.

But Moss was also being urged to sign with the British B.R.M., the first postwar British Formula I Grand Prix car. Intensely patriotic Stirling then—and now—preferred to "drive British," and so he turned down the Ferrari offer and agreed to drive the not-yet-perfected B.R.M. Twenty-two years old that fall, he drove brilliantly enough in 1951 to earn his second British Gold Star. Amazing as it seemed, he was still getting better.

In 1952, Moss had his first "gremlin" year, partly just bad luck and partly a result of his desire to drive British-made racing cars, which were not as

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fast and lacked the high-caliber maintenance of the continental competition. For him, it was a year of coming around blind corners to find the entire road covered with spinning cars already involved in multiple crack-ups (five each at the Belgian Formula III Grand Prix, where he demolished his Kieft, and at the Monte Carlo Grand Prix for sports cars where, after managing to get back in the race, he was disqualified because several loyal British spectators forgot the regulation against helping a driver on the course and gave him a push start). In his only race in the B.R.M., Stirling found it unmanageable. The engine caught fire, caused an uncontrollable slide and then crashed, Moss barely escaping in time. He was having constant and serious mechanical failures. Only with the Jaguar sports car did he have anything approaching a competitive piece of machinery. But, by driving an incredible variety of cars in every imaginable classification (including rallies, sedan races and even one exhausting 3,300-mile non-stop endurance run through the icy mountains and plains of 15 countries in five days), Moss managed to win his third British Gold Star. He was 23 in September of that year, and, when he was told that it was thought his experiences of 1952 had matured him, he said, "Crikey, they didn't mature me—they aged me!"

Moss' run of inferior cars, mechanical failures, accidents and close calls extended, with a few short periods of relief, through most of 1953 when, with an imperfect new Formula II car called the Alta-Cooper, the little dual Cooper, two mechanics and a van, he again raced as an independent. He made an inauspicious beginning by injuring his arm in a fall off his motor scooter before the first event of the season. Soon after, he made one of his rare mistakes in judgment when, admittedly under instructions to find its absolute maximum speed, he flipped a Jaguar during a practice run before a major British race meet. He spent that night in the hospital and, believing the theory that you should climb right back on the horse that threw you, he returned for the actual races the next day to win two out of four of them. At LeMans, he placed his Jaguar second, averaging over 104 m.p.h. and covering more than 3,000 miles during the 24 hours. Later he ran into more bad luck, this time at Theims in France, where he came close to losing both legs when the Alta-Cooper's clutch housing split early in the race. An American friend of Moss', Bob Said, was racing his first European season that year. Although a beginner, Said was no mean driver himself, but he remembers with awe Stirling's total devotion to the job at hand. Said remembers that after one of the practices before a major event, Moss sprinted across the fields to a corner, studied it carefully, then returned to announce with satisfaction, "I think I've got another fifth of a second off it!" Moss did a tremendous amount of hard driving for the remainder of the season—all of it of his usual high caliber—and had a like share of bad luck. Not the least of his misfortunes was a broken shoulder suffered when he went on his head the second time that year, this time with a Cooper; it put him out of competition for some weeks. Fortunately, Moss has never been a brooder; when he talks about this season, he shrugs

and says, "Well, there were some worthwhile do's that year, and as for the rest, you can't have luck all the time." The end of the year found him without a Gold Star for the first time in four years, a very weary 24-year-old who had made a major decision.

It had been decided and announced officially two years before that in 1954, Formula II would be eliminated and Formula I would be reduced in engine size. At the end of 1953, Moss had had his fill of working in cars too slow to have a chance of winning. He wanted to put himself to the real test by competing with a true Grand Prix machine that could give him a chance of victory. He also still wanted to "drive British." So he found himself in a real dilemma, for neither of the two British Grand Prix machines, B.R.M. or Vanwall, were far enough developed to be potential winners. Moss finally made his decision. Rather than join a foreign team, he bought an Italian Maserati (at something over \$15,000), painted it with the British racing color—green—and started the 1954 season as an independent Formula III pilot with his own Cooper.

The disadvantages of racing as a private entry were considerable. Stirling's two mechanics had to truck the car thousands of slow and frequently mountainous miles between weekly events, prepare it for racing and manage the pits, as well as make repairs and modifications to correct the new car's many "bugs." Meanwhile, the factory-entered cars had at least a half-dozen mechanics of specialized skills at each race and the resources of the entire design, construction and service departments of the factory itself.

Much of Moss' competition had a fine edge of speed on the long straight-aways, but with the Maserati, Stirling became a truly masterful tactician. First of all, he was acquiring more and more technical knowledge about his cars. According to Alf Francis, his mechanic, "Moss is a perfectionist. He insists that the entire car be absolutely right for every race, and he knows instinctively what is right for a given course."

Francis has often mentioned the immense gratitude that he and the other mechanics have felt for Stirling's policy of leaving them alone to do their work instead of stewing and fussing around them as a number of other drivers—many of whom have nowhere near the technical knowledge Moss has—do consistently. Moss has said, "I believe a driver has a psychological effect on a mechanic if the mechanic is an artist—which, of course, Alf is."

"In 1954," Moss says, "I learned well the lesson that a really first-class driver is the one who wins at the slowest possible speed. Sometimes I had to whip the Maserati a bit to keep up—not to either its or my liking—but generally I had to keep in mind that with so delicate a racing machine, nursing it rather than beating it was the prime consideration."

And so Moss put to full use all of the race strategy he knew—luring other drivers to brake too soon or too late coming into a corner; deliberately not showing full speed early in an event and refusing to be lured into an engine-breaking race during the first few laps; using misleading or inexplicable pit signals (the Jaguar team had one which meant, "Ignore this signal"); maintaining a slightly

slower-than-average speed during a medium-length race so that he didn't have to make a fuel stop when all other only-slightly-faster cars did; and a great many other even more devious tactics. Stirling knew and used them all.

Out of the 19 races he entered with the Maserati, he won six and placed well up in many more. As he progressed through the big international events, the Maserati people offered him more and more—first some factory assistance after he took third place in the Belgian Grand Prix; then full factory assistance when, in obedient response to their request, he took fastest lap and held uncontested second place until he broke an oil line ten laps before the end of the British G.P.; and finally, after he had made fastest practice lap before the German Grand Prix (no small embarrassment to the Maserati factory team, not to mention the rest of the competition, which included Fangio in the brand new Mercedes), they asked him to accept official Maserati team membership. The financial strain of racing independently was too great for him to pass up the offer but Stirling accepted only on condition that his two mechanics be hired, too. Alf Francis, who was with Moss for four years, says, "When Stirling eventually reaches the very top, as inevitably he will, there will be very few who can complain that he pushed them aside in his anxiety to get there."

Moss' car, having run nine full events without a major engine overhaul, packed up early in the German race, but with a new engine for the Swiss Grand Prix soon after, he received Fangio's first acknowledgement that he had become a real threat. The Argentinian, who had almost clinched the 1954 driving championship already though the season was only half over, came up to Moss just as the race was about to start, smiled gently and said, "*Andiamo piano*," which means "We go slowly," and is a nice race-parlance reverse way of saying, "I intend to go as quickly as possible, and I will beat you to hell and gone." Moss, who didn't understand either Italian or the joke, innocently remained in second place, a precise six seconds behind Fangio, for 17 solid laps, never varying this distance by so much as a second despite Fangio's response to the frantic Mercedes pit signals. The mechanical failure which finally got him out of the race was the kind which occurred with pathetic regularity on this new Grand Prix car. Just before the race, as a minor part of the constant modifications Maserati made to their cars that year, the oil-tank filler cap was replaced with a new type which had a small nut on it. The nut came loose, dropped into the oil tank and traveled slowly through the oil passages until it reached the oil pump, which it then destroyed, effectively stopping the engine lubrication, the engine and the car.

After the Swiss event, Moss ran six more Formula I races with his Maserati, winning the four British national events and again being balked by minor mechanical failures in the two international ones. The year also included his first American race (the 12 hours of Sebring, which, to his own amazement, he won with a small Italian Osca when all the powerful British and Italian team cars retired with mechanical problems, and where

he made a never-to-be forgotten impression on all of the U.S. drivers); a number of victories with the little 500-cc Cooper in Formula III events; numerous sports-car successes with the new and potent D-type Jaguar; and his fourth British Gold Star.

No longer an underdog in anyone's opinion, Moss' real *piece de resistance* of 1954 was the Italian Grand Prix in which he literally vanquished every other car and driver in sight to lead from the mid-point until his customary ten-laps-from-the-end-breakdown—again this time with a broken oil line. When he congratulated Fangio, who won, the response of the world champion to the 24-year-old star was, "But it is I who should congratulate you, for yours was the moral victory."

In 1955, the two great drivers were teammates. This was the year of the return of the German Mercedes-Benz to full-scale racing. With Fangio and Moss as their No. 1 and 2 drivers at the wheels of the beautiful, technically advanced, flawlessly designed and tremendously fast new Mercedes racing cars, the reliability of which was close to guaranteed by the largest, most efficient racing crew seen on the circuits since before the war, it was the most spectacular possible "return." Mercedes won all of the Formula I races except Monte Carlo, where all the cars were retired by the same minor mechanical flaw. Moss' victory at the British Grand Prix made him the first Englishman ever to win the race, and Fangio's victories in all the rest made him world champion driver for the third time.

The stunning 1955 performances of Moss and Fangio aroused a great controversy among fans, Fangio supporters maintaining that he again had proved his immense superiority, and the growing number of Moss enthusiasts equally vehement in their insistence that his wins in all three sports-car races the Mercedes team entered (Fangio in second place in all three) proved (a) that Stirling was faster but had been held back by team tactics on the Grand Prix cars, or (b) that Fangio might be better on Formula I machinery, but Moss was definitely the better sports-car driver.

The year was full of episodes to support the adherents of either camp. Fangio's straight-through victories in the Grand Prix races were consistent displays of true virtuosity and unbelievable endurance. He was, for example, the only driver able to stay at the wheel the entire 90 laps of the Argentine Grand Prix where temperatures were so high that several drivers collapsed with heat prostration. Moss might have been able to go this distance too, but having all his chewing gum melt in his pocket was not, by a long shot, the most serious problem he encountered. He was second to Fangio after about an hour's racing when the heat caused a vapor lock in his fuel pump. He stopped and, sweating and tired, laid down on the ground beside the car to rest the few minutes it would take before he could tell if cooling the fuel pump would permit it to function again. Suddenly an entire ambulance crew pounced upon him. As he struggled and protested wildly in every language he knows—which unfortunately does not include Spanish—he carried him off to the ambulance and started for the hospital. "Finally," Moss says, "I managed to convince them that my health was perfectly satisfactory, that

I was okay and would-they-for-Pete's sake-get-me-back-to-the-circuit." They did, and in the time remaining in the race, Stirling took over a teammate's car and finished fourth with it.

Moss' three championship-winning sports-car victories were spectacular in their own fashion, particularly the Italian Mille Miglia, where he broke every record in the book by averaging just short of 100 m.p.h. for the entire 1,000 miles of driving through villages, towns and cities, maximum-speed long flat plains, and up and down the snaking, precipitous roads to the mountain passes. When his navigator, a laconic, humorous, somewhat scrubby-looking Englishman named Denis Jenkinson, would tell Moss that a certain bridge or brow of a hill could be taken at 170 m.p.h., Moss had the nerveless ability to "just leave my foot screwed down and hope he hadn't made a mistake." Second-placer Fangio, without a navigator and with one cylinder of his engine not firing for two-thirds of the race, needed about a half-hour more than Moss to complete the 1,000 miles.

As for whether or not Mercedes told Moss to run second to Fangio in the Grand Prix events, it seems unlikely. Moss says they did not, and though his fans insist he is merely being sporting by saying that, American race driver John Fitch, who was on the Mercedes team that year, backs up Stirling. He says, "At the regular driver's meetings, no one was told to hold back, and I very much doubt that Moss got any special private instructions. The general practice that year was that Mercedes signaled nothing except information during the first half of a race. If, at the half-way point, positions were well set and both Fangio and Moss were far out front, then a 'hold positions' signal was given.

"I must say that it did seem to me there were opportunities when Moss could have passed Fangio and didn't. I have always presumed that, if Moss was holding back, it was because he felt it would have been impolitic, when both team cars were leading, for him, as No. 2, to pass the No. 1 driver and world champion."

Fitch also says, "When I raced with Moss in 1955 he was, like all great sportsmen must be, tremendously ambitious—perhaps even a bit more than average in that, unlike Fangio, he would take every opportunity to gain ground in a race, even if it meant an occasional minor discourtesy. On the other hand, he was also unusually modest and almost always tended to overrate his opposition. I could be wrong, but I sensed that Moss himself was aware that he had to be especially careful because his will to win was so great. Of course, fortunately, so was his ability, and I believe he has a real love for the sport, aside from everything else."

At the end of the season, Stirling went to Nassau for a few weeks rest before competing in the Speed Week there in an Austin-Healey. An indication of Moss, the complete professional, was his serious and meticulous preparation of this production sports car for a race in which there were no prizes, no championship points to be gained, and not even a slight chance of beating the twice-as-large, twice-as-powerful, half-again-as-fast racing cars against which he was competing.

Before the Nassau hiatus, though, he

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had earned second place in world championship ratings, his fifth British Gold Star, and toward the end of 1955, said, "Fangio is the only man I'm prepared to accept as the best. He is the greatest driver I have ever seen, and I have learned a great deal about motor racing from him, especially by watching his technique from my 'traveling grandstand' seat while chasing him around so many circuits. I may have been a promising pupil, but what a teacher! To be second to him is no disgrace."

In 1956, with Mercedes withdrawn from racing, Moss contracted to drive for Aston-Martin (sports cars) and Maserati (Grand Prix cars). Fangio became the No. 1 Ferrari pilot, and now they really were arch-rivals. Moss won two of the five main sports-car events (the championship being earned by car manufacturer, not driver) and Fangio only one. In the unusually gruelling Mille Miglia (the entire 1,000 miles were run in a cold deluge of rain that year), Fangio was fourth and Moss, with Jenkinson and a Maserati, trying to repeat his 1955 win, came near catastrophe. Moss says, "Coming down a hill less than halfway through the thousand miles, I braked, locked a front wheel, and lost control of the car. A split second later it charged a bank, climbed 12 feet, then dropped back down to slither across the road. It crashed through a concrete palisade and went over the embankment, and we finally stopped precisely at the edge of a 400-foot drop. It was as close a thing as I ever wish to have."

In the Formula I events for the driver's championship, the duel between these two best drivers was much more intense. Moss, whose foot had been run over just before the Argentine Grand Prix, led for some laps before his engine failed, but Fangio won. They had a tremendous battle in the "around the houses" Monte Carlo race. Moss drove with such cool-headed daring that he goaded Fangio—the calm, the serene, the masterful Fangio—into a wild display of completely uncharacteristic demon driving; the world champion spun, nicked curbs and smashed straw bales in his almost maniacal pursuit of his competitor, but to no avail. Moss won.

The Maserati Formula I car was proving to be inferior to the 1956 model Ferrari, and Moss, in the intensity of his effort to gain his first world championship, may have forgotten his own advice about having to handle so fragile a machine with delicacy. But whatever the reason, official Grand Prix race results stated "Moss—Maserati" in the retirements list with distressing frequency.

Fangio won the British Grand Prix after Moss had led for more than half of it before breaking an axle; Fangio won the German Grand Prix, Moss managing a well-deserved second place after driving the entire event with malfunctioning brakes and gearbox (no mean trick on the 180-cornered, 14-mile-long, semi-mountainous Nurburgring circuit). But by not winning, he lost all chance of becoming 1956 champion. Fangio had 28 points, Peter Collins, a newcomer, 22, and Moss only 18—and there was only the Italian Grand Prix left.

Moss, never a man to ease up simply because a championship had escaped him—nor when there was a sizable purse waiting to be won—drove it

superbly. Handling the frail Maserati with the sure, fastidious touch of a true master, he led from start to finish with the exception of two early laps when Fangio got past him. Just after he had passed Moss into the lead, Fangio's steering snapped. Miraculously unhurt, he managed to get the car back to the pits and the No. 3 Ferrari team driver was called in to let the champion take over his car. To everyone's embarrassment, the eager young Italian, apparently feeling that he was "on form" and had a good chance to win himself, refused to relinquish his car—a rare and unsporting bit of disobedience in the face of the clear team hierarchy which exists in Grand Prix racing. His poor sportsmanship was made all the more apparent during a routine pit stop made some laps later by Peter Collins (No. 2 driver for Ferrari and in third place in the race at the time), who had not been asked to give up his car inasmuch as he was the only pilot who still could challenge Fangio's almost-won fourth world championship. When he saw Fangio car-less in the pits, Collins insisted that as No. 1 team man he take the car, and thus, he forfeited his own chance at the '56 title and permitted Fangio to clinch it.

Moss and Collins are good friends and are alike in their sporting approach to the profession of racing. Moss says, "The more professional it is, the more sporting it is—and the drivers make it that way. You never hear the petty 'his engine's bigger than mine' kind of talk among professionals that I've heard at some amateur meets. Tactics are an important part of professional racing, but so are ethics. It's very unusual to see a pro try in any way to hinder the progress of a faster rival—and there just almost isn't anything like sabotage or out-and-out cheating."

Moss has many close friends among his colleagues (if he is not the most popular driver, he certainly is one of the favorites), and, generally speaking, is a courteous driver. Recently, though, several American drivers who have raced with him in a few amateur sports-car events have accused him of being rude. When asked about it, he was thoughtful for a moment—as if this had not occurred to him before—then said, "Well, maybe I actually am, sometimes. Maybe I get too intent on the race. You know, it's reached the point that as soon as I pull down the goggles, I want to go fast. But I must say that there are some really poor drivers around who can make situations where one almost *has* to be discourteous. Some of the inexperienced small-car drivers just don't realize the tremendous differences in handling a maximum 100 m.p.h. car like theirs and our 170 to 200 m.p.h. machines, and they do things which are downright dangerous. Offered the alternative of killing myself or being a bit 'pushy'—and sometimes they don't even give you *that* choice—I'll take the second one every time."

Though he missed the 1956 world championship by a wide margin, Stirling did take second place, won his sixth British Gold Star and well over half of the races he entered—49 meets, he says. By the end of the season, most racing authorities rated him in a class by himself. "First, there's Fangio, right at the top. Then there's Moss, just under him. Then there's a very wide gap. Then about

five other drivers—Collins, Musso, Schell, Brooks, etc.—all clumped together as third best..."

For Moss, 1957 was feast or famine—almost exactly half and half. Fangio won his fifth world championship, but Stirling had his moments. Two of the best were in Italy in the last two Grand Prix races of the season. On the winding roads of the Italian circuit at Pescara, Moss took the lead at the end of the second lap and Fangio never saw him again. He was three full minutes behind the flying Moss at the finish. And it happened again at the Italian Grand Prix, the final Formula I race of the year. Fangio may already have settled the matter of his fifth championship with his wins early in the season, but he couldn't come anywhere near Stirling's speed. No one who saw Moss drive either of these races could any longer talk of a "default" win, for, given a durable, fast car, Stirling had thoroughly proved that no one—except Fangio in a similar car—can come near him.

After the Italian Grand Prix, Moss went back to England and married a pretty Canadian girl named Katie, and after Stirling had accepted his seventh British Gold Star, the two of them flew over to Nassau where they began building a house before going on to the sports-car-championship-deciding Venezuelan race last November. At it, Maserati was visited with what amounted to complete calamity by having all four of their team cars demolished in a series of accidents. Moss came very close to making a widow of his new bride when one of the slower-car drivers, either flustered or in spite of his signals not realizing that Moss was behind him, turned directly in front of him. The collision sent the Maserati spinning in great 180-m.p.h. circles down the narrow road. Very much shaken, for the other driver was seriously injured and it was a very close thing for him, Stirling walked back to the pits.

Katie Moss is an extremely useful addition to the Moss organization. Choosing to participate rather than be a sideline sitter, she has quickly adapted herself to the racing life and can be seen busily driving a jeep around the race courses, competently dealing with matters of spare parts, proper arrangements for fueling, etc. During the races, she helpfully keeps occupied with lap charts and stop watches. Quick, alert, and the kind of girl whose eyes betray her intelligence, Katie is also very decorative.

Moss, already balding and less good-looking without his helmet than with it, radiates an aura of vitality which makes an observer feel that he is never still. He rarely is. He never reads, all of his hobbies being active ones, including water-skiing, motorboating and wood-working. He speaks with great enthusiasm about his new Coronet Major, a British-made unit similar to the Shopsmith, and he enjoys the rare times he can use it to build car and plane models. He is generally pleased to dismantle almost anything that isn't working properly, except watches and plumbing.

He is a restless man, and sometimes his vitality expresses itself in impatience; he has left a number of people who know him only casually around the race tracks feeling that he is abrupt and cold. The same friend who insisted that he was a courteous driver

was quick to answer this: "I think part of the reason some people think Stirling is cold is because he actually has a great deal of a real British-type reserve—lots more than his parents. But then the other side of the coin of being an international celebrity is that you're dogged to death with all sorts of stupid people and stupid questions, and the only way you can have any privacy is to snub a few of them every now and then. Moss does."

Another driver who knows Moss said two years ago, "Stirling has a terrible conflict because, even with his total devotion to it, he knows racing is a hazardous business and he realizes it would be smart to quit now, just based on general odds. But then he wants to win just one more, then three more, then just one world championship. . . ."

Moss may have explained part of it when he said recently, "Katie and I want children, but if we have a son, I wouldn't want him to go motor racing. You see, it's all right until it gets in your blood, and then you begin to enjoy going fast, and I suppose then it begins to take on the proportions of a vice."

Part of the criticism about Moss' coldness has been concerned with his effective exploitation of himself financially. He is incorporated as Stirling Moss, Ltd., his corporate self being handled by his pleasant but shrewd young manager, Ken Gregory, who has been with him since 1951. Gregory arranges not only for advantageous contracts for the cars Moss is to drive for the season, but with oil, tire, windshield-wiper, brake lining and a multitudinous number of other accessory manufacturers for Moss to be supplied with their products and to be paid for the use of his name in advertising them. There are also books which have been ghosted for him (*The Stirling Moss Book of Motor Sport* for teen-age boys is probably the most successful), Stirling Moss games, Stirling Moss driving gloves, toys, etc.

People who tend to excuse Fangio for having a much more difficult manager to deal with (on the grounds that not only did Fangio race for many years with very little financial reward, but also that he is almost ready to retire and thus had better make what he can while he can) find Moss a bit mercenary. But Moss' friends reasonably point out that Stirling is one of the few international racers ever to be completely independent financially (he has been for some years now); that one of the most difficult things in the world to do is arrange fair terms with most race organizers; that if racing is Moss' business, he would be as great a "business" failure as anyone else if he didn't make money; that no one could afford to stay in the business long if they made themselves available cheaply; that racing isn't exactly a secure job you can be certain of holding till your retirement at 65; and, last of all, that most of this kind of talk comes from other drivers who are less skilled and less talented in business matters than Moss, and therefore are unable to manage the fringe profits or get the high racing fees Moss can command for his appearances.

As one might expect, Moss is a superlative highway driver. "I drive fast on the highway," he says, "though not as fast as I used to, and I never

speed in traffic. Contrary to what most people seem to think, most race drivers are not especially fast on the highway. I suppose most of us get the urge to speed out of our systems in the races. I know I do."

Although he still enjoys driving small cars, like the Morris Minor and Volkswagen, some of the more radical American sports-car enthusiasts are quite deflated when they learn that he adores big, luxurious cars like the Lincoln and Cadillac. He has said, "I do so much driving when I constantly have to shift five-speed gearboxes, double clutch, have the wind howling about, ear-plugged, helmetted and sometimes even muffled up, that it's a real pleasure for me to drive from one place to another comfortably. I like almost everything about your big cars—air conditioning, reclining seats, electric windows, automatic transmissions, power brakes."

Twenty-eight years old now, Moss is as yet unchallenged as the second-best driver in the world, and he is out after that elusive world championship again this year. He made a fine start by taking the wheel of a surprise new British Grand Prix machine, the 1.9-liter Cooper, built by the same small company which built his early 500-cc machines, and in spite of the fact that Katie accidentally stuck her finger in his eye the day before the race, forcing him to practice with one eye bandaged, winning the Argentine Grand Prix in mid-January. His arch-rival is still Fangio, the aging champion-of-champions (who led the Argentine race with his independently-entered Maserati until he had to make a costly stop for a tire change). If Moss' opinion about their relative capabilities has changed since their student-teacher relationship in 1955, he doesn't say so, though he did say less than a year ago, "So far as sports cars are concerned, if Fangio has an 'off' day, and I have an 'on' day, I can beat him. If both of us have 'on' days—and both cars go well—I lose."

But Moss faces much stiffer second-line competition now than in the past. The best of it comes from his ever-better fellow countrymen—Tony Brooks, Mike Hawthorn and Peter Collins. With luck on their side and against Moss, and if this is to be the year Fangio abdicates, any one of them could displace Stirling from the logical line of succession. It is certain that if Moss is not the world driving champion in 1958, there will be no quiet Caribbean island winter for him, no calm, temperate season spent handling the presidential details of a flourishing chain of enterprises, no casual trips to look after far-flung business interests—and maybe do a little hobby-racing on the side—for him in 1959. For he does not take happily to that "second-best" tag any more. Even if he wins the title, this dream of retirement may never really come true, for regardless of his intelligent recognition of the constantly diminishing odds, the tedium of the endless traveling and the wish to be relieved of the necessity of winning, there is always the "in the blood" part of racing to a man like Moss. One of the fastest, coolest-headed, most artfully skillful, tireless and dependable drivers international racing has ever known, Moss reveals just how deeply racing is in his blood when he says, "When I pull down the goggles, I want to go fast."



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The Ballplayers Pick the Pennant Winners

(Continued from page 17)

Mantle-Aaron hitting monopoly was Willie Mays. The Giant slugger, for the third year in a row, was tabbed as the man most likely to win the NL's home-run title. Though Aaron led the league in homers last season, Willie is considered a good bet this year because the target in left-center field at San Francisco is much more inviting than the one he had to shoot at in the Polo Grounds. The left-field stands at the Polo Grounds, so close to home plate at the foul line, dropped away sharply, and those long drives of Willie's to left-center were often just big outs. And what Willie will do to that short left field at the Los Angeles Coliseum is awful to contemplate.

The players, who thought that the Tigers and the Pirates would be the most improved teams in their respective leagues in 1957, showed their stubbornness by picking the same two clubs again this season. Both were disappointments a year ago, and it was the Cardinals and the Orioles which proved to be the most improved ball clubs. But the players aren't giving up, and once again they are pushing the Tigers and the Pirates.

As for the pennant races, the Braves' total of first place votes was surprising because some of the players declined to make a selection in the National League race. So, despite the fact that there were fewer votes cast for their league, the Braves ended up with 225 calls for first place, six more than the Yanks got. The Braves' total, incidentally, was the highest yet recorded in a SPORT poll. More players than ever before took part in this year's balloting.

The players, who picked the defending champion Dodgers for third last year, moved them up a notch to second place this time, perhaps because the tiny foul-line dimensions of their new park appear to be custom tailored for their righthanded power hitters. The Cardinals, who gave the Braves such a surprising battle last summer, are picked no better than third now. Maybe the players believed the Cards were up there last year mainly on the force of Frank Lane's personality. The Reds, who gave up so much of their power in trades last winter, finished a comfortable fourth in the player balloting, while the Phils headed the second division. The Giants received some support for the first division, including a couple of first-place votes, but not enough to pull them higher than sixth. The Cubs beat out the Pirates for the cellar.

In the American League, the White Sox received 54 first-place votes, stiffer opposition than the Yankees usually get in this poll. The Yankees' "total points," including their votes for all positions, was higher than that of the Braves because of the heavier balloting in the American League race. One intrepid Yankee-hater (a National Leaguer, by the way) looked into his crystal ball and saw the Yanks plunging to sixth place. The Tigers polled enough first-place votes to finish with a respectable number of points and the third-place spot. The Red Sox brought up the rear of the first division. The Indians, though rated fifth, came up

with ten votes for first place, perhaps another indication of the power of Frank Lane's personality. There wasn't much enthusiasm for the Orioles, while the A's finished well ahead of the pitiful Senators. Most of the Washington players, realistically, picked their team to finish last.

There were some interesting races for the individual awards, though those for the top pitchers were by far the closest. Williams gave Mantle a good run for the hitting honors, while Detroit's Al Kaline finished a distant third. Aaron easily won the batting selection in the NL, with Mays and Musial getting some support. It was a landslide for Mantle in the AL's home-run race, while Mays received some opposition from Aaron in the NL. It was interesting to note that, despite the cry that went up when Mantle won the MVP award over Williams last winter, the players gave Ted very little support in the voting for 1958's most likely candidate. Maybe they figured that he can't win it no matter what he does. Aaron's only opposition for the NL's MVP came from Mays.

The SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 62

1 (C) a chip shot. 2 Charles Stengel, George Tebbetts, Harry Lavagetto. 3 The five were Arturo Godoy, Buddy Baer, Abe Simon, Billy Conn and Jersey Joe Walcott. 4 Holmberg (Tulane); Green (UCLA); Douglas (Stanford). 5 Big Swish (Bill Nicholson); The Octopus (Marty Marion); Ninety-six (Bill Voiselle). 6 He won it with the Philadelphia Athletics in 1932 and '33, and with the Boston Red Sox in 1938. 7 hammer throw (207 feet); javelin (281 feet); discus (184 feet). 8 Jim Pollard; he played his college ball at Stanford, played professionally for Minneapolis, and now coaches LaSalle. 9 1927. 10 (B) 84th time.

There were some noteworthy individual ballots. One Boston player indicated he thought Williams would win the 1958 MVP award, and added parenthetically: "Like he should have won it last year!" A National League player (on the Cardinals) displayed a great deal of optimism toward Ted Kluszewski's possible comeback by picking big Klu to win the home-run title. One slightly confused American Leaguer chose Reno Bertoia as the most improved team in his league. Another player, never an outstanding contender for a batting title before, picked himself to lead the NL in hitting, and a hurler who won only six games last year demonstrated the utmost confidence in himself by tabbing himself as his league's leading pitcher for 1958. An American Leaguer, asked to name the coming season's MVP, wrote: "A New York player."

We wonder if Burdette will pitch the first game against the Yankees next October?

Letters to SPORT

(Continued from page 4)

York area. Where were all those people when the Giants and Dodgers played there? What about that dungeon the Giants played in and the cigar box the Dodgers played in? Where were all those civic committees then? Let's face it—New York blew two franchises for good.
Chicago, Ill. **DICK ROBERTS**

Please publish a full-page picture of Walter O'Malley. I want to throw darts at it.
Merrick, N. Y. **R. MARTIN**

ANOTHER EXPERT

That article by Emmett Watson calling Elgin Baylor the greatest basketball player in the world was the most ridiculous I have ever read in SPORT, or in any other magazine. That was even worse than some articles I've read in my hometown paper, the Minneapolis Tribune. I can name ten players that Baylor can't even hold a candle to. I can see trying to get an All-America out of the Seattle area and also trying to draw crowds in that hick town, but let's try to be slightly realistic, anyway, in your stories.

I just hope your whole staff gets hold of this letter; they can stand some improvement. You might overpower some people, but not a fellow with my knowledge.
Minneapolis, Minn. **H. HEUTMAKER**



COUSY, SHARMAN, ETC.

I want to thank you for printing Irv Goodman's story, "Cousy, Sharman, Russell & Co." I liked it because it told us what the Celtics were like away from the court, too. It is through stories like this that we really get to know the great athletes. Let's have more like this one.
Chicago, Ill. **BURTON PERRIN**

Your magazine seems to specialize in bland, stupid assertions. For instance, your statement in the story on the Celtics that Cousy is the "greatest player in the country" is completely false. Too many "experts" are taken in by Cousy's showmanship, plus the extreme leniency with which he is treated by the officials.

I say that Dolph Schayes is the greatest player in the country. He is far more durable than Cousy, having missed only three games as a pro in ten years—a fabulous record. He is a better scorer than Cousy, with a much greater variety of shots. Cousy can't match Dolph's set shots or his driving layups. And Dolph is better shooting fouls and is a far better rebounder. Cousy is his superior only as a playmaker.

You can't argue with the records.
Brooklyn, N. Y. **FRANKLYN R. BROOKS**

RIDE 'EM, COWBOY



For over ten years now I have been a regular reader of SPORT, and I have a copy of it reserved for me every month at the local bookstore. I have played almost all of the major sports except hockey, but I am disappointed because you never print an article about the greatest of all sports—rodeo. It is a sport which breeds a rugged type of man and it has produced some of the real champions of American sports today, men like Casey Tibbs and Jim Shoulders. I think you have many readers who would enjoy reading about them as much as they enjoy your stories on Floyd Patterson and Mickey Mantle. How about it?
Livingston, Mont. **JIM O'KEEFE**

Well, how about it? Any other readers interested?

SOMEBODY LIKES US

Just a line to let you know how much I enjoy SPORT. I am 70 years old and have always followed sports, especially baseball and football. With our Ohio State team, we have the best in football out this way. And I was happy to see the Milwaukee Braves break the Yankees' monopoly. It was so much more interesting with the Braves in the Series, and I believe their victory was good for baseball.

Keep on giving all the athletes that wonderful coverage. You really help us get to know our favorites.
Columbus, Ohio **MRS. CHARLES FELKER**

DIRTY PLAYERS?

I'm getting awfully tired of the coaches in the National Hockey League. They keep blowing off steam about what a wonderful game this is—how fast and rugged it is—and then as soon as a team like the Bruins does show how rugged the sport can be the coaches kick up an awful fuss. Like Phil Watson of the Rangers. He keeps moaning about the Bruin players, but doesn't say a word about his own player, Louie "Penalty Box" Fontinato, who is the dirtiest in the game. It's all sour grapes.
East Orange, N. J. **JOSEPH BELLINO**

ANOTHER SUGGESTION

Your article, "Is There A Defense Against Wilt?" was very interesting. I especially liked Canisius coach Joe Curren's idea about picking up the Kansas guards at mid-court and making them throw long passes to Chamberlain, thereby increasing the chances of an interception. I believe that on offense the best way to cut down on Wilt's defensive value would be to work the ball around until a man is in perfect position to take a shot.
Chicago, Ill. **GEORGE CRADICK**

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LET'S PREVENT A JOKE HOME-RUN RECORD

THE editors of this magazine firmly believe that Ford Frick, the Commissioner of Baseball, should exercise his discretionary powers to forbid the entering of any National League batting records in the books so long as the "joke" ball parks on the West Coast are used as temporary homes for the Los Angeles Dodgers and the San Francisco Giants.

Our apprehension is, of course, directed primarily toward the grimly comical dimensions of the playing field the Dodgers are creating inside Los Angeles Coliseum. The Coliseum is a monstrously large structure, but it was built for football and track competition, not for baseball. The left-field foul line will stretch all of 251 feet from home plate to the seats, and not even the erection of a tapering fence ranging from 40 feet down to eight feet, will make that more than a long single for a powerful righthanded hitter like Willie Mays or Gil Hodges. The lefthanded swingers won't have it quite so soft, but the 300-foot distance down the line in right field is going to be a far juicier target than fellows like Duke Snider, Stan Musial, Eddie Mathews and Hank Aaron had to shoot at in old Ebbets Field, which was considered a home-run hitter's heaven but which had a 315-foot right-field line protected by a 40-foot fence. There will be a six-foot fence in right field at the Coliseum.

The reason for the fence in left field, according to Dodger president Walter O'Malley, is because "We don't want to acquire a reputation for Chinese home runs." We think it's good of him to recognize that the problem exists. But recognizing the problem and doing something about it are two different things.

It will, in our opinion, be a calamitous, sad and eternally controversial occurrence if a Duke Snider,

playing 77 games in the Coliseum and 11 in Seals Stadium in San Francisco, or a Willie Mays, playing 77 games in Seals Stadium and 11 in the Coliseum, should break Babe Ruth's record this year. Now is the time to ask ourselves, if it should happen, do we want it to count? We think the answer is as plain as the respect baseball fans always have shown for the record itself. Of course, they don't want it broken in a joke ball park; they would regard the new record as a meaningless freak and they would resent bitterly the tearing down of the Sultan of Swat's authentic achievement by such Little League tactics.

We realize that Seals Stadium is not as vulnerable to home runs as the Coliseum. But it isn't a very tough target, either. The 375 feet you have to go in deep left center is child's play for at least a dozen sluggers in the National League. The big boys aren't going to have to pull the ball very much to get it away from the modest 412 feet in dead center field. It's enough to say that you are going to see an awful lot of home runs in Seals Stadium this summer. And the carnage in the Coliseum will be frightful. Bob Feller probably expressed the pitcher's viewpoint best when he suggested that Walter O'Malley ought to pitch the opening game himself.

Our argument is that the commissioner shouldn't wait until the record is broken to take steps to protect it. He ought to announce right now that he is allowing the Dodgers to play in the Coliseum because it's the best stopgap measure they can adopt while they are waiting for their new ball park to be built, but that he flatly refuses to allow any batting marks set with the help of such sub-par standards. The public, we are certain, would be behind the commissioner 100%.



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